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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1894, TO JUNE, 1894

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VOLUME XXXI.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXXI.

		PAGE
Acquitted Man's Soliloquy	*Jean de La Butte*	32
Afloat and Ashore. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Henry Coyle*	466
Alcalde of Lapeza. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Mary Elizabeth Blake*	708
Amateur Stage in New York. Illustrated	*Thomas Gaffney Taaffe*	33
Among the Acadians	*Rev. A. B. Parker*	278
Another Year of Catholic Education		631
Ancient Schools of Ireland. Illustrated from photographs and engravings	*Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan*	525, 659
Are Catholics Tolerant?	*Rev. T. Brosnahan, S. J.*	87
Babies		691
Bahamas. Illustrated	*Rev. Bernard J. Reilly*	258
Bit of Human Experience: A Sketch		215
Blessings of Monopoly	*Rev. T. A. Hendrick*	637
Catholic Chicago: And the Men and Women Who Made It. Illustrated	*Eugene Davis*	162
Cat's Revenge	*W. L. Alden*	685
Centre of Catholic Activity and Thought		124
Charcoal Sketch	*Charlotte Molyneux Holloway*	579
Child Labor: A Terrible Legacy to Posterity	*Jennie Rice Ware*	144
Church Music and its Abuses. Illustrated	*Rev. Gustave Graf*	539
Confession of a Parodist	*A. Barry*	75
Coöperation and Human Nature	*Mason A. Green*	270
Dead Letter Office	*Isabel Smithson*	689
District School	*Rev. A. B. Parker*	703
Dream of Peace: An Etching	*Audley*	205
Easter Lilies. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	289
Economic Wrongs as a Woman Sees Them	*Leonora M. Lake*	16
Eph: A Virginia Story. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Edward Everett Horton*	56
Experience of a Catholic Literary Man	*Maurice Francis Egan*	312
Feminine Fenian. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	378
Fernando's Repentance. A Ballad	*Edward Payson Jackson*	393
Five Great Ball Plays. Illustrated by James Kennedy	*T. H. Murnane*	337
Friendly Chat with a Protestant	*J. Audley Maxwell*	552
Future of Religion	*Rt. Rev. John J. Keane*	61

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Gen. James Shields. Illustrated	*Capt. John M. Tobin*	292
Germany and the Catholic Party. Illustrated	*Rev. William Stang, D. D.*	45
Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate		405
Grover Cleveland's Political Character. Is He a Success as President? An Affirmative View	*James Jeffrey Roche*	148
A Negative View	*John Ford*	151
Harper's Ferry and the Man who made it Famous	*Catherine Frances Cavanagh*	647
Heroic Charity in Worldly Garb. The Story of an Ideal Sacrifice. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Very Rev. John Hogan, S.S.*	135
His Name was Riley	*Frederick Stansbury*	518
House of a Heretic: A Story. Illustrated by James Kennedy	*Rev. John Talbot Smith*	180
Ignorant Essays	*Peripatetic Philosopher*	546
Impressions	*William D. Forrest*	394
In Blue and White: A Story	*M. Loring Guild*	53
Is Popular Government to Fail in America?		509
Land of the Lily and the Rose. Illustrated	*Rev. James Fogarty*	253
Little Girl from the East	*O. H. Lewis*	679
Los Amigos Fiasco	*A. Conan Doyle*	321
Lost — The Equilibrium of Business	*Mason A. Green*	385
Manly Honor: A Chapter in the Ethics of Boxing	*James W. Clarke, A. M.*	155
Mike's Grandfather. A Tale of Italian Retribution. Illustrated	*W. D. Willes*	573
My Mistress's Musicale. With one Illustration by James Kennedy	*Edward Everett Horton*	305
My Wife's Country Friends	*Frank H. Sweet*	700
Oasis of Siwah	*Bernhard Eulenstein*	683
Old Holmes: A Story. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Rev. John Joseph Conway*	395
Old New Hampshire Converts	*S. M. S.*	81
Once Aboard the Lugger	*By "Q."*	327
One Hour with My Books	*T. C. M.*	285
Pamela's Trousseau: A Fairy Tale for Grown Folks	*Mary Elizabeth Blake*	206
Policeman's Heart		28
Popular Government in America		509, 627
Real Estate, the Ideal Asset	*William E. Harmon*	281
Red Clover Doily	*Ida I. Summerscales*	589
Retributive Justice	*Frederick Stansbury*	702
Returning Home	*John O'Callaghan*	113
Righting of a Great Wrong. St. Benedict's Home for Colored Children.	*William Livingston*	66
Romance of the Telegraph. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle and from photographs	*J. N. Taylor*	555
Sacred College of Cardinals. Illustrated.	*Rev. F. A. Cunningham*	367
Satiety	*Delos E. Goldsmith*	706
Saved: A Sketch	*Mary A. Kiniry*	310
Severed: An Etching	*M. B. O'S.*	100

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Spring Fashions. Illustrated	*Mary B. O'Sullivan*	345
Story of the Catalpa. Illustrated by Louis Meynelie	*Henry Collins Walsh*	357
Studio of a Woman Sculptor. (Mrs. Katherine Tupper Prescott). Illustrated	*Margaret Hall*	471
Surgeon's Miracle. Illustrated	*Joseph Kirkland*	458
The Shadow: A Legend	*Verner von Heidenstam*	366
Thompson's Tombstone: A Story		211
Two Fragments from Life	*Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick*	520
Under-Dog Series:		
The Plumber	*C. S. O.*	27
The Miser	*François Coppée*	198
The Bachelor	*Narcissus Edward Smyth*	317
Undoing of Dansyl. A Sketch. Illustrated by James Kennedy	*H. H. Withington*	201
What is Gambling?	*Rev. T. A. Hendrick*	274
What Powers Should Cities Have?	*C. W. Ernst*	94
What's to Be Done?	*James E. Wright*	29
White Violets and Orange Blossoms: An Allegory. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Walter Littlefield*	20
Will There Be Too Many of Us?	*H. S. Pomeroy, M. D*	449
Wisdom of Education. An Etching	*H. H. W.*	210
Wood-Pile: A Sketch	*Frank H. Sweet*	191

POETRY.

At Benediction	*M. Rock*	143
Ballad of Old Castle	*Walter Lecky*	705
Broken Dream	*M. F. Nixon*	642
Brothers All	*C. S. N.*	192
Brown Betty	*W. S. Snyder*	699
Cry of the Hungry	*John Ryan*	15
Decoration Day	*W. D. Kelly*	524
Delicate Distinctions	*Eleanor C. Donnelly*	273
Dora's Idea	*F. S.*	678
Easter Lesson. (Illustrated)	*Charles S. O'Neill*	351
Emerson and the Farmer	*William Giles Dix*	93
Francesco's Angel. Illustrated by Louis Meynelle	*Florence May Alt*	567
Hurrying Home	*Charles S. O'Neill*	316
Incident of the Feast	*Margaret M. Halvey*	470
Just Man's Death	*Eugene Davis*	404

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Land of Youth	*M. Rock*	74
Light that cheers my Soul	*D. J. Donahoe*	280
Love's Last Resource	*Mary Norton Bradford*	311
May	*James F. Pitts*	537
Monumental Falsehood	*C. N. S.*	55
Mother's Hands	*Charles S. O'Neill*	86
My Cuban Love	*Edward Payson Jackson*	44
Mysteries	*Frances Slocum*	457
Old Story	*W. D. Kelly*	655
Paradox	*I. I. Summerscales*	179
Poetry	*O. N.*	52
Presumption	*C. S. O'Neill*	698
Selfishness	*William Albert Lewis*	582
Since when We Met	*J. Gertrude Menard*	384
Stella Viatorum	*Rev. Denis B. Collins*	309
Sunset Cloud	*J. E. Johnstone*	682
The Little	*Edward Payson Jackson*	86
Thomas Moore	*Mortimer Edward Twomey*	517
Time	*Lida Lewis Watson*	217
Transformation	*Mary Norton Bradford*	190
Venice. Four Sonnets from the German. Illustrated	*Rev. John Costello*	194

BYRON'S "GENEVRA."

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow
And dazzle not thy deep blue eyes — but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine, my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

Read Rule 15.

It Denied Admission of Patent Medicines at the World's Fair.

"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."

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[The Amateur Stage in N. Y.—See Page 33.]

Talma Dramatic Association in "Withered Leaves."

Miss Josie A. O'Connor as "Lady Conyers," Mr. R. H. Coleman as "Sir Conyers Conyers," and Mr. Taaffe as "Tom Conyers."

[Photograph by Sherman & McHugh, New York.]

LOVE'S SERVICE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE CRY OF THE HUNGRY.

BY JOHN RYAN.

WINTER, the dread White Czar of Poverty,
Most awful and yet beautiful to see,
With diamond ice for sceptre in his hand,
O'er the pale land now holds dominion dreary;
And where the fair White City used to stand,
The weary prairie wind now chants a miserere.

But in the streets of proud Chicago — Hark!
A voice comes knife-like through the shivering dark:
"Bread! For the love of Christ, a little bread!"
The sharp cry stabs the night and stabs the morning;
A hundred thousand out of work, half fed,
Swell the keen, hungry howl. O Dives, take thou warning!

A hundred thousand starving in that town
That had all winds to trumpet her renown
But yesterday, and nations at her feet.
Can this be true? Alas! in many a city,
Besides the western Queen, on every street
Lazarus, pale as death, to Dives cries for pity.

O cursèd thirst for gold, O damnèd greed!
May this New Year ring out the cry of need,
Ring in the Christ! Though men His advent greet
With campfires blazing bright on every prairie
And a red flood through every city street —
So help us, King of Heaven! So help us, Child of Mary!

Nay, dearest Lord, the crucified, the crowned,
Hush with Thy breath each cruel, threatening sound!
Bring Progress, O Lord Christ, through tender Peace
And not through strife to our belovèd nation!
Make wise the rich that Poverty may cease
And Love become the Law throughout Thy whole creation.

ECONOMIC WRONGS AS A WOMAN SEES THEM.

BY LEONORA M. LAKE.

"GOD! Why do you preach to me of God? I tell you there is no God for the poor — no heaven. There is no hell except this life. No devil except the men who grind the lives of women and children into dollars and cents."

The above denunciation was hurled at me with vindictive, accusing force by a poor emaciated woman whom I found, during my investigation of wage earners and their condition, in a garret room under the shadow of Brooklyn bridge, where, by the sickly glimmer of a coal-oil lamp, she was making double-stitch seamed overalls for 4 cents a pair. By her side sat a pinched-faced, big-eyed child of four years, who, by sewing the buttons on the overalls, enabled her mother to earn $3.75 in a week of 98 hours, or 14 hours a day, seven days a week.

For a moment I stood dumbfounded, feeling as if I was responsible for her misery — so much agony, suffering, and despair was there in her voice and features.

This is but one of many cases that came under my observation, and by no means the worst. Men, women, and children toiling 12 and 14 hours daily, for a pittance insufficient to keep body and soul together! Is it to be wondered at, that such sweeping, bitter denunciations are to be heard in a city of churches dedicated to the service of God — in a city the very atmosphere of which is pregnant with the eloquent words of salaried divines — in a city where, while some mothers sit in despair watching the death struggles of their starving babes, a woman of sufficient means to relieve their wants, spends, instead, $700 to bury a pet dog, and another buys a diamond-studded collar for her pug?

Is it to be wondered at that people have drifted away from the churches, when such conditions are permitted to exist in so-called Christian communities, with only occasional and spasmodic efforts to relieve the pressing need of the multitude, whose every hour is spent in relentless and unceasing battle with the gaunt wolf that stands ever at their door? Is it any wonder that from their despairing hearts there goes up that bitter cry, "There is no God for the poor"?

To them the commemoration of the coming of the Infant Jesus, with His wealth of love, is but a mockery, religion but an empty name, so-called Christians hypocrites full of cant phrases, offering tracts where food is needed, advising resignation to the will of God, when through man's avarice, greed, and selfishness God's will and His law, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," have been ignored. "He who labors not neither shall he eat," has been forgotten, and paupers and criminals of God's creatures have thereby been made. It has been forgotten by those who profess Christ and His charity, and remembered only by those who consider them but as a means to the end.

From pulpit and press, from philosopher and statesman, from lit-

erary lights and society votaries, will come the question, "How are we to blame?" When St. Stephen was stoned by the rabble, with his dying breath he cried out, "O Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." To whose charge, then? St. Paul answered that question three years later, when, praying in the Temple at Jerusalem, he said, "I stood by and consented."

We have become a part of the great evil of greed and ambition; we are carried away with worldly pride and vanity; we have enthroned the god Mammon in our hearts; we bow down and worship him in whatever form he comes — whether it be Coal Baron, Railroad Magnate, or Rum Lord. We have apparently forgotten the meek and lowly Babe of Bethlehem, and the lesson His life taught, to such an extent that were He to appear on earth to-day as at Bethlehem, poor and unknown, or with fishermen for His companions, we would deny Him. We would be the first to cry out, He is a false prophet! crucify Him!

The need of the hour is not the giving of alms, not the organizing of charitable societies; 'tis not the fashionable fad of slumming, nor yet the patronizing and humiliating charity, which pauperizes. No! 'Tis loosing the monopolistic grasp off the natural resources, giving to men and women a fair opportunity to earn a fair day's wage; being content with less profit from labor; giving the laborer better homes, more healthy surroundings, and thereby enabling him to retain his self-respect.

[Jesus said to him: Yet one thing is wanting to thee: sell all whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. He having heard these things became sorrowful: for he was very rich. And Jesus seeing him become sorrowful said: How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!]

ART.

NATURE.

WHITE VIOLETS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

An Allegory.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

I send you violets, violets dim and white;
Fragrance and brilliant hues they cannot claim,
Yet keep they of their scented sisters bright
The semblance and the name.

Such is the love that lingers, sad and pale,
Within the heart, though conquered by the will;
Love that by kiss and smile tells not its tale,
Yet ever love, love still!

— *From the Italian.*

THERE was once a young poet, and like all young poets, he was very poor. He lodged in a little garret, in a rickety old mansion that had formerly been the property of a rich wine merchant; but now — alas! He was so poor, that at times he went for days without food, and in winter his lonely chamber was often without light or heat. Then in order to keep warm he lay in bed and wrote his poems. So he lived on, waiting patiently for that golden morning when he should awake and, like Byron, find himself famous.

A rich merchant dwelt in a sumptuous suite, on a beautiful avenue that, shaded by large trees, bordered a palace. This merchant was the uncle of the poet. A practical man, he regarded all men of genius as either idiots or cranks; and the attempt to place one's self in their category he looked upon as an unpardonable crime against the laws of common sense. Thus, when his nephew began to talk of the beauty of life and to see things that the old man could not see, and to sit up half the night writing verses that nobody wanted to read or cared to publish, the uncle, after a vain remonstrance, coolly showed his aspiring nephew the door. Although a tear trickled down over the furrows of his old cheek, he brushed it away, and returned to his counting-room with the determination to forget that he had ever had a nephew. Many times he tried to convince himself that he had quite succeeded; and yet his clerks whispered among themselves, and said to one another, with many a nod and shrug, "The 'old man' is cross; evidently he is not happy." And they spoke the truth.

There was one who did not try to forget the poet, and that was she who had once been his little playfellow, the adopted daughter of the merchant. In the old days, when they were children together, they had said, "When we are big enough, we shall marry, and live in a beautiful little house away in the country somewhere." When they became older, they never spoke of these things; but perhaps they both often thought of them.

"They were passing a Florist's Window."

When the poet left his uncle's house, and the girl knew that it would be wrong ever to mention his name again, she thought it all over, and finally concluded that she loved the companion of her girlhood much more than she did her hard old father, or the wealth that he was hoarding for her alone. So she waited patiently all day long for the poet to return and take her away, but he did not come. "Perhaps," she mused, "he has forgotten everything; perhaps he doesn't care for

me at all." Then she arose with a proud look in her eyes, and put away her things, as she said aloud, "However, he has taught me my duty."

She rushed to her father, who had just come in, and greeted him lovingly with a kiss.

The poet strolled aimlessly through the streets; a tear sprang to his eye. "She might at least have said good-bye to me," he murmured.

A month passed, and one day the cousins met. He was walking slowly along the boulevard, and had stopped to look in at a shop window. He was aroused by hearing his name softly called, and turning he saw his fair cousin approaching with outstretched hand, and a bright, happy smile lighting her face. They were very glad to see each other. And the passers-by looked and nodded, and smiled at them as they stood there. They had a great deal to say, and they walked on for some time chatting like children who had been long separated, when she, remembering her errand, lingeringly bade him good-bye, with the promise that she would meet him the next day.

That night the poet did not sleep, but it was not new-found joy that kept him awake. He went over and over again the conversation of the afternoon, repeated aloud her words and his own. And at every recital he murmured as a refrain, "Ah, yes, she pities me, pities me much perhaps, but no, she does not love me."

They met often. She talked incessantly of the balls and receptions she went to, and he of his struggles to win fame — he never spoke of his fight for bread. Some people might say she was very kind to him; yet there is a difference in kindness, as there is in persons. In the meantime, the weather was gradually growing colder, and the poet's coat was becoming more and more threadbare.

They said that year the season was backward. It was, indeed, after the middle of December before any snow fell. One morning on waking, people found the water frozen in their pitchers, the sergents de ville put on their great cloaks, the horses' hoofs rang out loudly on the hard ground. The morning after, the poet, lying in bed, heard nine o'clock strike from a neighboring tower; he was astonished, for there was as yet little light in the chamber. On rising, he discovered the reason: snow had fallen during the night, covering his skylight many inches deep.

One day — the day before New Year's — the lovers were walking along the crowded street, while she told him of a little company that her father had asked to be present at their apartments that evening. They were to watch the old year out, and something more — she smiled at him half sadly — for M. Mercier, the notary, was coming, and — but the poet laughed; he was glad he was not to be there, for he remembered it had always been his fate to entertain that old green-goggled pécore. The girl interrupted with an exclamation of great delight. At that moment they were passing a florist's window, in which were displayed some beautiful white violets.

"Oh, how lovely!" she cried. "How I should like some for this evening!"

That day, more hurriedly than usual, the poet bade her good-bye; something had made him suddenly silent and thoughtful. She noticed his manner, and she said to herself,

as she watched him hurry away: "He is growing more and more ungrateful of my kindness to him. Perhaps he thinks these walks mean nothing to me. They do not. Well, well, they cannot mean much to him. He does not care. Ah, there will is smaller, and then one or two have drooped. You may have it for what I paid for it, 25 francs;" and he added, as he glanced at the well-worn garments of the other, "That is as cheap as I can make it, but there are carnations, and" —

"His Fingers were Numb with the Cold."

soon be an end to them all." She sighed once, and passed her muff across her face, for the sharp cold air had drawn tears to her eyes.

The poet walked rapidly, and soon found himself before the window of the florist. After a moment's gaze he entered, and inquired the price of the white violets.

"They come dear," answered the man, who had been interrupted as he was tying up a box filled with white roses. "It is the last bunch. This morning I had five. I paid 25 francs apiece for them. The others I sold for 50. But this but the poet had disappeared. He was striding away in the direction of la rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. "Twenty-five francs. It is a great deal of money."

At three o'clock that afternoon he entered his garret chamber. He looked from the little window in the roof, and saw that the sun was still quite high; then drawing his thin coat more snugly about him, he moved his table under the window, and, sitting down, began to write.

"'A Song of the New Year' shall be my poem," he said; and he remembered that they had once

paid him high prices for these trifles — before he had given up writing for money, and, with his great opera approaching completion, had sought to love art for art's sake.

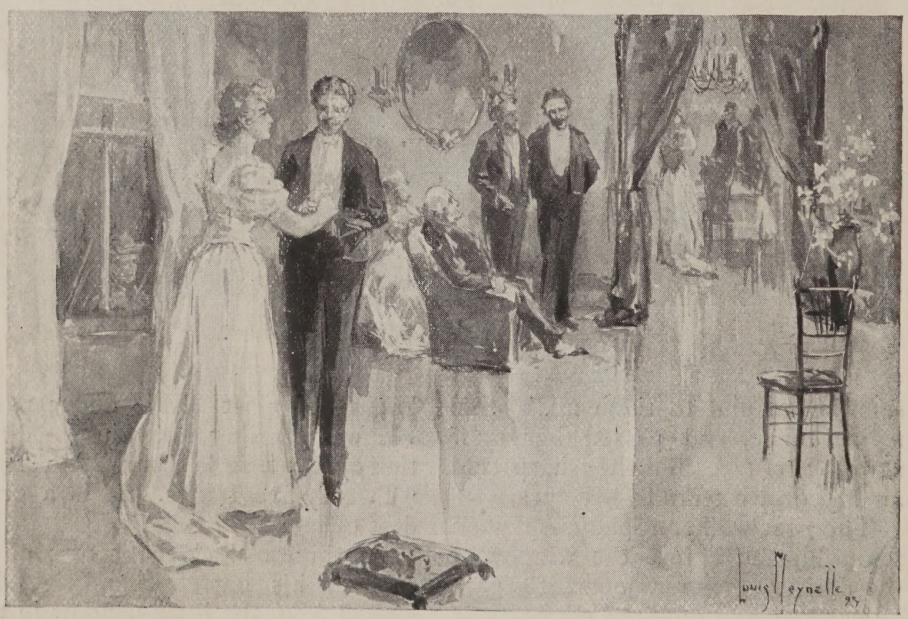
Bright fancies and the melodies of new-born songs swelled his brain, and he wrote spontaneously: —

A bright New Year, with its gladsome song,
Went carrolling gay its path along;
It had opened its eyes 'neath the pale moonlight,
And the stars had watched o'er its birth by night,
And the gentle breeze that went fluttering by
Had welcomed its birth with a smothered sigh,
And the rolling clouds that cradled it o'er,
That served as a shroud to the year before,
Obeisance made in their lowering flight,
Obeisance made to this new-born mite.
Then his heart beat quick as he gazed below,
On the sleeping earth, 'neath its sheet of snow.
Yet cheerful its lay o'er that slumbering sphere,
And this was the song of the glad New Year:

All at once his pen dropped from his hand. His fingers were numb with the cold, and could no longer hold it.

"This is too bad," he murmured mournfully. "I have scarcely written enough yet to buy five violets," and he gazed about the room. It was completely bare, save for the old stove standing by the chimney, which seemed to mock him with its great, gaping mouth. Then he tried chafing his hands; he breathed hard on them, but this only made them ache and tingle.

"Oh, I have it," he suddenly shouted in joy, and, lifting his violin that lay across the end of the table, he drew forth a roll of manuscript. It was an opera — score and words. He had worked on it for a long time — so long, in fact, that the first pages reminded him of brighter, happier days. That very morning he had finished it, and to-morrow he would show it to the directors of the Opera House; they would ask him to play it — not all, but any of the songs that he might think to be his



A Shadow at the Window.

best; then he would certainly be a famous man.

Slowly, but with an expression of perfect serenity on his face, he detached the first act, and, lighting this, dropped it into the stove. Getting down on his knees, he thrust his hands far in at the door, until the bright flames licked them. The pain was sharp, but the numbness was soon gone. By-and-bye he was at work again. His pen scratched badly as he finished the New Year's song.

To know 'neath my wing I've a casket gold
As only I in my pride can hold;
For never a grief and never a care
Shall fall from the lid of my casket rare,
And never a sigh and never a tear
Shall be told as the gift of the glad New Year.

The sun sank lower and lower, and the water from the melting snow, that had all day trickled down over the window, now began to freeze. A cold blast swept over the roofs and between the chimneys, and penetrated in puffs of icy air the dismal garret where the poet sat writing.

Then his song was hushed, for an angel bright
Was circling by in its robe of light,
And never before had the upper sphere
Been blessed with a music so rich and clear
As that angel's voice:

Once more the pen dropped from his hand.

"That's too bad," he said, trying hard to smile. "Well, well, we'll see how the second act goes; the first was played merrily enough;" and, with a peculiar laugh, he lighted another portion of the manuscript, and watched, as the flames crept over it, singing and trilling a gay little tune as each note and line was turned to ashes. Then it flashed forth with a muttering roar and died out suddenly, as if expectant of applause.

"Bravo! bravo!" half shouted, half whispered the poet as he gazed at the few glowing sparks that remained. But no encore responded; the act had been sung once and forever.

Just as the sun sank out of sight behind the snow-covered roofs that shadowed the little garret in la rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, the fifth act of the opera had been played, but the poem was done.

When the world began, I was stationed here,
And I gazed with joy on the first New Year.
But ever I've found 'neath each treasure rare
There were loads of sorrow and loads of care;
So thou never must hope for a casket free
From the fated things of mortality.
For it never was meant the sons of earth
Should revel forever 'mid scenes of mirth,
And it never was meant their hearts should glow
To the beautiful things in the world below;
For sorrows and griefs are to win their love
From their home below to their home above;
And ever the best of thy work must be
To gather souls for Eternity.

On New Year's eve, in the porte-cochère of a house on the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, old Mercier, the notary, suffered himself to remark to the concierge who had let him in, "A terrible night, my good man; a terrible night! Ah, I presume they are expecting me?"

It was a gathering en famille, and yet there was an atmosphere of reserve, of silent dignity among the guests — such as is frequently assumed by kindred who do not often meet, who walk in widely separate paths of daily life. They talked solemnly together in small groups, or moved toward the large table upon which had lately been laid files of papers and pen and ink.

The daughter of the house sat in the bay window, looking at a tall, dark-complexioned young man whose conversation was addressed to her in soft tones. She appeared to be thoughtful and silent, and glanced from time to time to a small bunch of white violets that lay, half hidden in the lace, at her breast.

All at once, it became evident that he had said something in reference to those very flowers, for she placed her hand over them, and a startled look

swept over her face — the expression was one of a young mother who would protect her babe from some impending danger.

A servant announced M. Mercier, and everybody arose; they gathered about the table.

The sound of his name seemed to arouse the young girl, and, lowering her eyes, she took the violets from the folds of lace, and laid them in the hand extended to receive them.

The two had left the sofa and were standing, back to the company, looking out into the storm. By a sudden movement he placed his arm about her to draw her to him. She did not passionately respond, nor did she repulse him; she suffered it, that was all. Then he bent and pressed his lips to her forehead.

After a time, the father got up from his seat at the side of the notary, and all talking at once ceased. He cleared his throat, and said, in a loud yet hesitating voice, that he had the honor to announce the betrothment of his adopted daughter, Julie, to M. Henri Grandet; he further added that the marriage would take place one week from New Year's day.

New Year's morning dawned. It had snowed during the night, but now the sky was clearing rapidly, and, although it was still bitter cold, no flakes fell. As the bells of the cathedral rang out in glorious peals the welcome to the coming year, some workmen who were passing down the avenue discovered the body of a man half hidden in the snow. He had been dead for many hours, for he was frozen stiff. A crowd soon collected. Some one started on the run to the nearest police station. An old man in faded blue blouse took his kerchief from his neck, and gently laid it over the icy face of the dead man. The police arrived. It would be a few minutes before they could remove the body: the commissaire must write his report. At that moment a young girl passed out from the courtyard of a neighboring house on her way to early mass. An old gentleman in fur coat, evidently her father, walked by her side. She saw the crowd and paused, while her companion inquired what it meant. The next moment he rejoined her, and replied to her look of question, "They've found a man frozen in the snow. He was discovered in that drift under our great window. I hope the papers won't mention that. Such things are very annoying."

"Some poor drunken wretch," she said, and then turned away her head — for they were lifting the body into the ambulance.

They walked on, he talking loudly of his wisdom in having found her a suitable husband. She seemed to listen, but her expression was sad, and once or twice her father was forced to repeat his question to her. She remembered the evening before, and knew that while she had been so happy in the glow and warmth within, without a fellow-creature had been perishing in the storm and cold, and at mass she whispered a prayer for the poor unknown.

The body was exposed at the morgue. The passing crowd viewed it, but no one recognized it. If they had glanced at the clothes that hung from a peg over the dead man's head, they might have seen a tiny white flower, crushed and frozen, in the buttonhole of a ragged coat.

At the end of a week, the body was laid in the potter's field.

That evening there was another gathering at the house on the Champs Elysées, and she, who had been so fair in the violets at her betrothal, was now even more fair in the orange blossoms of her nuptials.

THE UNDER-DOG SERIES.

No. 2. The Plumber.

BY C. S. O.

THE plumber, while being one of the most necessary of mortals, is as well one of the best abused men in the whole human family; and yet he labors on, making more secure the public health and comfort, pocketing the pecuniary fruits of his work, and unmindful of the sarcasm of would-be wits who cannot distinguish the difference between the glow from the embers of his charcoal furnace and the prismatic glory of the Kohinoor.

He is a philosopher, in his way, and earth has been emancipated from many of the ills that hitherto burdened the race, by his practical philosophy. His favors may come high at times, but we must have them; and though there may be an occasional protest against the bill he is wont to present for his services, we must content ourselves with the satisfaction that he insures us often from the less palatable extortion of the physician, by making less frequent the necessity for the latter's visits.

The genealogy of the "plumber joke," in all the baldness of its libellous extravagance, would be hard to trace; but the infliction itself is an ever-present reality, holding up the plumber as the embodiment of a licensed plunderer, and his helper as the evil genius whose destructive capabilities are constantly employed for his master's aggrandizement and the reduction of the patron's purse.

The nickel-plated cheek of the professional jester mistakes its own reflection for the glare of a brilliant on the shirt front of the plumber, and so currency is given to the latter's supposed plethoric display of ill-gotten wealth. It is the way of the world to make the greatest of benefactors the targets of caricature of pen and pencil, and the plumber must take his medicine with the rest. If he choses to have the potion sweetened with the sugar that is so eagerly sought by his defamers, who can blame him?

His calling is not a fastidious one. Those who are the most free to criticise him would be the last to endure its disagreeable demands at any price; yet without him earth would be far less habitable, and the dangers to human life considerably multiplied. He is a necessity of our present civilization, and we cannot dispense with him.

It is time that we considered him as he is and not as his traducers claim him to be. The doctor still maintains his position in society, and is awarded the full amount of his bill whether he has saved his patient or the contrary; the lawyer may win or lose the suit, his fees must be forthcoming: the armor of professionalism is their shield against question or misunderstanding. But the plumber renders a positive and tangible service for the monetary equivalent he exacts and is therefore entitled to the consideration of having earned his emolument.

With his mysterious kit and coil of pipe, accompanied by his fidus Achates, the ubiquitous helper, he takes his place at the proper time in the dwelling that is nearing completion, and makes the essential provisions for the health and convenience of those who are shortly to find pleasure and shelter beneath its hospitable roof. The weather may be of the bleakest and most frigid character, the icy wind running riot through the avenues bounded by the window casings which have not yet received their protecting frames, and his little charcoal furnace the only dispenser of heat to his benumbed but busy fingers; and soon the leaden arteries that are the water channels of the dwelling, the means of

supply for the culinary necessities of the kitchen, for the morning ablutions of the coming occupants of the various chambers, and for the general source of domestic cleanliness, the refreshing bath, are in place and await but the hand to touch the convenient faucet to yield a generous and welcome response.

The plumber is in his element when his is the first hand to provide for the sanitary wealth of the dwelling. He is an enthusiast in the work of sanitation, and the world is the beneficiary of his enthusiasm. He knows the responsibility that is his for the health of those who are dependent upon the skill and intelligence of his craft, and he fulfils his duty to the very best of his ability.

There are plumbers and plumbers, and the really skilled artisan is often made to suffer for the mechanical mountebank who has masqueraded as one; but this is equally true of every other calling. Those who want cheap work can usually get it, only to find that it is the dearest of all in the end. Human credulity is no match for the mere tinker and his soldering iron; but the real mechanic knows the value of his time and his work.

Thus another under-dog in the battle of popular prejudice receives tardy recognition at the hands of one of the writing guild — a fraternity that is responsible for much of the lampooning under which he has labored for years. The "plumber's joke" has outlived its usefulness save as a medium for displaying the would-be jester's poverty of invention. Let it be relegated to the fossil closet of superannuated jocularity, there to remain with the other useless antiquities which the world has outgrown.

The plumber has his place with us, and we need him. He may have his little eccentricity of putting a high estimate upon his services; but he has done much to vindicate their value. He has saved us the necessity of carting water from the unhandy well, of attempting the laborious task of coaxing it from the old asthmatic pump, or of the acrobatic performance of a bath in the contracted limits of a washtub, and for these favors we should award him respectful recognition; but more than anything else he has so perfected the sanitation of the home that the public health has been immeasurably advanced, the comfort of the human family increased, and the bills of the doctors reduced to a minimum. Therefore, I doff my hat to the plumber.

A POLICEMAN'S HEART.

It was cruelly cold for a mother and her children to be thrown upon the world. The policeman on his rounds saw the dark forms under the leafless trees in the public square. It was long past midnight. The electric light flickered and snapped and dimmed, as if to hide the sight. A flood of brilliancy poured out of the big windows of a club not many yards away, and fell almost at the feet of the three sleeping forms.

The children were very young. The little girl nestled close to the side of the mother, with her hands buried deep in the folds of her mother's worn cloak. The boy's arm was thrown across his mother's neck, and the lower part of his body was buried in the folds of her skirt. His little round hat had fallen off, and rolled bottom up a little way off.

The policeman paused. He thought he had discovered more tramps to rouse up and pass on to the next town. Then he saw his mistake. He scratched his head for a precedent. Must he arrest them, and send them the way of other prisoners convicted of vagrancy? Then he looked down into the sleeping faces once more.

His hand played nervously with his trouser pocket. Then it dived in decisively, and came out with several shining coins. He dropped them into the hat of the child; and as he walked away he wondered why the electric lights flickered and dimmed and danced so much more violently than they did a few minutes before.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

WHAT should congress do now, since it has repealed the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act?

The reply seems to me a very simple one. It should make as honest a dollar as possible to pay public and private debts, and to effect the exchange of commodities among our people. In the July number of this magazine, I showed, I think conclusively that money is the creature of law; that gold is a simple commodity, changing in value as compared with all other commodities, hence unstable and dishonest as a measure of value, at one time cheating the creditors, at another the debtors, but generally the latter class, as they are less able to protect their interests than the former.

Congress, by its late action, has made gold the standard of every deferred payment. Gold has been steadily rising in value since silver was demonetized, over 20 years ago, by most of the leading commercial nations; and that it will in all probability continue to rise, is recognized by all the leading political economists, as well as by any one who gives serious thought to the subject.

Now an increase in the purchasing power of money robs the man who is in debt. He is coerced to pay more than he agreed to pay—not a greater number of dollars, but more value in the product of labor, the dollars of his debt embodying at the time of payment greater value than at the time when he made the contract. Suppose an agreement is made between two individuals, whereby one agrees to deliver to the other 1,000 bushels of wheat at a future time, at say $1 per bushel, would it make any difference with the obligation if, at the time of performance, wheat was worth $2 per bushel? Or, suppose it had fallen to 50 cents, would not the seller in either case discharge his obligation by delivering the exact quantity of wheat agreed upon? Of course he would. Well, what difference is there between such an agreement and a promise to pay a certain number of dollars? Is not such a promise an express stipulation to pay so much silver or gold, or whatever material the money of account may be, as will be equal to a given number of the dollars established by law at the time the contract was made?

On the other hand, a decrease in the purchasing power of money robs the creditor, obliging him to receive, in payment of his debt, a less amount in value than it was agreed he should receive.

Since 1866 the creditor or money-lending class has secured from congress whatever legislation it desired. It has been enabled, by laws appreciating the purchasing power of the dollar, in the name of law to rob the producing masses of this land, not only of the surplus above subsistence which they have created, but to secure a lien on the labor of unborn children, who may justly question whether their fathers, either through stupidity or criminal negligence, possessed any moral right to mortgage their labor to the class whose

prototypes were driven from the temple of Jerusalem by Him who came on earth to inaugurate the reign of peace and brotherly love among men.

I have made a grave charge against Shylock and against the majority in congress which has served him, but the proof to support it is abundant and conclusive. Take the matter of the national debt alone, without any reference to the state or other forms of indebtedness. The national debt on the 1st of September, 1865, in round numbers, was about $2,750,000,000. At that time it could have been justly liquidated with 18,000,000 average bales of cotton, or about 25,000,000 tons of bar iron. At the present time the national debt, although it has been reduced to about $1,250,000,000, or considerably less than one half, will require more than 30,000,000 bales of cotton, or 32,000,000 tons of bar iron to pay it. In plain, matter of fact speech, the debt has been enlarged by some 50 per cent, as measured by these two great staple products, while it has undergone a nominal shrinkage of 55 per cent.

From 1870 to 1884 the national debt, in terms of money, was paid off to the extent of nearly $750,000,000, as shown by the official returns. But if we apply all of our greatest products—pork, coal, cotton, bar iron, beef, corn, wheat, and oats — as the standard of value in payment, we find that the debt has increased fully 50 per cent. So it has been with all other forms of indebtedness. The dollar has been appreciating in value precisely as the commodities which it measured in exchange have been depreciating, so that all debts contracted between 1865 and 1870 have more than doubled, while those entered into since the last named year have been largely increased, and this condition is progressing at a rapidly accelerated pace.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, and certain gentlemen of his stripe among the gold idolaters, say that improved mechanical inventions and labor-saving devices sufficiently account for this — that they have cheapened the products of labor so much within the past 27 or 28 years, that it is not a fair test to measure the gold dollar by the great staple products. If it be not fair to measure the one commodity, gold, which, if annihilated, would not retard civilization an iota, by all the great necessaries of human existence, it is manifestly unjust to measure the latter by the former. Neither is it true to assert that labor-saving inventions will account for the fall in prices of commodities as compared with gold. The cotton planter can raise no more cotton per acre on his plantation than he could in 1865; neither can the wheat or corn grower, while the labor cost of production remains practically the same. In some industries, undoubtedly, there is a diminished cost because of the devices of human ingenuity; but to whose benefit should the increased product at lower cost inure if not to the benefit of the masses who create it? Yet they are not benefited by it. Who is benefited?

Mr. Samuel Smith, a member of the British Parliament, stated this point concisely to the British Royal Commission, appointed in 1886 to investigate the causes of the depression of trade and industry. He said: "The real unearned increment is the amount of the difference ever augmenting between a diminishing cost of production and the increasing purchasing power of gold. The one class of the nation which in securing

the profit has grown rich, is that class the most idle in private life or the most dishonest and mischievous in politics — those who enjoy without working, at the expense of those who work without enjoying." Mr. Smith's statement is specially applicable to the conditions which prevail in this country.

In the face of these facts, the duty of congress is quite plain. To comply with the requirements of the law in force at the time every contract has been entered into since 1792, it should decree the free coinage of gold and silver money. This should be supplemented by a carefully regulated volume of legal-tender treasury notes. Prohibit bank issues altogether. To do other than this is to permit the continuance of the system of fiscal robbery, which is one of the chief causes now rapidly reducing the people of the United States to two classes — masters and dependents. Every dollar of indebtedness in the country, except where a special contract provided otherwise, could have been paid last spring in gold or silver dollars. By the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, we are now absolutely on the small basis of gold alone. Everything is measured by the yellow metal, which is controlled by the Rothschilds and their allies. Prices are falling, the industrial masses are out of employment, starving and growing desperate; but Shylock is gathering in an abundant harvest through the appreciation of his money. We are at the mercy of the few who control the gold of the world, the few who enjoy without working. Congress can give relief by making an honest dollar, a dollar which, as well as human ingenuity can devise, will maintain the same relation to the commodities which it measures in exchange this year, next year, and for all time.

But will congress do this? As far as the present membership goes, it is not likely. The majority has shown itself to be the willing tool of the money power. Urged on by the subsidized press clamor of the Eastern states, and influenced by the President through the official patronage at his disposal, it has basely betrayed the interests of the people, by repeal of the purchase clause without condition. It is not to be expected, therefore, that it will retrace its steps. However, there is a powerful minority in the present congress, — men of both the old parties and the new,— who if they are true to their consciences, their constituents, and the republic, hold the key of the future in their possession. They will be able to guide and control peacefully the social revolution, which is growing and assuming shape among the masses with a rapidity which is portentous, in view of the callous indifference of the men who filch from the workers the produce of their toil, under cover of the law and the lawmakers, whose ignorance or knavery permits such injustice to be done.

Again I repeat, it is the duty of congress to make an honest dollar.

THE ACQUITTED MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY JEAN DE LA BUTTE.

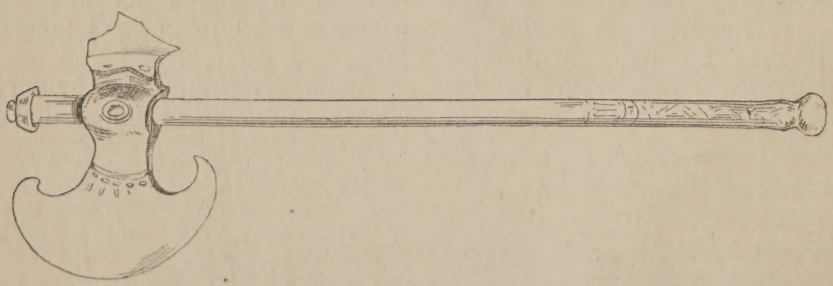
His discharge having been ordered, the acquitted assassin, restored to his worldly occupations, noted that the court-house clock pointed to the hour of three, and shrugging his shoulders, addressed to himself the following little speech : —

"It seems to be all right for men in gowns to lie like women, and to try to make people believe that the moon is made of green cheese. 'I intend to adopt the theory of insanity,' my lawyer said to me, 'and by this shrewd defence secure your acquittal, O stony-hearted man, who remained unmoved at sight of the blood shed by the estimable family which you hacked to pieces.'

"Against this dishonest proposition, revolting to the nature of a straightforward assassin, my candor compelled me to rebel; hence I refused to lend my sanction to this unworthy subterfuge, claiming that it would do violence to my natural sincerity, to my delicacy of soul, and to the extreme susceptibility of my conscience. Replied this unscrupulous man : 'If you wish to keep your head, admit that you have lost it.' And over-riding the revolt of that moral sense with which Heaven has endowed me, he launched forth into the following declamation : 'Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, reserve your severity for responsibilities more real. The irresponsible being who is before you' . . . At this adjective, as false as it was wounding, and which touched me in the depths of my nature, I did not hesitate. I arose, and I punished this perversion of the truth with a pair of resounding blows upon the two cheeks of its author.

"The man received them with a smile, and continued : 'I really did not dare to hope for such a striking confirmation of the defence which I was developing before you. May it please the court, in view of the evident madness of my client, to declare him irresponsible for his acts and to discharge him without costs.'

"And [with indignation] the court fell into the trap and set me free! And now here I am on the street with a certificate of imbecility! All just because a miserable wig-wearer has seen fit to indulge at my expense in whimsicalities of bad taste. Really, there are insults that call for vengeance. This man shall perish by my hand!"



THE AMATEUR STAGE IN NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

HOWEVER interesting a detailed history of the amateur stage in New York might be, such a work would demand much more space than is available here. I shall confine myself rather to a simple review of the present condition of the amateur dramatic art, especially among the Catholic societies, which are now, with very few exceptions, its only exponents in the metropolis.

The amateur stage at present is in a very gratifying condition, and promises even greater things in the near future. The novices of many years ago have developed, in many instances, into finished players. The public taste, as indicated by the class of plays now presented, has kept pace with the development of the players. In the earlier days, a boisterous farce, a stupid and vulgar variety show, or that most inane of all forms of alleged entertainment — a negro minstrel performance — represented the most exalted taste among both performers and public. The next step higher was into the field of lurid melodrama and those so-called Irish plays, with which the publishers of dramatic literature have flooded the country. These wretched concoctions, with their cheap wit, their sensational situations, and their bogus patriotism, served their purpose and satisfied both the audiences and the performers for a short time, but both eventually tired of them.

During recent years a more marked advance has been noted in the character of the pieces presented by our societies — an advance that cannot fail to elicit the approval of all interested in the progress of the amateur drama and the future of our young men's societies. The variety show, the minstrel performance, and the gory drama have been supplanted in public favor by entertainments of the opposite extreme of refinement, and the boards on which they once flourished now know only polite comedy and the classic drama.

It is impossible to refer to amateur dramatics without calling to mind one or other of the well-known organizations. The Talma, the Cathedral,

Miss Helen Sweeney.

the Brownson, the Spalding, St. James' Union, and many other similar Catholic societies have by their ex-

Miss May Colyer.

cellent work so identified themselves with the amateur stage that the mere announcement of a performance by any of them is sufficient to attract an expectant audience. In like manner, we have many individual players who by their superior talent have acquired reputations that have spread beyond the circle of their immediate friends and acquaintances.

Prominent among these, on account of her unusual ability and personal popularity, is Miss Josie O'Connor, who is now playing with the Talma Dramatic Company. Miss O'Connor is, without doubt, one of the most gifted if not actually the foremost of our actresses. Endowed with a handsome figure, a bright, expressive countenance, and an attractive manner, hers is a personality that is more than charming. Add to these engaging qualities a voice of singular sweetness and flexibility, the ability to feel and simulate all the varying emotions from comedy to pathos and, above all, that love of the art which imparts a certain magnetic quality to the work of the true artist, and the picture is complete.

It is in rôles that call for strong, emotional acting that Miss O'Connor excels. Her tall, commanding figure is better suited to the strength and vigor of tragedy than to the playfulness of comedy. In the part of Leah the Forsaken, which is one of her favorite characters, she has a field worthy of her talents, and in other less ambitious rôles, such as Lady Challoner in Watts Phillips' antiquated drama, "Maud's Peril," "Hazel Kirke," "May Blossom," Eily in "The Colleen Bawn," and Lady Conyers in "Withered Leaves," she has found frequent opportunities for the exercise of her rare abilities. The demand for her services is in proportion to their value, and she has enacted leading rôles in the performances of St. James' Union, St. John's Lyceum, St. Agnes' Union, the Brownson Literary Union, the Talma Dramatic Association, and others. She was cast for the part of

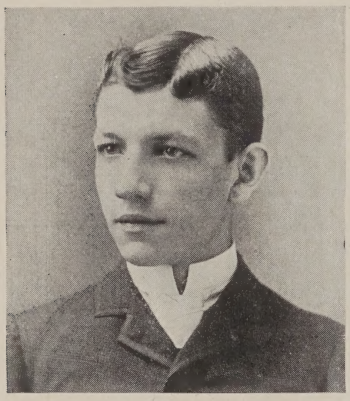
Miss May Colyer,
as Mrs. O'Kelly in "The Shaughraun."

Dorothy, in "Daniel Druce," which the Talma intended producing this season, and is studying Rosalind, for an elaborate production of "As You Like It," which that ambitious organization is now planning.

Another able actress who is worthy of ranking with any who tread the amateur boards, and whose talents are of a character rarely met even on the professional stage, is Miss May Colyer. In broadly humorous characters where the mirth-provoking element predominates she is inimitable. There is an infectious quality in her humor that is irresistible, and she has that happy faculty, so rare among women, of being able to call forth a spontaneous laugh almost without an effort. She is equally at home in the pompous ignorance of Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," and the rich Irish humor of Mrs. O'Kelly in "The Shaughraun," and she imparts to whatever character she assumes so much of her own genial personality that it becomes doubly entertaining.

Miss Josie O'Connor.

A very finished actor and an entertaining reader is Mr. John C. McNeilly, a young lawyer who has devoted much time and attention to dramatics. He has been identified with the Talma since its organization,

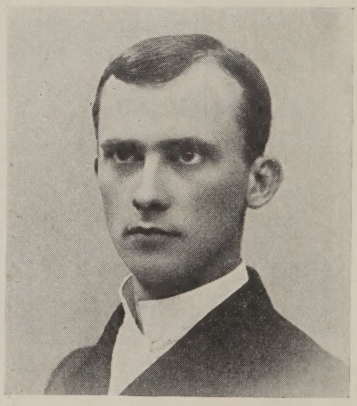


Mr. Harry Connolly.

which was shortly after his graduation from Fordham College, and has done very little work for any other society. His Sir Lucius O'Trigger is a piece of acting well worth seeing. His conception of that singular combination of drollery, good nature, and pugnacity is original and amusing, and his portrayal of the character is the best work he has ever done. The range of characters which Mr. McNeilly has enacted, from Horatio in "Hamlet" to Cadeau in "Robert Macaire," shows remarkable versatility.

A very charming actress is Miss Helen Sweeney, whose frequent and successful appearances in the metropolis entitle her to special mention here. Few amateurs in New York or elsewhere have played so many and such diverse characters as have fallen to the lot of Miss Sweeney, and there are few capable of playing them with such uniform success. As a member, successively, of the Amateur League, the Hawthorne, the Rival, and the Talma, she has played such characters as Lucy Carter in "Saratoga," Julie de Mortimer in "Richelieu," Fiordelisa in "The Fool's Revenge," Violet Melrose in "Our Boys," Emily Mountcashel in "The Crushed Tragedian," Mrs. Beaumont in "Uncle," Francesca in "Francesca da Rimini," Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," Cicely Homespun in "The Heir at Law," Pauline in "Delicate Ground," Esther in "Caste," Mrs. Honeyton in "A Happy Pair," and Lydia Languish in "The Rivals."

Such a varied experience has had a perceptible effect on Miss Sweeney's work, and in addition to a natural delicacy she has acquired a grace and finish which few amateurs possess. Her best work, I think, was her rendition of the character of



Mr. J. R. Bagnall.

Julie in "Richelieu," produced by the Rival Dramatic Society. Mr. A. M. Taylor was the Richelieu and Mr. William Bonelli the De Mauprat.

Although the Talma originated in

St. Columba's Union in "My Turn Next."
Taraxisum Twitters (Mr. Taaffe), Mrs. Twitters (Miss Mamie Lawlor), Tom Trap (Mr. P. T. Waters), Cicely (Miss Mamie Scott), Tim Bolus (Mr. Charles A. Clarke), and Peggy (Miss Lizzie Clarke).

St. Lawrence's parish, its forces were recruited from almost every quarter of the city. It numbers among its members some of the best known and most finished amateur players in New York. Miss O'Connor, Miss Colyer, and Miss Sweeney represent its greatest strength among the ladies, and with Miss Mollie Brock and Miss Jennie Devlin, two promising players of later development, make up its female contingent. Both Miss Brock and Miss Devlin took their first steps on the stage at St. Monica's, the former as Mrs. Cregan in "The Colleen Bawn," and the latter as Pauline in "The Midnight Watch." Miss Brock has since appeared as Florence Marigold in "My Uncle's Will," and May Rivers in "Withered Leaves," and Miss Devlin was a very charming Lucy in "The Rivals."

As the members of the Talma company were selected with great care, and only those of experience or of special talent were admitted, most of them have a considerable standing outside that organization. Among the principal members are Dr. James S. Geary, and Messrs. Harry Con-

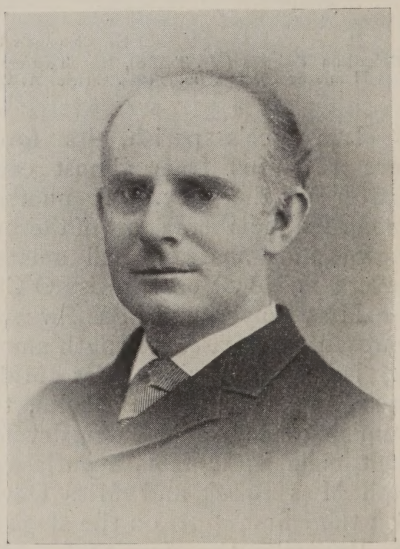
Miss Agnes Tames.

nolly, J. R. Bagnall, J. Melville Clune, R. H. Coleman, and Thomas J. Shelley. Dr. Geary received his preliminary training in the Fordham College Dramatic Association, and was a member of the original cast of

Mr. Matthew Flanagan and Miss O'Beirne, in "The Violin-Maker of Cremona."

"Robert Macaire," the nucleus of the present organization. He is especially fitted for juvenile rôles; and besides the part of Charles in "Robert Macaire," his principal success was as Arthur Middleton in "Withered Leaves." Mr. Clune appeared as Germeuil in "Robert Macaire," and later distinguished himself as Father Dolan in "The Shaughraun," Dr. Clipper in "The Steeple Chase," Father Tom, in "The Colleen Bawn," Captain Absolute in "The Rivals," and Cecil Vane in "Withered Leaves."

Mr. Bagnall, like Dr. Geary and Mr. McNeilly, achieved his first success in college dramatics, his first appearance being in "The Cross of St. John," at St. Laurent College, Montreal, Que. He appeared subsequently in several sketches with the Brownson Literary Union, as Dumont in "Robert Macaire," and as David in "The Rivals," when those plays were produced by the Talma; and as Mr. Barker in "My Uncle's Will," for the Brownson. Mr. Coleman has long been known to New York audiences, having been before them during the last fifteen years. Although he has been connected with the Talma since its first performance, he has only appeared with that company in two rôles — as David in a selection from "The Rivals," and as Sir Conyers Conyers in "Withered Leaves." During his connection with other organizations, however, he played a wide range of characters, notably, Squire Corrigan in "The Colleen Bawn," Toby in "All That Glitters is not Gold," Father Dolan in "The Shaughraun," and Cecil



Mr. Arthur J. O'Hara.

Vane in "Withered Leaves." He was for many years stage manager for St. Vincent Ferrer's Literary Union, and other prominent Catholic societies. His experience on the professional stage renders him a valuable aid in stage management.

The Cathedral Dramatic Society is another organization that has done much to advance the cause of amateur dramatics in New York, and to raise the standard of the entertainments presented by our Catholic societies. It has acquired an enviable reputation in New York and vicinity, and its performances invariably draw crowded houses. And this fame is due, not to any prestige it obtains from its connection with the Cathedral, but rather to the excellence of its performances. Rev. W. J. B. Daly, the director of the society, has always advocated loftiness of aim in the dramatic work of amateurs, and his efforts in this direction during the last few years have done much to bring about the revolution to which I have frequently alluded in the course of this article.

The labors of the Cathedral Society have been confined almost entirely to the field of polite comedy, its chief successes being "The Ladies' Battle," "Snowball," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "A Game of Chess," and "Pity." Miss

Mr. Orlando C. Flynn.

Agnes Tames, Miss M. C. O'Beirne, and Miss Emma Harrison, who have sustained the principal parts in these productions, are actresses of more than ordinary ability and have con-

The Talma Dramatic Company in "Withered Leaves." Arthur Middleton (Dr. James S. Geary), May Rivers (Miss Mollie Brock), and Cecil Vane (Mr. J. Melville Clune).

tributed even more than their share to the success of the organization. It is not too great praise of their work, nor is it any slight to the gentlemen of the society, to say that the ladies are the society's pillars of strength.

Mr. Matthew Flanagan deserves to rank as the most talented and versatile among the gentlemen of the society. His performance, on a recent occasion, of two rôles so widely differing as those of Filippo in "The Violin Maker of Cremona," and De Grinon in "The Ladies' Battle," showed a degree of talent not often met in an amateur. Mr. R. O. Hughes, who until this season was the society's chief exponent of old men characters, is also worthy of special mention here. He is now

one of the leading members of the Fordham College Dramatic Associa-

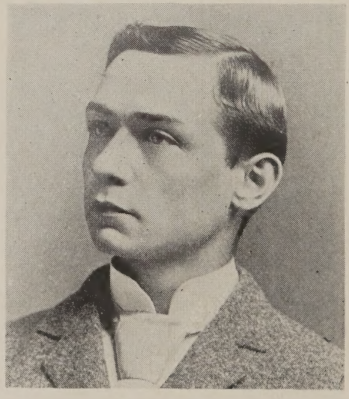
Mr. Wm. A. Boylan.

tion, having entered college with the intention of studying for the priesthood.

Miss Agnes Tames, who is now so thoroughly identified with the Cathedral Society, is among our most prominent players. She has played with Holy Cross Lyceum, St. John's Lyceum, and many other organizations, and during her career has sustained leading parts in "The Danicheffs," "May Blossom," "Little Mother," "The Cricket on The Hearth," "The Ladies' Battle," and "The Porter's Knot." She is in figure, face, and temperament better suited for ingénue roles than any other class of parts; but equipped as she is with a clear voice, a thorough elocutionary training, and a keen sense of the dramatic, she is fitted to assume heavier parts, should the occasion arise.

The dramatic corps of Holy Cross Lyceum, of which Miss Tames was so long a member, has been during this season and last in a state of suspended animation, but it is reported that it will probably be revived before spring. During many years it was one of the foremost dramatic organizations on the west side, and has developed many excellent players. The most notable of these is Mr. Harry Connolly, who was subsequently so prominently identified with the Talma. He played for two seasons with Holy Cross, his chief successes having been achieved in "Little Mother," and "Boots at the Swan." "Little Mother," in which Miss Tames and Mr. James P. Kennedy, an excellent performer of old men, also appeared, was so successful that it was repeated, by request, two nights in Tuxedo, N. Y., and two nights in Sufferin, N. Y. Mr. Kennedy, who is well known to the audiences of Holy Cross, was very successful in the character of Dr. Doubleprong.

Mr. Connolly's next appearance was in Mott Haven, where he played Sergeant Loupy in "Robert Macaire," and Faulkland in "The Rivals," in

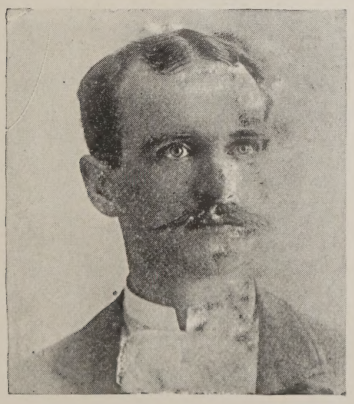


Mr. Stuart N. Clarke.

a joint production by the Brownson Literary Union and the Talma Dramatic Company, of the former play and selections from the latter. At Fordham College he again appeared

as Sergeant Loupy. Mr. Connolly's greatest success was in the part of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Talma's production of "The Rivals." He made a distinct and unmistakable hit, which was the more remarkable in view of the fact that he had never before played any but juvenile rôles.

The most prolific and at the same time most successful playwright in the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church is Mr. Arthur J. O'Hara. He has written twelve plays, the most notable among which are "The Traitor," "Columbus," "Catiline," "Clontarf," and "Bannockburn." Mr. O'Hara was one of the founders of the society and during its 23 years of existence he has never been out of office. He filled the office of critic with credit for 14 terms; and although now a resident of Savannah, Ga., he still edits The Wreath, the organ of the society. Mr. Cornelius J. Cunningham, another energetic dramatist,



Mr. Charles O'Connor Irwin.

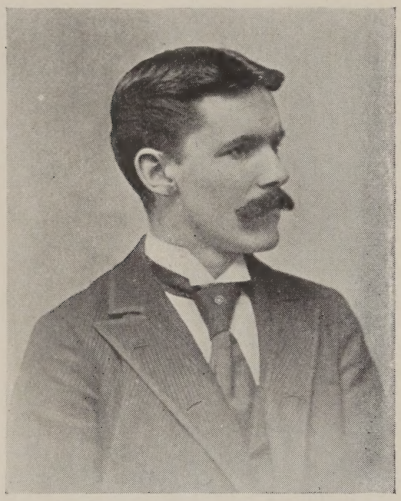
has written nine of the plays produced by the society, the most successful of which were "The Moor's Revenge," "Before Thermopylæ" and "Lexington." Among the others who have gained distinction in this field are Mr. Emil A.

Miss Lizzie V. Smith,
as Mabel Stanley in "The Pirates of Penzance."

Le Bois, the author of six plays, and Messrs. John S. Brown, Luke J. Linden, Edward J. Brearton, Nicholas J. Tommins, and William A. Boylan.

The most notable actors that the society has produced are Messrs. Nicholas J. Tommins, Vincent P. Tommins, and William A. Boylan, Mr. Boylan, who is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's College, achieved especial distinction as Tyndarus, in the production three years ago of Plautus' Latin comedy, "The Two Captives," by the students of the College. He has since appeared as Parksey Roades in "The Two Brothers," as Sir Roger O'Brien in "Wentworth," and as Horace Seymour in his own play, "A Modern Iago." Mr. Nicholas J. Tommins, who as author, actor, and stage manager, occupies a prominent pos

tion in dramatic circles in the society, has appeared in a great variety of characters. The rôles in which he



Mr. John C. McNeilly.

won most success in tragedy, comedy, and farce are Sir Geoffrey Wentworth in "Wentworth," Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and Dr. Plaster in "Hydrophobia." Mr. Vincent P. Tommins has evinced versatility almost as remarkable as his brother's. Besides being the author of several farces, he has appeared in many of the society's plays, notably as John Desmond in "A Modern Iago," as Richard I. in "Cœur de Lion," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals," and as Reddy Connor in "Wentworth."

Another prominent figure is Charles O'Connor Irwin. Mr. Irwin's reputation depends rather on his ability as a monologue entertainer than on his histrionic attainments. He appeared as Hugh de Bras in "Amid the Gathering Thunder Clouds," an adaptation by himself of John Madison Morton's farce, "A Regular Fix," but is better known for his humorous readings and his imitations of prominent actors, notably of the elder Sothern. Mr. Stuart N. Clarke is also very favorably known to the society's audiences. He, like Mr. Boylan, was a member of the original cast of the Latin play at St. Francis Xavier's College, having appeared in the part of Philocrates, and has since appeared frequently with the literary society.

The Spalding Literary Union, attached to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, has produced with great success "The Chimes of Normandy," "Patience," "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and many other standard works of light opera. Since the extension of its field the Spalding has given its attention only to high class comedies Last year it produced Robertson's comedy, "Caste," and this season it opened with "A Scrap of Paper." The most pronounced success in the latter piece was achieved by Mrs. M. Lilly, as Suzanne de Ruseville She acted with spirit and dash and degree of finish that rendered her

Mr James P. Kennedy.

work particularly refreshing. Mr. William V. Brannigan as Anatloe, and Mr. Raymond C. J. Buchan as

the Baron de la Glaciere also deserve notice for their clever work. The Spalding is aided in its dramatic work by the Hecker Club, a young ladies' club attached to the same church, the female parts being sustained by members of that organization.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist has a flourishing organization in which is to be found much histrionic ability. Mr. Orlando C. Flynn is, without doubt, the ablest exponent of the dramatic art in the society. Mr. Flynn's experience extends over many years, he having first saluted the public about 10 years ago, when a member of St. Vincent Ferrer's Literary Union. He has played many parts, but his greatest success was as Pittacus Green in "Hazel Kirke," his portrayal of that eccentric individual being characterized by originality, skill, and an attention to detail which left nothing to be desired. He has also appeared as Father Tom in "The Colleen Bawn," Tom Conyers in "Withered Leaves," Toby Taperley in "Maud's Peril," Uncle Bartlett in "May Blossom," and many other rôles. Mr. Charles Donovan, who played Squire Rodney in "Hazel Kirke" and Sir Ralph Challoner in "Maud's Peril," also deserves mention here.

Mr. John B. White and Miss O'Beirne, in "The Violin-Maker of Cremona"

Mr. C. Desmond O'Connell, as Jean Grenecheau in "The Chimes of Normandy."

One of the oldest dramatic companies in New York is that attached to St. James' Church, which has furnished entertainment for the residents of the lower end of Manhattan Island during many years. Its principal successes have been "The Shaughraun," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Long Strike," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Inshavogue," and "The Mighty Dollar." It owes much of its success to the skill and energy of that able stage manager and versatile actor, Mr. Sol G. Frost, to whose thorough methods of instruction many of the Catholic societies of New York are indebted for their progress in the dramatic art.

MY CUBAN LOVE.

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON.

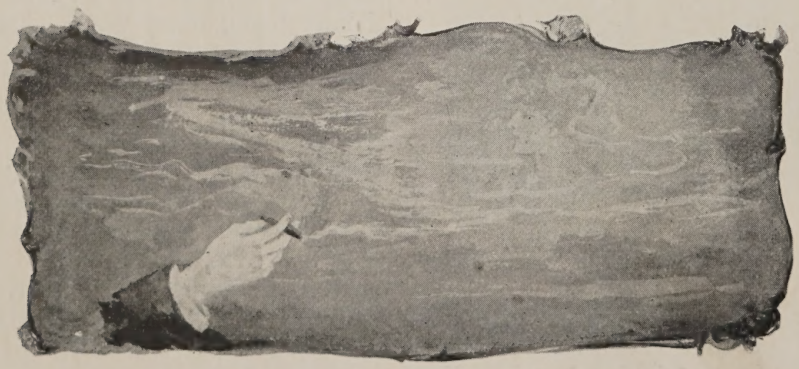
I LOVE her, yet I hate her ;
  I would I could forget
The sublest fascinator
    I ever met.

A halo floats about her,
  An azure aureole —
I cannot live without her,
    Upon my soul !

I hold a taper finger
  Within my finger tips,
And on it fondly linger
    My eager lips.

Oh, would that I could sever
  Her adamantine chain !
Its magic links should never
    Bind me again !

You've seen this witch provoking,
  Whose charms so potent are,
If you have seen me smoking
    My dear cigar.



GERMANY AND THE CATHOLIC PARTY.

BY REV. WILLIAM STANG, D.D.

TO the student of history Germany's ecclesiastical life and activity furnish interesting matter for study, while her glorious past and her promising future fill the Catholic heart with gratitude and joyous anticipation.

To the present day, the Roman missal contains the prayer "pro imperatore" (for the emperor), which up to the beginning of this century was recited on Christian altars; and for several hundred years the universal Church prayed on Good Friday for the Roman emperor of the German nations, that God might graciously look upon his servant, the emperor, and subdue to him all barbarous nations, and thus grant lasting peace to his people. This prayer is now omitted in the mass because a Protestant king, who has been taught from his infancy to regard the mass as an act of idolatry, wears the imperial crown.

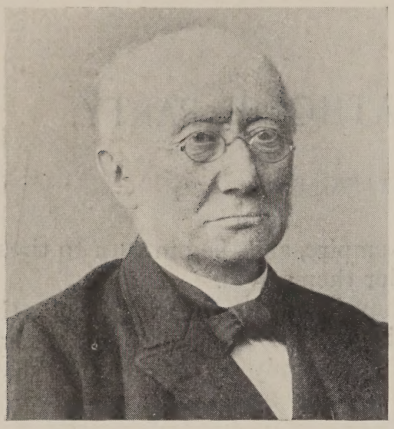
In their early history, the Germans never figure as a closely united nation with the same interests and political views, but rather as a federation of different tribes, each tribe with a peculiar language and with peculiar customs. The principal elements of the Germanic empire were the Franks, Saxons, Suabians, Burgundians, and Lotharingians. All public authority was looked upon as a responsibility conferred by a higher power. The king, receiving it from God, intrusted it to the vassals of the empire, and they in turn to those under themselves.

Loyalty was the bond of the nation. The German in his social life knew only two kinds of duty:

Charlemagne.
King of the Franks and Roman Emperor.

commanding and serving. All authority was graded, securing to each individual all practical independence. Royalty was the keystone of the German's constitutional arch, though the king could only consider himself the first officer and guardian of the empire.

Germany could make him king, the Pope only could make him an emperor. The Pope could exercise no influence over the election of the king, but he could place the imperial crown on the newly elected king or



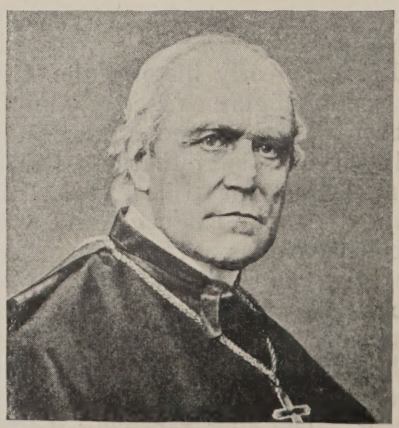
Dr. Ludwig Windthorst,
The great parliamentary leader.

refuse it. This imperial crown was not restricted to any particular nation; but since the crowning of Otto I., in 962, it has been, by general consent, looked on as the prerogative of Germany. The coronation and consecration ceremonies were performed by the Sovereign Pontiff himself; the German Empire therefore was considered as a concession from the papacy. The imperial dignity was a holy state; the emperor was in the eyes of the people a most sacred person, exalted to his highest temporal dignity by the Vicar of Christ. He was the corner-stone and foundation of civil society, the embodiment of lawful possession and earthly justice.

Charlemagne was the first German emperor; Francis II., the last. The former realized his dignity when he called himself the Protector of the Holy Church and the humble assistant of the Holy See. To Germans Charlemagne is the personification of royal splendor and imperial grandeur. It is nearly 1,100 years since they buried him, not in a coffin as ordinary mortals, but seated on his throne, holding in his hand the book of Gospels, the law of his people, wearing the crown with which the Vicar of Christ, Leo III., crowned him in Rome on the celebrated Christmas Day in the year 800. Thus, majestic and august in death, they placed him in the crypt beneath the Cathedral which he built at Aachen in honor of Mary, the Queen of heaven. And now, after so many stormy centuries, he still lives in the hearts of Catholic Germany as the embodiment of everything good and noble on earth. The people on the Rhine, as a legend has it, still see him coming every beautiful summer night, when the moon like molten silver sleeps on the bewitching stream. Then Charlemagne stands on a silent hill near Ingelheim, with his gleaming sword in hand, a myrtle wreath encircling his brow, and his imperial purple vesture floating on the silent night. He then crosses the river on a bridge of moonbeams to bring blessings for the people and the country on the Rhine.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards and fields of golden grain,
The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;
He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth.

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute farewell,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle

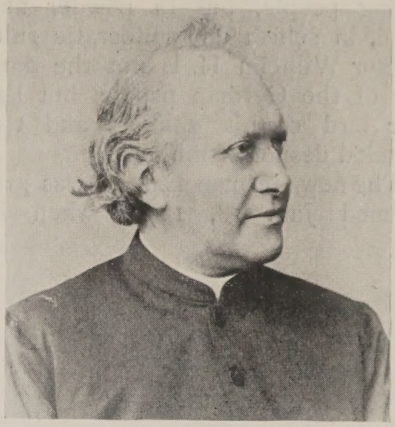


William von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainze.
Member of the First Reichstag.

Till the daytime be come again, with sun and rain and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them anew.

"The Holy Roman Empire of the German nation" is the greatest political institution known in history. Founded by Charlemagne and blessed by Leo III., it was destined to preserve the culture of the ancient world and to propagate the teachings of Christ. For 1,000 years it remained the safèguard of the holiest interests of mankind, while it gave Germany a political preëminence and the balance of European power. It was a marvellous organization. "Formed from the three united kingdoms of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy, it extended from the shores of the North and Baltic seas to the Adriatic and Mediterranean; from the Rhone, Tiber, and Arno to the rocky fortresses of the Alps, whose passes were defended by its vassals. The Roman-German Empire occupied the midst of Europe and possessed a strength and influence enjoyed by no other European power." (Janssen.)

Dr. Lieber.



Dr. Johannes Janssen,
Germany's greatest Catholic historian.

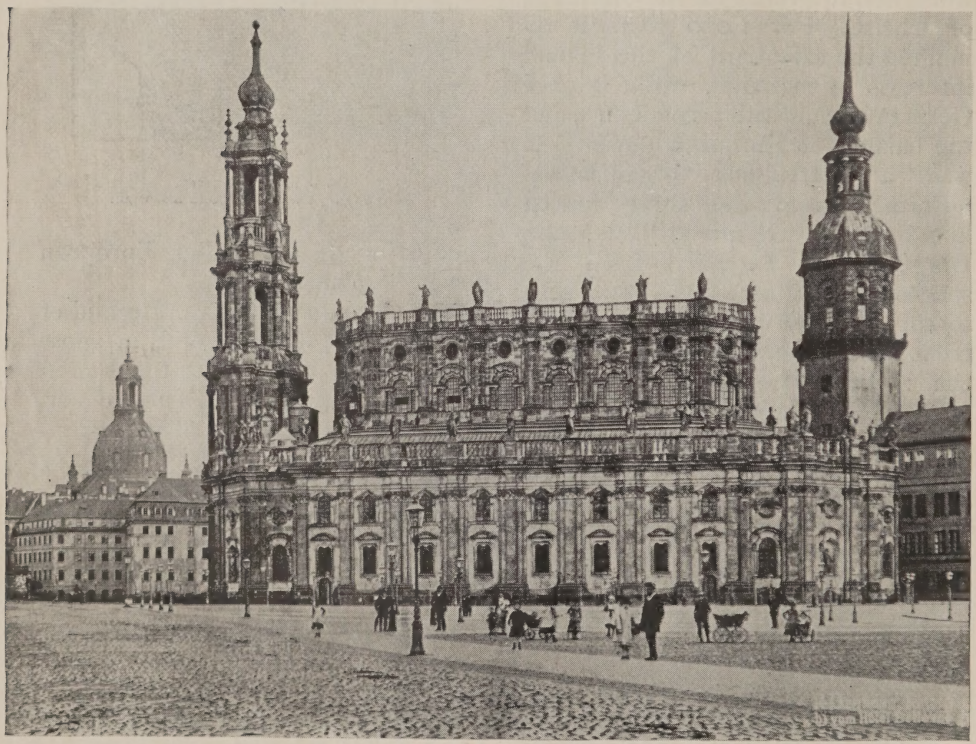
The German people were proud of the imperial dignity, and in most cases warmly attached to the sacred person that bore it. They cheerfully paid the expenses of his maintenance — for sometimes the emperor was a poor man; they willingly contributed to the Roman expedition which the newly elected would have to undertake to receive the imperial crown.

But that which once was so great and lofty is now no more. The Holy Roman Empire of the German nation received a fatal wound in the 16th century by the apostasy of many, from which it never recovered and which caused its final dissolution. It expired Aug. 6, 1806, when Emperor Francis laid down the imperial sceptre and called himself Emperor of Austria.

What we now call the German Empire is scarcely a shadow of the former. The very idea of a Protestant emperor is an historical lie. His assumed dignity looks like a mockery of the glorious past. His strength is not in the hearts of a

loving people, but in powder and shell, in selfish and autocratic rule. Kaiser Wilhelm II. is not the darling of the German people, but the war lord of his soldiers and the dreaded despot of millions.

The new German Empire was proclaimed Jan. 18, 1871, when in the "Centrum," taking as their motto, "For Truth, Liberty, and Right." Two bishops and several priests were among its members. It looked strange to me when I saw, three years ago, the Reichstag in session and beheld men wearing the cassock or the Roman collar seated



Catholic Church at Dresden.

Versailles the Prussian king took the title Deutscher Kaiser. The new empire was to be anti-catholic; its battle-cry was against the internal enemy, after the defeat of the Frenchman. Catholic Germany expected the battle-cry and prepared at once for the war.

On March 21 of the same year (1871) 61 members of the Reichstag formed a party under the name of with Liberals, Freemasons, Socialists, etc. Catholic Germans have great confidence in the political abilities of their priests, and are aware of their disinterestedness and devotion to the people. Besides, as Windthorst once remarked, "Their advice and experience are valuable and often indispensable."

If ever there was a well-organized body of men who rose in defence of

human liberty and freedom of conscience, who calmly and firmly withstood the wiles and temptings of a terrible foe, who, at the sacrifice of lucrative positions and worldly honors, carried the banner of religious liberty through the fiercest battles known in the history of constitutional governments, who implicitly trusted in the justice of the sacred cause and, when all human means failed, armed themselves with prayer and supernatural means, and courageously braved dungeon and exile, who, though cherishing Fatherland and kaiser, yet loved first and above all their God and His Holy Church, and who drew upon themselves the admiration of the Catholic world, — such a body of men was and still is the Centrist party of the Reichstag, the impregnable fortress of truth and the formidable bulwark of faith.

The first wrong step and egregious blunder which the Protestant empire made was to engage in the so-called Kulturkampf, a religious persecution, founded on ignorance and prejudice. Since 1852 Prince Bismarck had been looking for an opportunity to crush the Church in Germany; for this end he began the war of 1866 against Catholic Austria. He unfortunately succeeded in wresting the German leadership from the intensely Catholic House of Hapsburg and transferring it to the Protestant dynasty of the Hohenzollern, a dynasty founded on ill-gotten goods and reeking with the blood of unjust wars, a dynasty that became Protestant in order to enrich itself with the possessions of Catholic churches and monasteries.

No sooner had Bismarck, by intriguing, secured the imperial sceptre for William I., than he declared an open war on the Catholic Church. A glorious episcopate was providentially given to Germany. In everlasting splendor the illustrious names of Ledochowsky, Melchus, Eberhardt, Martin, Brinckmann, shall shine on the firmament of God's Church. Only the last day will reveal the hardships and privations which these glorious confessors bore for the freedom of the Church and the independence of its priesthood.

The first leader of the Centrist party was Hermann von Malinkrodt, surnamed the German O'Connell, a consummate orator and statesman, whose speeches are now inserted into the text-books of classic German literature. He died in May, 1874, lamented by all Catholic Germany. The last words he uttered in the Reichstag became the watchword of his friends and followers: "Per crucem ad lucem."

His mantle fell on the Machabee of modern times, Ludwig Windthorst, the party leader without equal, the statesman without superior, the first jurist of the empire, the most devoted son of his Church. For nearly twenty years visitors to the Reichstag were reminded of the olden story of David and Goliath, when contrasting Windthorst with Bismarck. The latter, a living picture of brutal force and cruel pride, a giant in size and physical proportions, constantly clad in the warlike uniform of a Prussian officer, full of arrogance and impudence, of duplicity and dishonesty, insulting in speech and despotic in measures, brooking no opposition and implacable to his adversaries, defying the power of Holy Church, and persecuting her adherents, he is justly called the man of "blood and iron." He himself provoked this epithet when he said: "It is not by speeches and decisions of the majority that the great questions of the time are

settled, but by blood and iron." His tyranny and selfishness earned him the title of Attila, the scourge of God.

The former, a very insignificant-looking individual of low stature and ungainly mien and emaciated form, was the very opposite of Bismarck in appearance. And yet this little man would often bravely advance to the thundering Goliath, and say: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; thou holdest in thine iron hand all the power of government, and the terror of a standing army; thou disposest of all the wicked means that hell keeps ready for the destruction of the Church. But I am stronger. I do not rely on dishonest means, on physical force, on fluctuating politics. I do not trust in kings and princes of earth. I stand under the obedience of an Immortal King. 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts whom thou hast defied. I will slay thee and take away the power from thee, that all may know that there is a God in Israel.'" The event proved the truth of this prediction.

Already in 1879 Windthorst caused the Iron Chancellor to fear and to retreat. In 1887 Bismarck formally disavowed the Kulturkampf, and publicly confessed his blunder and openly went to Canossa. In 1890 he was ignominiously forced into retirement by William I.'s grandson. During the 28 years of his gloomy reign, in which he ruled Prussia and Europe, Bismarck cast down thrones, dismembered empires and kingdoms, crushed majorities of parliament, annihilated political parties, and consigned ministers and ambassadors, officers of state and generals of war, to oblivion and contempt. The indomitable Centrist party led by Windthorst alone withstood his diabolical fury and dashed his disastrous power.

Since his sudden fall, the ex chancellor has been anything but patriotic and loyal. He is earning the wages of tyranny, and his end is that of all those who have figured in history as persecutors of the Catholic Church. An able American daily recently remarked: "If Bismarck could cultivate the philosophic spirit of the Roman emperor who resigned the cares of state to cultivate cabbages, he wouldn't have such frequent attacks of distressing maladies. True, he is an old man, but he increases his infirmities by fretting and fuming over his departed greatness. His greatness would not have departed if he had withdrawn into dignified seclusion when the young kaiser requested his resignation. As it is, his complaining and querulousness have done more to destroy the ideal of 'the man of blood and iron' than all the criticisms of his enemies."

Bismarck's greatest political enemy has been over two years in the grave, but his hallowed memory will live forever as that of a model Catholic leader. Yes, Windthorst was a most devout and unflinching Catholic, bearing through a long and precious life a character stainless and pure.

Even worldly honors were showered upon him in the evening of his life, and on the streets of Berlin he was the most popular figure. His appearance would cause more excitement and enthusiasm than that of the emperor or his chancellor. But he who well knew the fickleness of popularity and the perils of human applause remained as humble as a child.

Windthorst died a poor man. He could have been great and rich in a worldly sense, but, like Moses, he

preferred to suffer with the people of God, rather than to bask in the sunshine of royal favors and subsidies.

When Windthorst celebrated his golden wedding, the Catholics of Germany gave expression to their deep-felt gratitude towards the "matchless pearl of Meppen," and presented him with a purse of 100,000 marks. He refused the gift, but suggested that it be devoted to the building of St. Mary's Church at Hanover. In that very church, in front of the exquisite high altar, the precious gift of Pope Leo XIII., the bones of the great German champion of our Holy Faith are resting in peace.

At his open grave the bereaved members of the Centrist party pledged themselves to stand together in dauntless unity, and to continue on the principles of their lamented leader. As a party they have kept their pledge. They have passed through a serious crisis during the past year. A few of the members have been dazzled by the rays of the imperial sun and separated from the heroic phalanx. But the Centrist party has emerged from the last election more solid and compact than ever. The defection of a few has purified their ranks and moved the party to a healthy distance from government influence and temptations. The Centrists still form the strongest and most respectable political party of the Reichstag. By their strong opposition to the army bill, they have again proved themselves the uncompromising champions of liberty and the true friends of the people. Under the guidance of the eloquent and democratic Doctor Lieber, who is now practically the leader of the party, the Centrists will continue to fight the unavoidable battles for "Truth, Liberty, and Right." Under the present system, Catholics in Germany can expect little or nothing without the hardest struggle. Chancellor Caprivi has never shown any love for Catholics; but, on the contrary, has publicly given vent to his suppressed bitter feelings against the Church in his speech before the dissolution of the last Reichstag. Catholics never expected any favors from the successor of Bismarck, but they did expect justice and fair play. Their representatives in the "Centrum" will courageously take up arms again, fully convinced that truth shall prevail, and their cause succeed in the end.

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

As I finished writing the above, the cable flashed across the ocean the joyful news that the Reichstag had passed the repeal of the iniquitous law which Emperor William I. signed on July 4, 1872, expelling all the members of the Society of Jesus from the new German Empire. What offence had these Jesuits committed? The question will remain unanswered. Without the slightest proof of guilt, or even an attempt of legal procedure, hundreds of Germany's best citizens, many of whom had been "decorated" (received medals) by the government, for their heroic services on the battle-field in the Franco-Prussian War, were driven from their country like a lot of criminals and outlaws. They took refuge in Holland, Belgium, France, Austria, England, Brazil, and here in the United States. As true sons of Loyola, they fought the battles of the Lord in "a strange land," and God blessed them wonderfully by

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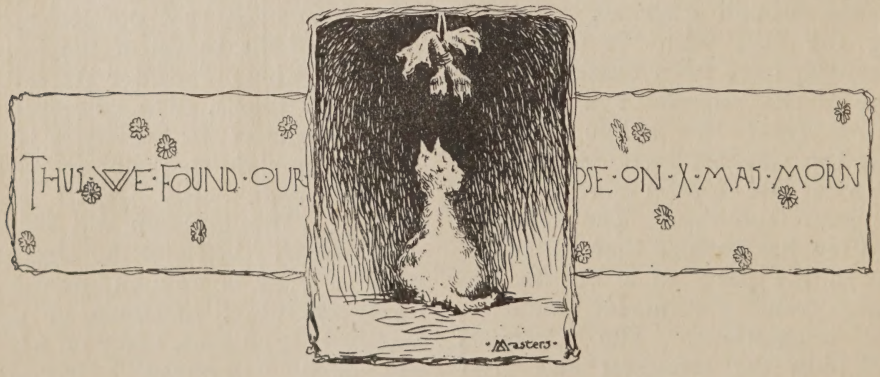
augmenting their ranks. They number over 1,100 members, and their province is the largest of the Order, while Catholics of all nationality willingly admit that at the present hour the German Jesuits are the most zealous and learned body of men in the Church of Rome.

Prince Bismarck, in the excitement of the moment, once promised his friends that he would never go to Canossa. Certainly, the clear and bright Italian sky is not congenial to a cold-hearted tyrant. Well, let him stay in the chilly North, in Friedrichsruhe, where the wintry desolation and icy storms may remind him of the ruins he caused, and may rouse his conscience and bring the gloomy remembrance to his mind, how he filled prisons with confessors of the Faith, and human hearts with bitter and lonesome longing for the land of their birth; how he drove thousands of bravest men of unblemished character and thousands of tender-hearted Virgins of Christ into exile and death.

He knew it all and knew it well, and boasted of it, and his heart would not relent. What does he think about the return of the Jesuits, which he believed would never occur? Will his return to power ever occur? Does he now realize that his battling was not against a human institution, but against the Church founded on the rock, and all who assail this rock shall be dashed to pieces? Enough of it.

To the German Jesuits who return to the Fatherland to bring joy, peace, and blessing to millions, we wish a happy New Year on German soil!



POETRY.

BY O. N.

THE neigh of the war-horse, the coo of the dove,
The ripple of rill, roar of surf on the beach,
The dream of ambition, the rapture of love,
The heartbeats of man in articulate speech.

IN BLUE AND WHITE.

BY M. LORING GUILD.

ARGUERITE." Her very name as he spoke it enchained her more. She was Margot to all her peasant friends and relatives.

Margot and Marguerite. In those two names there lay the difference between her present life and that he offered.

"To-morrow, Marguerite, my flower of the fields, I must go back to Paris."

She felt her young heart wince, but she stood before the artist silent. He pointed to the fields about.

"When I first came, ma belle, these fields were green. They are now brown and bare with frost. Why have I stayed so long? To sketch? I know each tree in all these fields; each tuft of grass; and in your little scrambling village on the hill I know each cobble in the streets. Look at it from here, as it goes climbing up the slope. The whitewashed houses are now rosy with the setting sun; the thatched roofs gleam like gold. Is it not beautiful from here? But in the streets themselves what should we see? Homes dark with smoke and dirt, and dim with their few tiny windows; while within are toil-bowed women and heavy witted men — men who reckon riches, not by their houses' size, but that of the compost heaps that lean against them. It is picturesque to me, the painter. It means dirt and misery for those who dwell therein, as you do, Marguerite."

"I am betrothed, monsieur."

"You are not married."

"How soon should we be wed?"

He smiled in his strange, slow way, and took her hands.

"They are now red and rough with toil, but shapely. When Paris life has made them white and smooth, they will befit the rings with which they shall be covered."

"I could not go to-morrow, Monsieur Jean."

"Nor do I ask it. I must first prepare our nest. But in a fortnight's time I will be back — on New Year's eve. And New Year's Day shall find us on our way to Paris. There is a train leaves just before midnight. Will you be on it, Marguerite?"

For a moment the peasant's deer-like eyes gazed anxiously at him. Then her young glance fell to where his hands still held her own. How rough they looked near that white shapeliness! How well they showed the difference between her life and his — his life that might be hers if she so willed it!

"I will be there, monsieur."

. . . . .

The peasants stretched themselves and yawned after the naps they had been taking. Outside a cold, dry sleet was falling, and they drew their thick dun coats about them as they hurried out.

"Make haste, Margot. You will be late to midnight mass."

Alone in the dim house Margot stood watching. A passing lantern

flashed in its light upon a heavy wooden chest. The girl's young heart gave a still heavier throb. One thing she must take with her. Her uncouth clothes and clumsy ornaments she could well leave behind, but not "the mother's" little silver locket. If she would take it she must hasten, then, for it was fondly hidden at the very bottom of the great chest.

How much that chest had in it! How the dear mother had toiled that her one daughter might have a fitting dower on her wedding day! And Margot since had added to it. How pleased and proud young Pierre had looked that day when Margot had shown it all to him! How he had kissed her on both cheeks, saying that his betrothed was too well dowered for so small a maid!

Her throat contracted at the memory of it. What would he say when coming back from mass to-night he did not find her? He was very fond of her — her Pierre.

Her Pierre? It would be her Pierre no longer then. The contraction at her throat increased, forcing the tears into her wide-stretched eyes. But she crushed back the bitter drops, and still more hastily drew out the last few pieces. Little dresses they were for a child of six or seven. Five of them, and all of them blue and white.

There they lay outstretched, ghosts of her former self. With what clear outlines they brought back memories of "the mother" — the city-bred mother who for love of a peasant lad had cheerfully taken up the rough farm-life that in the end had killed her. But her dainty ways and thoughts she had ever kept, and it was this daintiness of soul that had made her dedicate her first-born to the Blessed Virgin, and vow until the little one's seventh year, always to clothe her in blue and white.

Ten years had passed since the dainty dresses had been worn; yet even at that distance Margot recalled her mother's pleasure in the little gowns, her care for them in spite of the neighbors' twitting of extravagance. How bitterly Margot had wept when, on her seventh birthday, her mother had made her don her first dark dress! With unusual care and daintiness it had been made; yet Margot had sobbed and wailed, crying that if she wore dark garments like the others, the Blessed Virgin would no longer know her little girl.

With what a wealth of tenderness the young mother had folded her and kissed away her tears.

"Keep but your sweet soul white, my little daughter, and the Blessed Virgin will always know her child."

With a great shock the words came back to Margot now. But she would soon be wed. How soon? Meanwhile she was not wed and she was breaking the troth she had already plighted. Still staring at the little gowns she stood, but where they lay there rolled two visions.

One — a rough, merry peasant wedding, and after that a long and sober life.

The other — a swift journey in the night, a rush, a whirl of all things new and bright and beautiful, followed by a gay wedding — and then? Again and again the visions rolled, and again and again above them rang the mother's words,—

"Keep but your sweet soul white, my little daughter, and the Blessed Virgin will always know her child."

The minutes passed unheeded till a whistle sounded shrilly down in the plain, startling young Margot from her dreams.

A moment later and from the hill-top the chapel's joy-bells pealed.

Slowly, as to a benediction, Margot bent her head.

The midnight train had gone. The New Year had entered in.

With a swirl of snow and crisp, cold air, there rushed in a clatter of wooden shoes. From behind Margot some one seized both her elbows and kissed resoundingly each side of her plump browned neck.

"Bonne année, Margot!"

It was Pierre giving to his betrothed the New Year's greeting in honest peasant fashion.

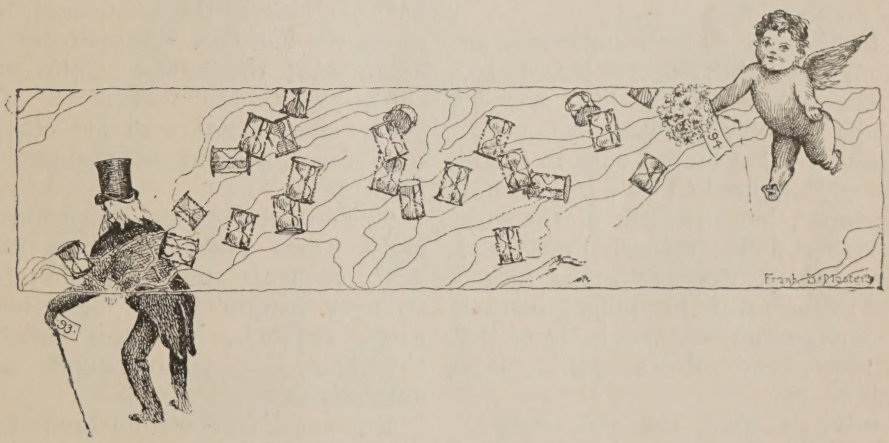
The work of the little frocks was finished by the wholesome kiss. The fresh, frank love of her betrothed surged vigorously throughout the girl. Away before it fled the noisomeness that had been filtering in.

But her lover's glee was shadowed by her silence.

"Have you no New Year's wish for me, Margot?"

The peasantry of France love placidly. It was the last of the fever which had scorched her that taught Margot that swift, fond winding of her arms about her lover's neck. It was the fever, too, that made her cling almost as if in terror to her so nearly lost possession.

"All! all wishes! Pierre, my Pierre!"



MONUMENTAL FALSEHOOD.

BY C. N. S.

WHO lives for self and self alone,
The marble cannot dignify;
Far better spare the virgin stone,—
The libel of the sculptured lie.

EPH.

A VIRGINIA STORY.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.

L'AR out! Cl'ar out o' heah! Oh, wha's dat strap!"

Rob, pale faced yet convalescent, scrambled out of the great armchair facing the window, where he had been anxiously watching for signs of his mother's return from the city, and ran to the kitchen. At the door he paused, and no wonder.

Eph, Aunt Chloe's only son, an ebony-faced, bright-eyed lad of 16, whose sole aim in life seemed to be to play pranks, was at it again! What he had done to excite the good-natured Chloe's ire was not apparent; but the sight of the wiry fellow running around the table, then behind chairs, dodging hither and thither, with his puffing mother in hot pursuit, was laughable in the extreme, and Rob's pallid face lighted up.

"Who's dun tuk dat strap?" panted Chloe, stopping a minute to look about her. This was fatal, for Eph, darting from behind a chair where he had been neatly cornered, ducked under her outstretched arm, turned quickly and unloosed the knot in her apron-strings, threw her sunbonnet on the parrot's cage, and with a "ki-yi!" sprang out of the door, laughing immoderately.

"Dat brack debbil!" said Chloe, whose love for the mischievous fellow was as deep as her own life was true, "I'll l'arn him to cum 'roun' a-peepin' in winders wid his face full of flour to skeer folks as if dat hoss-stealin' man was 'roun'!" Chloe was no exception to her race; she gained great comfort in soliloquy. Then she shook her head and rolled her eyes, and resumed her task of seeding raisins.

"Do you mean the kidnapper, Aunt Chloe?" asked Rob, who had not been seen in the excitement, the smile on his face disappearing at mention of the name. Chloe was embarrassed, and looked it. Of course she did not wish her charge to become nervous at thought of kidnappers.

"Pshaw, chile!" she said reassuringly, "dem tales de naburs tells dey's no trufe in. Dey ain't no stranger hangin' 'roun' dese heah parts, anyways. So cum, honey, chile, an' help yo' ole auntie wid dese raisins."

Rob needed no second invitation. He seated himself opposite the stout negress, and began to pick away.

"I tell you, honey," said Chloe, looking about her proudly, "dat yah Christmas dinnah's goin' to be scrumpshus, suah's yo' bawn. Look at dat turkey, faihly beggin' to be put into de uben! An' de greens! An' de wegetables! An' de pies, so filled wid mince-meat dat deir kivers am crackin'! 'Tween you an' me, chile," — Chloe's voice dropped, in

keeping with the solemnity of the secret she was about to impart,— "dese yah raisins is fo' — is fo' — guess what?"

"Cake," said Rob briefly.

"Nope."

"Not a pudding, then?"

"You's mighty right dah, honey! I'se gwine to make a puddin'," said Chloe enthusiastically, rattling away

Rob sobbed aloud. "My poor papa! Was it so cold as this when he was drowned, Aunt Chloe?"

The big-hearted negress secretly wished herself in Halifax for unwittingly bringing up the subject.

"'Twas seven yeahs ago dis bery Christmas eve" — there were tears in Chloe's voice too — "dat de massa went down an' lef' de worl' wuss off,

"Cl'ar out o' heah!"

in an endeavor to entertain her patient, "such as the massa used to like. 'Chloe,' sez he to me many a time, 'if you wish a new bonnet or a new dress at any time,' sez he, 'first make me one of dem sekaveous puddin's, an' den ax me,' sez he. So dey must be mighty fine, honey, to have such a name as dat, you may depen'."

fo' as gran' a man as eber was, Rob; an' had he only lived how proud he would ha' bin of you, to be suah!"

Rob arose and went to the window. Neither spoke for a long time. The snow was falling rapidly and the furious wind blew great sheets of it through the air. Night was closing in. Eph, in his furs and heavy coat, drove down the road in the sleigh.

"Mamma will soon be home now, Chloe," said Rob, leaving the kitchen to take his favorite seat in the library. Eph returned hurriedly, and, patching up a truce with his "mammy,"

Eph.

brought news that the train on which Mrs. Hawthorne was coming home had been blocked on the road, and that it would be fully three hours before her arrival.

"In dat case, den, you must go to yo' bed, honey," said Chloe, "'ca'se, you see" —

But Rob didn't see at all, and vigorously protested. Chloe was firm, however, and under promises that he should have many delicacies on the morrow he allowed himself to be tucked in his cosey bed, the gentle old negress talking volubly the while. Having brushed the hair from his forehead and kissed his hand, Chloe left the lamp burning dimly and withdrew. "Eyes like his father's," was her comment as she passed down stairs. "Drownded! Drownded!"

"But," said Rob boldly and defiantly when she was gone, "I'll not sleep. I'll wait and hear the jingle of the bells. I wonder who will come first — mamma or Santa Claus! There, that's it! I'll wait for both, and ask Santa Claus to tell all about papa!"

As Chloe entered the kitchen she gave a short, sharp gasp and stood transfixed. There was a face at the window — a great white face with huge black eyes. The light from the range revealed this. Her knees began to shake, she knew not why, and great beads of perspiration stood on her forehead. Fortunately a chair stood near, and into this she sank heavily, almost in a swoon. At the same instant an unmistakable giggle was heard. The horrible face disappeared in a twinkling, the door opened as quickly, and Eph, holding on a broomstick a head made of snow, surmounted by a battered hat and with eyes made of two pieces of coal, stood shaking with laughter.

This was too much; twice that day had the mischievous boy nearly frightened her into fits!

"'Fo' de Lawd, chile, if I dun cotch you, I'll — I'll" — Chloe's slipper was off in a jiffy, but Eph went whistling to the barn, safe, he knew, from pursuit. "Oh, but I'll lambaste him fo' dis! I will, if I has to wait up all night. Ah, heah's de strap at las'!"

Rob actually caught himself nodding! That would never do. How the wind whistled and how long the hours were! At length he heard

sleigh-bells on the road, and guessed it was Eph going back to the station. "She'll soon be here," he repeated again and again, "and Santa Claus cannot be far away." The wick in the lamp flickered a bit. Rob turned on his right side, facing the fireplace. As he did so his heart almost ceased beating. Standing there, his face bearing an expression of supreme contentment, was the figure of a man.

Chloe put the finishing touches to the tea-table, knowing that Rob's mother would want extra attention on her return, and sat waiting and listening. Soon she recognized Eph's voice high above the winds —

Down Mobile! Down Mobile!
How I love dat putty yal-l-e-r gal,
Down Mobile!

"It won't do to lambaste him now," she thought, as she ran to open the door for Mrs. Hawthorne; "I'll wait till he comes in from the bahn!"

Rob's mother was much fatigued and nervous, which brought forth a perfect volley of ejaculations from Chloe as she removed her wraps. Of course the mother's first inquiry was for her son, and this led naturally to a disquisition on Eph's incorrigibility, for nothing pleased Chloe so much as to point out his bad traits, thus securing for her own self whatever sympathy might be given, which was never much: Mrs. Hawthorne knew of the love the negress bore to her offspring.

The tea having performed its proper functions, Mrs. Hawthorne was able to tell of her purchases and to speak of the friends who would visit her on the morrow. Eph, taking advantage of the conversation, removed from the sleigh great armfuls of presents and placed them in the hall with impunity. Then as he drove away, he turned over several plans how best to tide over his "mammy's" wrath, for he felt quite sure that it would require deep diplomacy this time to escape punishment.

Rob's mother stole quietly upstairs to his room, but stopped at the door and listened. Rob was snoring! "I will not disturb him," she thought, turning to go.

There were heavy footsteps on the veranda. She looked over the banisters and saw Chloe, firmly clutching her strap, pass rapidly along the hall, muttering, "An' so, Mr. Eph, you mus' cum in de front way, mus' you, jes same as a lord or a duke? I'll l'arn you some manners, you good-fo'-nuffin' brack debbil, you!" She paused to unfasten the door, in response to a knock — a short, sharp, decisive knock.

"Now, Chloe," said Mrs. Hawthorne warningly, "no capital punishment. I won't stand it — on this night of all others." But Chloe's blood was up. She threw back the door with her left hand, and was about to lash furiously with her right, when —

"Oh, bress de Lawd! Oh, praise be to de deah good Lawd! Oh, oh, oh! Missy Hawthorne, jes' cum heah — jes' cum heah!"

A woman's wild shriek. "John, my husband! Oh, merciful Father, is it true?"

A strong man was Hawthorne, broad shouldered, bronzed, and bearded. To his breast he gathered the fainting woman, holding her as a priceless gift. "Yes, your long-suffering, loving John," he said, his voice shaking with emotion, "back from a living death as a captive of the Indians, but home at last, thank God! for good and all. Rob — my baby boy — where is he?"

Rob heard the cry. He had been

talking to a strange gentleman in his dream bearing a close resemblance to the one now standing in the hall. He sat up and blinked. What noise was that? Some one said "Rob." Down the stairs he went, two at a time, only to be gobbled up and nearly suffocated by him whom he had seen in his dream.

"But my papa was drowned," piped Rob, holding a great many gold pieces in his hands.

"Does he look so, little man? To-morrow I'll tell all about how I alone out of a boat's crew escaped death at sea, only to be made prisoner by a band of savages, ultimately gaining both liberty and wealth. Stand up, now, and let me see how big you are."

But somehow Rob couldn't stand; for when he made the motion to get down from his father's knee, he went through the process of suffocation in his father's arms; and when there was only a little breath left, that little was almost taken away by his mother's fond caresses; while Chloe stood looking on, utterly stupefied, speechless.

Never was there such joy in a household!

Eph, an hour later, peeping through the keyhole, discovered his "mammy's" face full of laughter. Then he stole softly in, his teeth shining and his eyes sparkling. Straight up to her the audacious scamp went, and kissed her full on the lips before she could object. Ah, but it was a bold dodge — and it was successful; for the tender-hearted woman threw her arms about his neck and wept for very happiness.

The sound of the bell came from the library. Eph was wanted. In the hall he stooped dexterously, picked up something, and hid it under his coat. It was the strap, and Aunt Chloe is looking for it high and low, as Eph is again, at this writing, "cutting up high jinks."

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

BY RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE,

President of the Washington University.

THE 16th century was the epoch of "private judgment," and the tendency was to disintegration and individualism. But experience has proved that the theory of "every man for himself" does not work well in Religion any more than in other departments of human life. It is kindred to the license of savagery, rather than to the order and harmony of civilization. It is marked by the confusion of human influences rather than by the symmetry and beauty and unity of the work of Divine Wisdom. It leads to the "Kingdom divided against itself," which our Divine Lord says cannot stand, and the "house divided against itself," which He says must fall. Hence the mind and the heart of the Christian world are growing very tired of it, and are crying out for Christian unity. The cry is an echo of our Saviour's prayer and prophecy, "That all may be one; as thou, Father in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that they may be made perfect in one."

Men have been hoping that, while regaining Divine unity, they might hold on to human contradictions. But surely it cannot take very long to recognize that this is illogical. Truly does the Apostle say: "In Him there is not 'It is' and 'It is not'; but 'It is' is in Him." If Religion were an agglomeration of human opinions concerning the Divine, then this harmony of contradictions might be admissible. But whoever believes in Divine revelation, and in the perpetual teaching of His truth to the world commanded by Jesus Christ, must recognize that such a mere "agreement to disagree" is not the unity prayed for and decreed by Him.

Some have been hoping that a man-made federation of religions might suffice. But we have only to view such a theory in the light of the great central fact of the Incarnation, and of the Living Vine, in order to recognize that it is totally different from the idea of our Lord and the Apostles, totally different from the Divine plan of unity.

For a while — God knows how long — some will cling obstinately to the human, and say that the Divine unity is impossible. To such a notion what reply can be made but the words of Our Lord, "Why do ye doubt, O ye of little faith?" The human belongs to the Divine, it has been made for the Divine, and in the long run the Divine must prevail. The heart and soul of man absolutely need the Divine, and sooner or later they must push aside every human consideration and leap over every human barrier to reach it. To those who can see a little beneath the surface of things, the signs of the times point that way. That way the drift of things must go. May God speed the day of universal order and harmony in universal truth and love!

Glance a moment at one of those signs of the times. It is now the special glory of our civilization that every human wrong must be righted, and every human right must be respected. How to bring this about practically is not always an easy problem. Professor Ingram has given us

[NOTE.— This article comprises three characteristic extracts taken from the lecture "The Future of Religion," delivered by Bishop Keane, in the Boston Theatre recently, in aid of the building fund of the Catholic Union of Boston.]

an admirable review of the efforts made to establish the universal reign of social and economic justice; and he concludes with the declaration that it has been demonstrated by the experience of the ages and by the very nature of the problem, that the power of Religion is the only power that can effectually accomplish and secure the great social readjustment; and that if the old spiritual authority had ceased to exist, another would have to be devised to take its place as the world's moral balance wheel.

And this becomes more and more true as men become more independent and self-governing. The more impossible it becomes for any despotic authority to sway the lives of men, and for any mere coercive power to control their actions, the more imperatively necessary does it become that the power of conscience enlightened by Religion should direct the life of the world.

Thus the experience of all history proves that the fullest and noblest development of humanity ever has been and, in the nature of things, must be coincident with the fullest and noblest development of Religion. For in proportion as humanity and civilization approach to full manhood, conduct naturally must be directed more and more by the noblest principles; purified and developed faculties must respond more and more to the touch of the Divine — to the "excelsior" that is in the heart of man; the sweet and mighty power of Religion must induce more and more men to give to God and to one another what the Apostle so well calls "our reasonable service." The more perfectly the highest powers of the soul are developed, the less are they capable of being filled and satisfied with anything short of God.

And now from the providential characteristics of our epoch, it is easy to foresee what the characteristics of the religious life of the future are going to be; for there must naturally be a harmony and fitness between the inner life of humanity and its outer life — between the external conditions of human society and the action of Religion, which is its inner soul.

In the first place, the future is inevitably to be an epoch of universal or nearly universal democracy. Hence that will become more and more true which Cardinal Manning wrote: "Hitherto the Church has had to deal with dynasties; henceforth she will have to deal with the people." And from our hearts we may and do thank God, that instead of having to seek the toleration or the protection of Cæsars, whose dispositions have seldom been very far from those of Herod and Pontius Pilate, her dealings henceforth may be directly and unobstructedly with the millions to whom her Divine Founder sent her to preach the "glad tidings of great joy."

In the next place, Religion will be more potent in promoting popular morality. In proportion as all the artificialities of caste and privilege and immunity pass away, she will be able to denounce and correct more efficaciously all forms of evil, which often found shelter behind the barricades of position and class. The world is coming to see more and more clearly that intellectual superiority and moral worth, the very characteristics which true religiousness aims at developing, can only constitute the aristocracy of the future. Not much longer can Religion be made hateful in the eyes of the masses through being used by effete aristocracies as mask and cloak and gilding for heartless luxury and refined vice. And she will be the better able to promote every form of private and public virtue, to pour into all lives the mingled influences of natural and supernatural goodness, in proportion as it will be universally recognized that these are the indispensable foundations both of individual character and of public order and prosperity.

Religion in the future will be identified more and more with popular enlightenment and education. Under forms of civilization when enlightenment, like wealth, was the portion of the few, and the masses had to be content with toil and lowliness, Relig-

ion showed her love of education by being the mother of the great universities. In the blessed era of popular rights, she is the mother of colleges and schools as well. Learning is to be the great lever that will move the world. Woe to the world if it be learning without God in it! That was the temptation and the curse of Eden. It is a temptation and a curse always. Learning with God and Christ in it is to be the safety of the future; hence it is to be one of the special solicitudes and chief characteristics of Religion.

In the future, moreover, Religion will be able to accomplish in the inner sanctuary of each soul a nobler work than has been ordinarily practicable under the circumstances now happily passing away. Too much of her time and strength has had to be employed, during the last four centuries in self-defence against the polemics of sectarianism and of unbelief everywhere assailing her, as she had to be employed in preceding centuries in the storm and struggle incident to the then existing form of civilization. But now, in proportion as these things pass away, her endeavors can be more exclusively devoted to her paramount mission of pouring into the lives of men the spirit of the Incarnation. And these endeavors will be responded to by souls better instructed, less disturbed by mere controversy, and less troubled by the pretensions of scepticism. In the nature of things, therefore, we are beholding the dawn of a development of the higher spiritual life among Christians, such as the world has been a stranger to for centuries past, perhaps such as it has never yet beheld. For a while yet the fever of fortune hunting will absorb energies and warp faculties and resist Religion. But while men will ever be properly intent on their temporal welfare, the fever and rush are largely owing to temporary circumstances; and as these disappear, men will more and more recognize the wisdom of "seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice," and letting these other things hold the second place in their attention.

In the march of modern civilization, it is the manifest destiny of America to take the lead. She is giving the tone to the social organization of the world to-day, and she will do it more and more as her wonderful capabilities develop in the future. Therefore has the Providence of God specially impressed on her life the seal of Religion.

In her Declaration of Independence, she proclaimed to the whole world that the rights for which she contended were rights that were inalienable, because they were "bestowed on man by his Creator."

Scarcely had she framed her constitution when she decreed, as the first safeguard of her liberties, that congress must never tamper with Religion, either by the tyranny of violence or by the no less dangerous tyranny of patronage, but must leave it free and untrammelled to carry on its beneficent work among her citizens.

And listen to the words of wisdom in which the father of our country warns and exhorts his people in his farewell address concerning those things which he considers the most essential for the security of their liberties and for the promotion of their welfare:—

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of

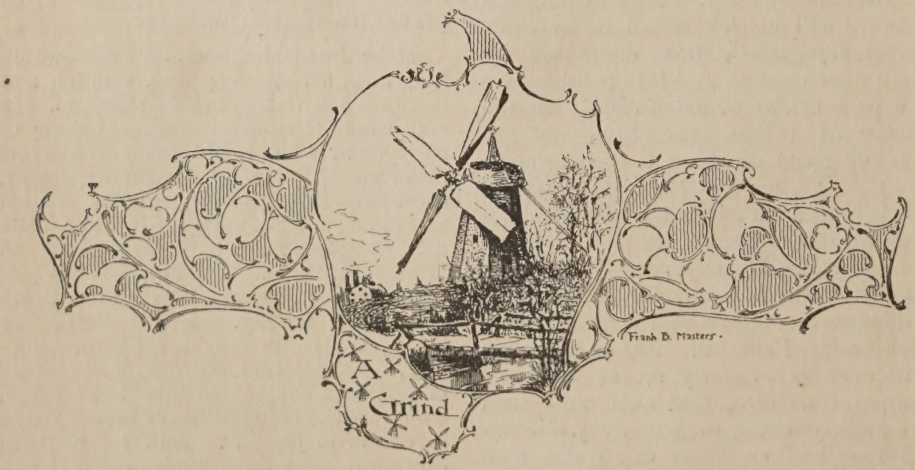
peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

And lest there should be any doubt as to just what Washington means by "religion," listen to this extract from that other document which is known as his "Legacy:"—

I now make it my earnest prayer that God would have you, and the state over which you preside, in His holy protection; that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Washington is right. The experience of all history has proved him right. Then they are wrong to seek to sap the foundations of Religion in the minds and hearts of our people. They may rant their love of America as loudly as they please, but Washington declares that their boasting is empty; that their claim to patriotism is vain. They are the worst enemies of our country, and our country's good sense will not permit them to influence her.

In spite, then, of all the difficulties incident to the cares and struggles of life, in spite of all the allurements of lower aims, in spite of all the powers of sneer and of sophistry, the opening portals of the future show humanity advancing to better and nobler heights, under the united guidance of civilization and Religion — onward to a more perfect humanity, onward to nearer closeness to God. Even if it be given to our day only to salute that promised land from afar, let us rejoice to hope and to firmly believe that it is surely to be the dwelling-place of mankind in the not distant future.



JUST FUN.

THE RIGHTING OF A GREAT WRONG.

ST. BENEDICT'S HOME FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

BY REV. WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

THE South has not uprooted the old prejudices born of slavery days. The North never loved the negro for himself. Lincoln wrote publicly to Greeley in 1862: "What I do about slavery and the colored man, I do because I believe it helps the Union." This, no doubt, may be called patriotism; but when patriotism means a total disregard for humanity, it is a poor weak thing, totally unworthy of the name. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure pure and simple, that was never intended to benefit the colored people. Some of the wildest enthusiasts are beginning to understand that it has not been a blessing. It was certainly right to give the colored man his freedom. It was a great wrong ever to hold him in bondage, but it was a cruel, barbarous wrong to free him as he was freed: to cast him out on a prejudiced world, poor, untrained, and helpless.

Men must be educated at least in the rudiments of civilization before they are fit to take their places as citizens of a great nation. Some degree of culture and refinement is necessary in order that social intercourse may be agreeable and enjoyable. Now every one knows that while individual members of the negro race are as refined as any white man, still, as a whole, the colored people have not yet reached that degree of culture which they must attain if they wish to claim equal rights in the social world. No doubt the lowest among them is superior to the white brute who delights in lynch law and bloodhounds. This is conceded, but it has little or no weight as an argument in social circles.

The great work before the colored people to-day is the education and refinement of their race; the attainment of that degree of culture which will compel the nations of the earth to do them justice.

On the other hand, the great work before the white citizens of this country is reparation for the wrongs done to their brothers of the negro race. If the colored people are as yet unfit for social equality, they themselves are not to blame. Their chief faults were lashed into them as men and women or communicated to them as children by the civilized whites who were taskmasters and sometimes owners. As a nation, therefore, irrespective of creed or place of birth, we should feel ourselves bound to make amends for the crime of our fathers. We Catholics should be the first and most earnest workers in this cause, not because we have offended particularly, but because of the sublime

teaching of our Holy Church — the steadfast friend of down-trodden, suffering humanity. Many of us are still in the darkness of ignorance on the negro question, many of us have still to rise above the common prejudices; but those of us who are true to the teachings of our Faith can take an honest pride in pointing to the many institutions erected and maintained, in face of the greatest difficulties, for the education and elevation of a people that has been so cruelly wronged.

St. Benedict's Home, at Rye, N. Y., has just entered upon the third year of its existence. It is too young as yet to show any wonderful results, but it is sure to produce them. It is sure to become a power for good in the land when the boys and girls now residing under its roof shall take their places as men and women in the world, and prove by their own example how senseless is the prejudice against their race, how false the doctrine of its inferiority.

In 1883 the Universalist Church situated on the corner of Bleecker and Downing streets was purchased, and in November of the same year it was formally opened as the first Catholic Church for colored people in New York City. The Rev. John E. Burke, first pastor of the Church, was engaged in the work among the colored people only a very short time when he became convinced of the necessity of a home for colored children. His own words, published a few years ago in one of the New York daily papers, are very clear and to the point. "After working three years among the colored people," he said, "I saw there was great need of some place where the children of the race might be sheltered from the bad influences of the city. In the separation of parents the children were neglected. A man with three or four children could not take the care of them that they required and at the same time earn a living for them: they were separated, not educated, and more likely to turn out badly than well."

The Old Home.

In December, 1886, Father Burke decided to give up part of his own house to the use of destitute children. He was very happy to be able to do even this, and he was still happier when the Sisters of St. Dominic volunteered to come and take care of the little colored waifs that had become and still are so dear to his priestly heart.

In a very short space of time the house was crowded, and anxious fathers and mothers besieged him with requests to give a home to their little ones. The house was

small and there was no money. He went abroad over the city; he preached in the different churches of the archdiocese; he pleaded for his little ones. A great deal was done for him, and many friends were found; but alas! there was not that widespread sympathy and hearty response which was necessary. People could not or would not see the necessity for this special work. They could understand the necessity of saving the children, but they argued that there was no need for a separate institution. Were there not Catholic orphan asylums? There were and there are, but these people did not know and perhaps do not know that it is almost impossible to get a colored child into some of the Catholic asylums. They did not know that, even when admitted, colored children were subject to all manner of ill-treatment at the hands of white children, in spite of the best efforts of those in charge. Nor did they know that colored children have a very natural and praiseworthy desire to associate with those of their own race at study and at play. Father Burke knew all these things, however, and struggled on.

In December, 1887, the Rev. Thomas M. O'Keefe, immediately after his ordination at Troy, became an assistant in the work. From that date up to the present time these two men have worked together, not merely from a sense of duty, but with a genuine, generous-hearted love for the colored people.

The New Home.

In a few years it became evident to Father Burke that the scope of the work had to be enlarged. During three years after the opening of the house in Macdougal street, 150 children had to be turned away owing to lack of room. This was simply heart-breaking. Trusting, therefore, in God, and determined, as he said himself, "to beg from door to door," if necessary, he purchased a house

with nearly eight acres of good land, at Rye, N. Y. This house, containing about 10 rooms, served as a comfortable home for the children during the building of the new one, and it was a pleasing sight to see the happy children tumbling about in the soft grass after so many years spent on the stony sidewalks of the city.

On Oct. 11, 1891, the new home was opened with appropriate ceremonies by Archbishop Corrigan. There were then 50 children, boys and girls, with six Dominican Sisters to care for them. At present the home shelters 150 children, in charge of 11 Sisters, who seem to find their greatest delight in replacing the mothers' care and training for some, and giving to others a love and affection which they never had and possibly never would have known. It would be difficult to imagine how the work could be carried on so successfully without the aid of these devoted women. And truly devoted they are. Mother Dominic and Mother Peter have always taken care to instruct candidates for admission to the Order concerning the colored missionary work. The prospect did not seem to be in the least objectionable, and the Sisters have always been pleased when assigned to duty at St. Benedict's; pleased to go and always sorry to leave, even though the change meant lighter and more congenial work.

The present building is merely the central portion of the home as it will be. It is built in the old colonial style, with a first story of rough, untrimmed stone, over which the ivy will climb after a while with charming effect. The other two stories are of wood, and the whole building looks more like a comfortable private mansion than a home for poor children. The interior of the building is in keeping with the exterior. Everything is designed for the comfort of the children. Large hallways, large playrooms, large classrooms, large lavatories, large dormitories, large windows, are found; no apartment is small, narrow, or dark. God's sunlight and pure air have free access to every part of the home. This is in accordance with the idea of the founder. Father Burke did not wish his children to leave, after some years spent under his care, with bitter thoughts of the home as a prison. He wished them to love the place, to look back upon the time spent there as the pleasantest part of their lives, and to return frequently in the after days to visit their old home and

Rev. John E. Burke.

their old friends. So far his wish has been accomplished. Those who have grown up were loath to leave, and they have returned again and again to greet the Sisters and the priests with every mark of reverence and affection. And well they might. There has never been any unnecessary restraint put upon them. There has always been free and constant intercourse between the children and their guardians. They are not constrained by terror, but held by love; and any one who has ever visited the home knows that both boys and girls go wild with delight when they can manage to get either Father Burke or Father O'Keefe to join in their games at recreation time. This they always do as frequently as their duties will permit, and such a course of action is of far more value to the children than mere words can express. I have been at the home frequently for days and weeks together, and I have never yet seen the slightest appearance of abject fear on the face of a single child in presence of the priests or the Sisters.

In the line of studies no pains are spared to develop their intellects and train their minds. Ten classes are taught — five for boys and five for girls. The classes are carefully graded, and the course of instruction comprises English grammar and composition, history, biography, arithmetic, Bible history and catechism.

The girls are taught how to be useful around the house, neatness and tidiness in all they do being a prime requisite. They are also taught sewing at present, and will be instructed in all the branches of dressmaking when possible. As time and opportunity will permit, they will be trained in other useful industries that will enable them to make an honest livelihood, and take the proper care of a family.

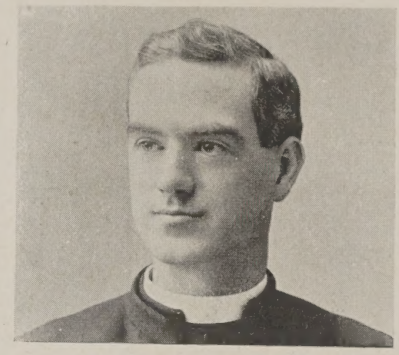
This looking into the future is very pleasant. There is a special pleasure, however, in dipping into the future of St. Benedict's, for it means more than the happiness of a few; it means the future good of a race and of mankind. The priests in charge are intensely interested in the future of the boys. Father O'Keefe has laid out about twenty plots of ground, and has a boy appointed to be gardener for each plot. He furnishes the boys with seeds, teaches them how to plant and water and prune. From personal observation I can say that no boys ever engaged in any work with more eager and intelligent interest.

Father Burke is anxious to build trade schools. This is a dream at present, but it is one which ought to be realized, and would be very soon if people of some means could only understand what a vast amount of good a small donation would accomplish. In these trade schools, boys could be taught the rudiments of those trades at which colored men are now permitted to work. For instance, cigar-making might be taught. This is one of the few industries now open to colored men in the neighborhood of New York. If by some means tobacco could be procured from Havana or elswhere, and if a practical cigar-maker could be engaged to train the boys, a source of revenue for the home would be created and the boys would learn a trade which in after life would enable them to make an honest living. The nature of the labor in which colored men are free to engage, nowadays, is such that wages are always low. This is one of the chief reasons for the present unfortunate

condition of the race. How truly Christian would our civilization be, if negroes were permitted to exercise their rights as men even in the business of making an honorable living.

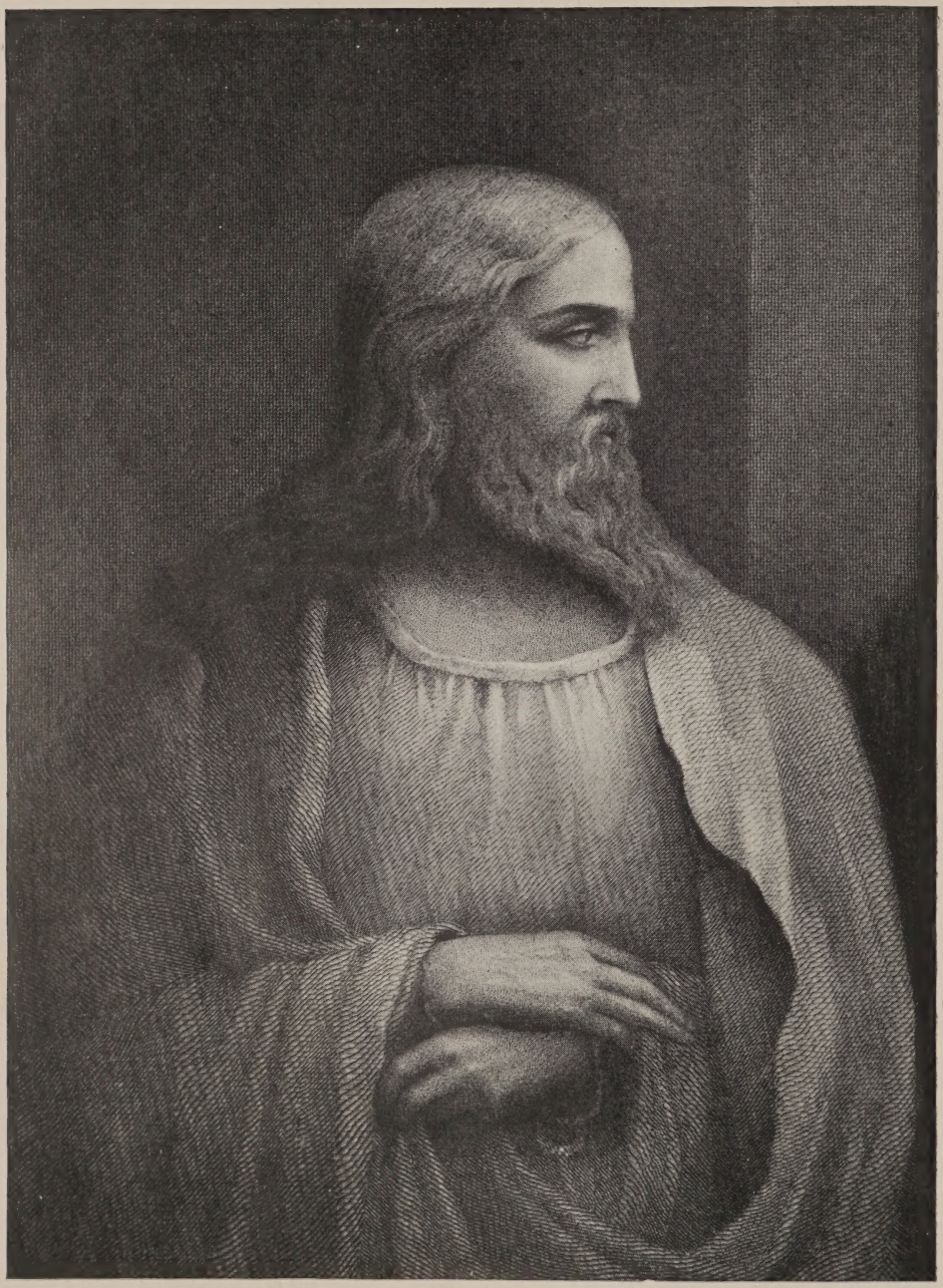
All hopes, however, of completing the building or of adding others must be put aside for the stern realities of the present. Sad to say, the home is barely able to exist. Colored Catholics are poor; white Catholics, as a general rule, are not interested. The apathy of those who could assist the home in accomplishing great results is at times disheartening. Father Burke has made and is making every effort to incite the charitable. A large number of our own have shown themselves to be true Christians and true Catholics, but the amount of money received every year is ridiculously small when compared with the needs of the institution. Nearly all of this money comes from New York. This certainly should not be the case, and it is a crying shame that other dioceses and other states should not lend a helping hand, since the home is not exclusively for New Yorkers. There are children from 14 states of the Union at present in the home, and they are not all southern states. Massachusetts and Connecticut are among the number. Applications are coming in constantly from all parts, north and south. The accommodations are necessarily limited, and as a consequence some must be refused; but a place is always made for the really needy and the most destitute.

A "St. Benedict's Home Association" has been formed recently, and a "Home Journal" will be published every year, with the hope of gaining workers for the institution, and of bringing a proper knowledge of the great undertaking before the mass of the people. As yet, however, the membership is very small, and the prospects of being able to take all



Rev. Thomas M. O'Keefe.

the needy children who apply for admission to the home are not overbright. Nevertheless, the work will go on: it must go on. It is too noble, too holy to fail. God, in His own good time, will come to the assistance of His people, and raise up friends in their behalf. He knows their desires, their achievements, their capabilities, and their affectionate natures, even though the whole world were blind to these things. He will bless and strengthen the present workers that they may persevere. They have done wonders already, and they have no desire to give up the struggle. Cold, indeed, and narrow must be the heart that does not sympathize with them in their work, or will not help them in their efforts to perform a labor of love and justice, in raising up a fallen people and righting a monstrous wrong.



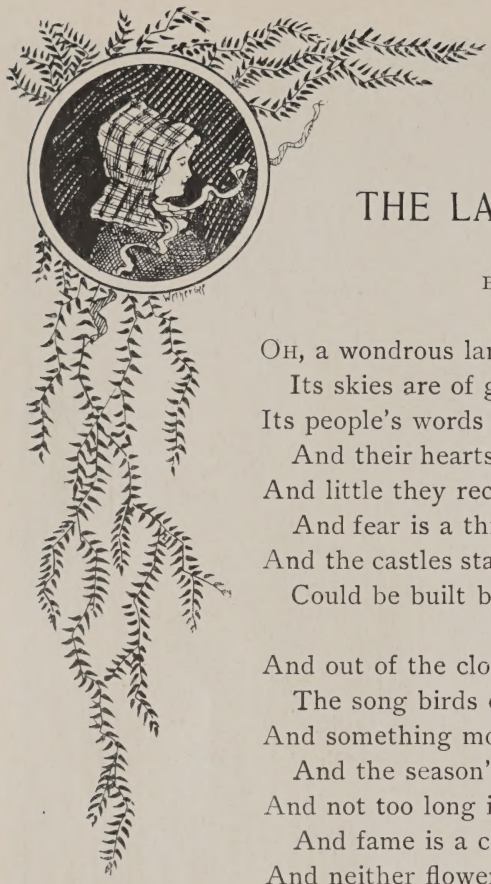
CHRIST.

[Engravings of Christ and Judas are here presented for the study of close observers of character. They are both reproductions of paintings by Darius Cobb.

In the traditional representations of Judas, he is always shown with the money bag, the

JUDAS.

symbol of his avarice. The modern painter has chosen rather to depict in the expression and attitude of the traitor the unspeakable remorse which overtook him.



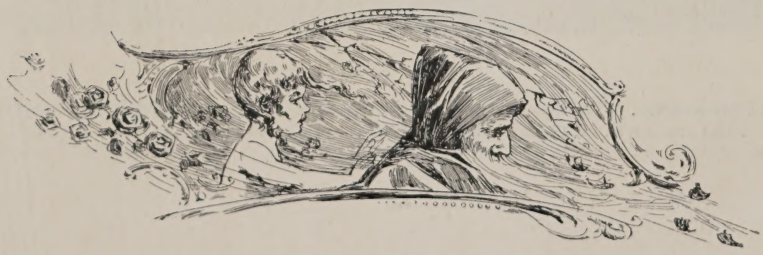
THE LAND OF YOUTH.

BY M. ROCK.

Oh, a wondrous land is the Land of Youth!
Its skies are of gold and blue,
Its people's words are the words of truth,
And their hearts are ever true;
And little they reck of pain or care,
And fear is a thing unknown,
And the castles standing in sunlit air
Could be built by them alone.

And out of the clouds and out of the grove
The song birds ever sing,
And something more than a word is love,
And the season's always spring;
And not too long is the longest day,
And fame is a clarion call,
And neither flowers nor hopes decay,
And life is a festival.

There barques are launched on the ocean wide,
And they carry crowded sail,
And their skippers wait not for wind or tide,
And they laugh at the storm and gale;
And there the swords in the strong right hands
Are keen for a noble fight, —
There's no land like this land in all the lands,
With its love of truth and right.



THE CONFESSION OF A PARODIST.

BY A. BARRY.

THE avowal is possibly more candid than prudent — but I do enjoy a good parody. With full knowledge of the fact that, in the estimation of not a few critical magnates, I should be claiming for myself a higher degree of literary refinement and cultured taste by professing an intolerant disgust for this species of humoristic writing, I frankly confess to many a hearty laugh evoked by neatly executed travesties of the masterpieces of famous poets. To reach at once the lowest deep of self-abasement and become forthwith dowered with the "scorn of scorn" of solemn critics and prudish littérateurs, let me further acknowledge that I have actually written parodies — good ones, of course — myself.

And why not? A good parody has several admirable reasons for its existence, and there are no really valid grounds for its suppression. In the first place, if the travesty possesses the elemental merit of suggestiveness, it is obviously a tribute to the excellence of the original poem, and a genuine if indirect compliment to the genius of the poem's author. The commonplace is never travestied; and hence a parody of his work is to the poet a quasi-certificate of acquired fame, an assurance that he has risen above the vulgar herd of second-rate mediocrities whose more or less dignified doggerel crowds the columns of magazines and newspapers.

A clever parody is, moreover, a source of perfectly legitimate intellectual recreation, and may justly claim as a sufficient reason for its existence the harmless enjoyment which it affords to the great mass of its readers. It needs, in fact, no more apology than does any other form of wit and humor. True, quite a number of "potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs" have unequivocally and indiscriminately condemned all parodies, just as dogmatic old Dr. Johnson denounced all puns; but there have been some excellent parodies written and some admirable puns made, notwithstanding. That a parody is essentially irreverent or low, and consequently a direct violation of the canons of good taste, is a gratuitous assumption of exaggerated criticism which, it is quite safe to say, will never be generally accepted as fact.

The foregoing vindication of parodic verse as a legitimate form of rhythmical composition is presumably elaborate enough to satisfy the intelligent reader of this article; if not, so much the worse for the reader. The fact remains, as stated at the outset, that the present writer not only enjoys good parodies, but has written some such himself. Away back in those college days when the writer and his classmates first entered upon the systematic study of English versification, patiently scanning model verses of various lengths and

metres, and laboriously marshalling obstinate syllables into tentative verses of their own, the humorous in rhyme gratified a distinct taste in his intellectual make-up; and the intervening years have sharpened rather than blunted his faculty of appreciating the burlesque ode, the mock-heroic stanza, or the ingenious parody of a poem "familiar as household words."

One of the earliest specimens of this kind of literature to attract my attention and tickle my fancy, was Phœbe Cary's exquisite metamorphosis of Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life"; and I remember that the parody was memorized with much more alacrity than the original "Psalm." As a good many decades have elapsed since Miss Cary's poem went the rounds of the press, it may possibly be unknown to many readers of DONAHOE'S; so I venture to give it in entire.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

Married life is real, earnest;
Single blessedness a fib;
Ta'en from man, to man returnest,
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Nearer brings the wedding-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, if there we search,
Still like steady drums are beating
Anxious marches to the church.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a woman, be a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant.
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act—act in the living present:
Heart within and Man ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as will tell;—

Such examples, that another,
Sailing far from Hymen's port,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
With the heart and head begin;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to win.

One of the strong points of a good parody — if not, indeed, its prime excellence — is well exemplified in the foregoing: each stanza is worded sufficiently like its corresponding stanza in the original poem at once to suggest that original; and much of the pleasure derivable from its perusal is due to the fact that while the eye reads Miss Cary, the memory reads Longfellow as if in a parallel column.

The late Professor A. J. Stace, of Notre Dame University, an exceptionally gifted scholar in more than one department of learning, occasionally indulged in rhythmical recreations of the kind we are noticing; and in "Vapid Vaporings," a volume of verse published by him a few years ago under the homonym, Justin Thyme, will be found a number of parodies well worth reading. One of the best is "The Meeting of the Waiters," beginning,—

There is not in this wide world a wreck so complete
As the crash of the plates when two bright waiters meet.

As an instance of effective word painting or imitative harmony, the third line of the second stanza will compare favorably with the stock examples of the text-books.

But 'tis not the collision that spreads o'er the scene,
The fragments of crystal and bits of tureen;
'Tis not the soft flop of the hashes they spill,
Ah! no, it is something more exquisite still.

Another gem from the same author is the following version of an old Scotch song, in which the expression and technique are as good as the sentiment is reprehensible.

CUMMING THREW THE RYE.

Cumming was a temp'rance man
When other folks were by,
But p'rhaps you'd better not inquire
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

CHORUS.—Everybody loves his toddie,
Some are mighty sly;
But every temp'rance fellow knows
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

Temperance folks will praise up water
From the rostrum high;
Then they'll go and throw their gin
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

If a laddie meet a bottle,
Need he say, "Oh, fie"?
If he need, then I should like to
Know the reason why.

Laddies, when you take your whiskey,
Take it so-cial-ly;
Don't go off alone like Cumming,
Drinking on the sly.

Twelve or thirteen years ago, the Oil City Derrick enjoyed considerable prominence among the humorous papers of the country; and in an old scrap-book of that period I find some clever instances of the mock heroic in blank verse, clipped from its pages. The ludicrous mixture of Roman dignity and wild Western abandon in the following travesty is a good example of their scope and treatment.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

But this I will avow; that I have scorned
And still do scorn to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Would perhaps like to try it out in the back yard
After the Senate adjourns.
Banished, indeed! I thank you for it,
As I intended to move out of town anyhow.
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own, and I
Would like to see the man that will
Attempt to collect my city taxes for this year!
Smile on, you bald-headed snipes of the valley!
Your consul's merciful — very; but if he
Dares to touch a hair of Catiline, I will
Knock him galley-west and crooked,
For I'm the best little man that walks
The streets of this burgh, and don't you forget it!
Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?
Your organ grinders on every street corner;
Your citizens, packing plaster of Paris images
Around on cellar doors, and selling them
To our wives for our winter clothing.
'Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Let him show his head and I'll bust him
If it costs me forty dollars!
I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake — rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Ta ra!
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench the flame. Back, slaves!
I have a return ticket in my vest pocket!

If the writer's memory serves him well, the first parody he ever composed was written — or perhaps perpetrated would be a better word — at the request of a large and insistent body of fellow-students, and was designed as a vigorous protest against what had grown to be a public nuisance. An ambitious vocalist — a sophomore with little voice and less judgment — had become fascinated with a popular song of the day, and was forever humming the words, or whistling the air, of the chorus. The boys bore the affliction more or less patiently during a fortnight, and then objected strenuously for a month; but all to no purpose. Heffernan still continued serenely to warble,—

Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave;
And my heart fondly clings to those dry and withered leaves,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

Stringent measures were evidently needed to effect the cessation of the nuisance; a parody was suggested, and the task of composing it was intrusted to me. The next day, as the offending vocalist entered the recreation hall, he was greeted with a thoroughly revised edition of his favorite lyric. Harry Ryan rendered the solo with excellent effect, and a full score of voices joined in a chorus from which the pathos had been carefully expurgated.

Treasured in my memory like a horrid dream,
Are the frightful oaths she used to swear;
And my hate fondly clings to that scalp-lock that I won,
'Tis a bunch of my mother-in-law's red hair.

'Twas a vile parody, and deservedly died in a week — but it did its appointed work, and did it well.

Under somewhat similar provocation, I have occasionally written a parody in later life; and I can unreservedly recommend this method of suppressing the amiable bore who, in season and out of season, quotes some darling stanza with "damnable iteration." A thing of beauty is doubtless a joy forever; but if served up too constantly, its charms are apt to pall. As Mark Twain observes, "Butchered to make a

Roman holiday" sounds well for the first seventeen or eighteen hundred thousand times one hears it, but after that it begins to grow tiresome. Even the most beautiful lines, those

> Jewels five words long
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever,

become, by dint of ceaseless repetition, void of force and charm and melody. Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," for instance, is an exquisite lyrical fragment, every line of it being saturated with the very essence of rhythmical beauty; but from the incessant harping upon it of a Tennysonian fiend with whom I lived a few years ago, I actually grew to detest "the tender grace of a day that is dead," "the touch of a vanished hand," and the sound of a voice that was not and would not be still for any consideration. Duelling is no longer the mode, pugilism is vulgar, and the crime of the bore is unfortunately not an indictable one; so only one resource was left. Grimly determined, I sat me down and wrote the following threnody. It duly appeared in the next issue of the local paper, with a formal dedication to my Tennysonian friend.

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy cold gray stones, O Street,
And I would that I could utter
An order for something to eat.

O well for the butcherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play,
And well for the baker's lad
That he eats and has nothing to pay!

And the stately swells go on
To their mansions up on the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished dime
And the sound of a chink that is still!

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy slippery flags, O Street;
But the tender steak that I'd like's non est—
I'm an impecunious beat.

Not all my parodies, however, were written in a retributive spirit, and with the sole desire of "making the punishment fit the crime." An unusual metre or an especially attractive collocation of rhymes has sometimes suggested itself as a model for an exercise in versification; and such exercises have frequently taken the form of the parody, almost of their own accord. It was a desire to imitate the pretty swing of "The Bells of Shandon," for instance, rather than any wish to calumniate a whole body of estimable and agreeable young ladies, that led to the production of —

THE BELLES OF BOSTON.

With deep vexation and reprobation,
I often think of those Boston belles,
Whose speech so high-toned, 'tis far and wide owned,
O'er lesser mortals throws mystic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And grow no fonder, I ween, of these,
The belles of Boston whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles prating full many a state in,
And loud debating at social club.
Though at a live rate their tongues did vibrate,
They lacked the "cultuah" that adorns the Hub;
For the sounds terrific, names scientific,
And terms specific thrown out with ease,
Make the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles chat on the Isle Manhattan,
And seen youths sat on with assurance cool,
By the tones half mocking of some young blue-stocking
On æsthetics talking when let out of school.
Their strain pedantic and words gigantic
Would drive one frantic by slow degrees;
But the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

There's a belle in 'Frisco that runs a risk o'
Dislocating some facial bone.
Her discourse, though drastic, is in style fantastic,
Her words bombastic and overgrown.
But this maiden vicious, of tone factitious,
Howe'er ambitious, can never sneeze
At the belles of Boston whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

It sounds ludicrous, perhaps to assign, as a reason for writing a parody, one's inability to do otherwise; yet the reason may nevertheless be quite genuine. In such a case the parody may more properly be said to write itself. It springs full-fledged from the brain, and goes flying about one's mental workshop, knocking up against this piece of intellectual machinery and getting entangled in that, until one is perforce bound to slay it with the pen, in order to pursue his regular work without further interruption. On no other principle

than this can I account for the inditing of the last parody that I shall quote. As the sonnet is not an especially popular form of the lyric poem, a good many readers may be unfamiliar with this very beautiful sonnet of Maurice Francis Egan's: —

OF FLOWERS.

There were no flowers till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's-ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide:
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise;
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

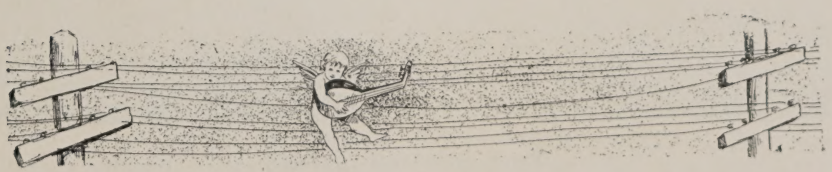
At a dozen different periods during several years, I had read and reread this charming lyric, and always with a fuller appreciation of the poet's fancy, delicate as the tender bloom on the fairest of the flowers he enumerates. All at once, one autumn evening, there flashed on my mind, simultaneously, the first line of the foregoing sonnet and another first line differing from it in two words only. Without consciously dwelling on the matter, I continued the work at which I was engaged, a piece of journalistic drudgery that was nothing if not prosaic. For the next hour or two, however, concentrated attention to the matter in hand was an utter impossibility. Side by side with the line of thought which I was endeavoring to pursue, was that other line of the incipient parody forcing itself upon the mental retina, and constantly beclouding the mental vision. Still other lines joined themselves to the first, until at last it only remained to transcribe —

OF THISTLES.

There were no thistles till the first scold died,
No briars sharp, no rage-provoking thorn,
No burdock vile, nor plant with rampant horn,
The dagger-pointed cactus, no dull-eyed
And vicious stinging-nettle, nor, stretching wide,
Base burs and prickly shrubs that all beasts scorn,
Except voracious goats and mules forlorn,
Who oft on tough barbed wire their teeth have tried.

For thistles were unknown when Eves were wise,
And all the world was thistleless when young,
Until a nagging scold was laid in earth;
Then from her grave grew burdocks for her eyes,
And from her lips sharp nettles for her tongue,
And so all thorns from that scold's death took birth.

It would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to call the attention of the discriminating male reader to the fact that there is more truth than parody in this last selection, that it embodies merely another and a cognate phase of the poetic symbolism so happily expressed in the original sonnet. It will be quite pertinent, however, to mention the truly Christian, not to say angelic, charity of my friend, Dr. Egan, as exemplified in his action when "Of Thistles" was brought to his notice. Far from resenting the liberty taken with his beautiful poem, he had only kind things to say of the cleverness of the parody, and granted to the parodist — what I trust the reader of this confession will not withhold — full and unconditional absolution.



TWO HUNTING SCENES.

Where is the moral?

SOME OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE CONVERTS.

BY S. M. S.

IT is said that some born and bred in Salem do not know that it is the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and probably we all are ignorant of facts of importance connected with our native town or city of which many far distant are well aware. How many who first saw the light among New Hampshire hills are aware that a convert to the Catholic faith, Rev. Virgil H. Barber, built the first altar in the state?

He was allowed to labor but a few years in New Hampshire, when he was recalled to the South by his superior in the Society of Jesus, and he died while filling the chair of a professor of Greek and Hebrew in Georgetown College, D. C. Not only was Father Barber a religious, but his wife was a Visitandine, and his youngest daughter also, while three others were professed in the Congregation of Notre Dame, and his only son was a Jesuit.

Had Father Barber's conversion resulted only in giving to the Church these seven good religious, no one who takes a supernatural view of events would think of denying that it contributed much to the glory of God and the good of men, but this was not all. Father Barber's youngest sister and her husband, Noah Tyler, became Catholics, and brought with them to the safety of Christ's fold, seven children, four of whom became Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., while one of the sons was the first bishop of Hartford. Grace also, as it has not unfrequently done, entered one of the strongholds of Calvinism in Cornish, N. H., and made an opening for Father Barber's efforts in the household of Captain Chase.

It was, however, a Protestant minister, rather than Father Barber, who was the occasion of Captain Chase's conversion. While this clergyman was making his home in the Chase family, he gave Mr. Chase the keys of his library, telling him that he could read all the books except those on a certain shelf. As was to be expected from a son of Mother Eve, the forbidden books were the very ones which he read with most avidity. To his great surprise, they contained a doctrine of which he had been hitherto in profound ignorance — the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

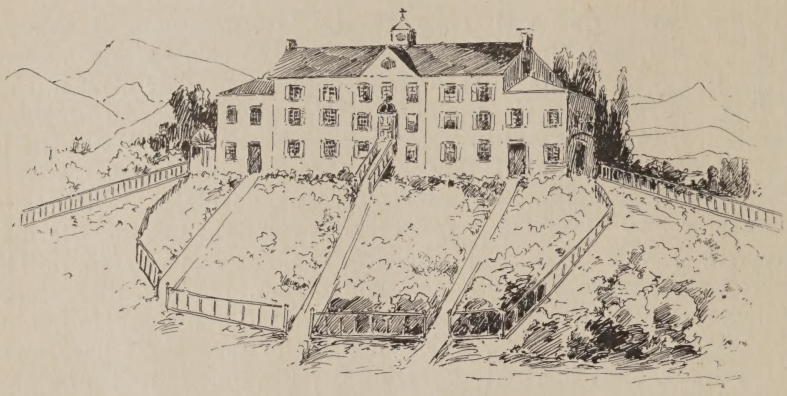
This was at a time when New Hampshire did not allow her anti-Catholic laws to be a mere dead letter, and when she excluded Catholics from public offices of both little and great importance. Captain Chase's desire to understand the grounds of these restrictions probably had its influence in inducing him to go on with that study of Catholicism which his curiosity had caused him to begin.

The Protestant minister tried in vain to undo the work his Catholic books had accomplished, and left the Chases after the last harangue in such a state of excitement that he forgot to take his hat.

Miss Josephine Barber visited the

Chases in 1830, and gave us the following picture of the devout life she witnessed there: "Morning and night prayers were read aloud. The household also recited the Rosary together, always adding a sixth

After the burning of the Charlestown convent, it may be remembered that the Ursulines went to Canada. They were taken across New Hampshire in a private carriage, and stopped for the night at Concord.



The Old Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Mass.
[Burned by a mob in August, 1834.]

decade to the usual five, for Father Barber. On Sunday the entire Catechism was gone over, then the 'Kyrie,' the 'Gloria,' the Nicene Creed, and the 'Sanctus' were sung, the captain and his wife leading the chant, and the son accompanying on his flageolet."

We learn of the death of Captain Chase from a letter of his wife to his sister, then Mère St. Ursule. Nine days before the end, he begged her and his children to come every day to his bedside to recite the litanies for a happy death. His last request was for masses for the repose of his soul.

Miss Sara Chase, a sister of Captain Chase, became an Ursuline and was professed in 1831. It was she who gave the alarm at the burning of Mt. St. Benedict, in Charlestown, Mass., as she was watching that night at the bedside of a sick religious.

The hotel-keeper took them to the parlor, which was already occupied by several members of the legislature, then in session. These gentlemen retired on the entrance of the Ursulines, but one of them returned shortly after and inquired politely, "Is not Miss Sara Chase among you?" Miss Chase, now Mère Ste. Ursule, herself replied, "If she were, what would you desire of her?" The questioner answered, "I am her cousin and would like to see her alone." The religious then made herself known, but left so early the next morning that she did not have the requested interview. The "Annals of the Ursulines of Three Rivers" tell us that Mère Ste. Ursule feared that her cousin might use means of detaining her in New Hampshire.

We do not know how the record of the last days of Mère Ste. Ursule could have been more beautiful than

it is in these "Annals," for it tells us of a wonderful spirit of prayer. Prayer, indeed, was the employment her superior gave her in her old age, when she was assigning charges to the sisters.

It is certainly in accordance with Catholic doctrine to believe that the Church in New Hampshire may owe a part of its progress to the graces which the fidelity and fervor of her early religious won.

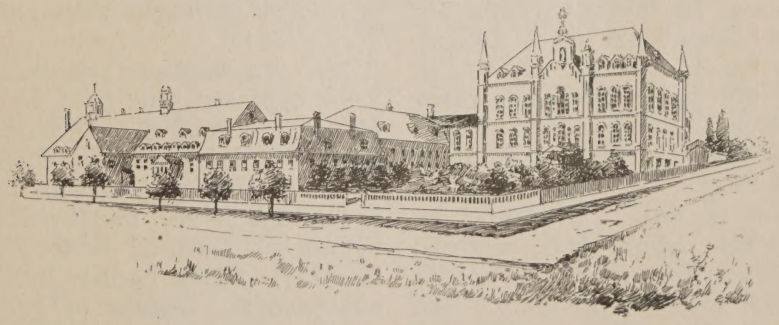
Conversion to the Catholic faith is not a blessing given to those alone who have been the willing subjects of conscience; thus it came to Stephen Burroughs, the scapegrace in the family of Rev. Eden Burroughs, a a member of the council of Dartmouth College until his death.

The youth of this only son was stormy. Like St. Augustine, he wrote his memoirs, not, perhaps, in the same spirit of perfect contrition, but yet with a firm hand and keen regret for his sins as well as their consequences.

From boyhood, Stephen was in search of pleasure, his own pleasure, not that of others. He was, we fear, wholly indifferent about what his "good times" cost others. At the age of fourteen he enlisted, carrying the family musket with him. This escapade was during our Revolutionary War, and procured him an interview with General Washington which may not have been one of his most delightful remembrances, for it came about in consequence of his father's having written to the commander-in-chief of his running away.

Washington, we presume, was not sorry to discharge the young recruit, and we are positive that the boy soldier was exceedingly glad to go home to his mother.

What to do with himself was not an easy question for young Burroughs to decide. We cannot deny that he was audacious when we find him commencing to preach, giving himself out as a Congregationalist minister. His only preparation, we think, had been his impatient listening to his father's long discourses. We are wrong — he did have ten of his father's sermons in manuscript, which he had taken, alas, in violation of the seventh precept of the decalogue.



Ursuline Convent at Trois Rivières,
[Where Miss Chase (Mère Ste. Ursule) took refuge after the burning of the Charlestown convent.]

The young rogue began his ministrations in Pelham, Mass. We do not know precisely how it happened, but the neighboring Protestant clergymen became suspicious of him,

and decided upon a plan to test his fitness for the pulpit. Accordingly, just before it was time for him to preach to his people at the Sunday morning service, an appointed per-

Abbe de Colonne.
[From an oil painting in the convent at Trois Rivières.]

sonage asked him to take as his text Josue ix. 5 — "Carrying old mended shoes." A more difficult text to handle can scarcely be imagined, but young Stephen's ready wit did not desert him, and he himself tells us, "After some minutes of reflection, I had my plan, and a good one it was." Of course he treated his theme metaphorically, and talked about human beings as travellers over thorny paths, and the need we have to protect ourselves from the trials of the way. Again he compared old shoes to old vices, and dwelt upon jealousy as the most ancient of them all.

This readily prepared sermon allayed suspicions, and Stephen contrived to continue the duties of his usurped office for some time. Four years later, he married the daughter of a wealthy member of the Massachusetts legislature.

We are confident that the history of his past career must have found him out, for in 1796 he was compelled to return to his father's home in Hanover, N. H., with his wife and four children; and it was there that the little Sally, who was destined to become an Ursuline, was born, Annunciation Day, 1797.

For reasons which we do not understand, Mr. Burroughs and his family emigrated to Canada, and there he became a Catholic in 1815, perhaps partly through the influence of the saintly Abbé de Calonne, brother of one of the ministers of finance in the reign of Louis XVI.

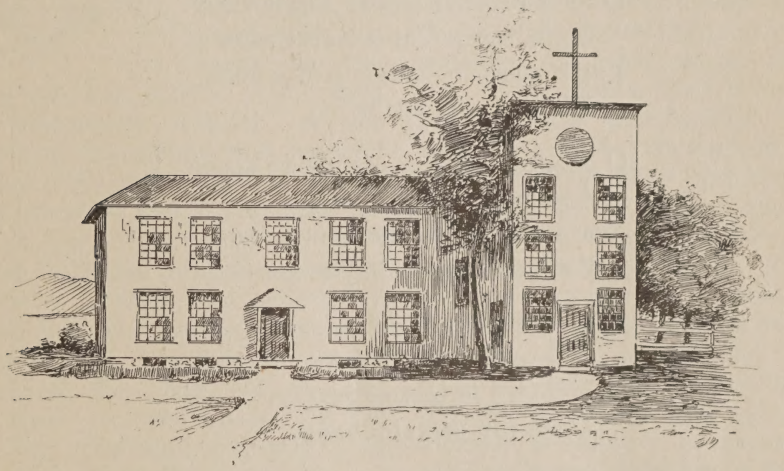
Stephen Burroughs as an old man and a Catholic was the opposite of Stephen Burroughs as a youth and a nominal Protestant. "How touching it was," writes one of his contemporaries, "to see this venerable old man come every morning to the foot of the altar, to draw thence that moral strength, that Christian courage, which the Great Victim of Calvary gives!"

Mr. Burroughs's two daughters were baptized with him in 1815. His sons did not then become Catholics, but Mère Louise Angélique Burroughs was gladdened by the conversion of her brother Edward, before her death at Trois Rivi res in 1857. Mère Louise Burroughs had been the annalist of her community for thirty years; and a religous in the "Annals," from which we are borrowing freely, writes enthusiastically of her devotion and care in her duties, "as many beautifully written volumes prove." Descendants of Stephen Burroughs are, we are told, at present prominent citizens in the Dominion of Canada.

But the Misses Barber, Burroughs, and Chase were not New Hampshire's first nuns. She was Mary Ann Davis, one of the captives at the Oyster River massacre in Durham, 1794. Miss Mary P. Thompson, to whom we are frequently indebted for our facts, states that she was carried away by the Abinakis, but was rescued not long after by Father Rale, who instructed, baptized, and carried her to Canada. It is probable that it was he who placed her with the Ursulines of Quebec, among whom she entered and became Sister Mary Benedict, as she was unwilling to return to her family when the captives were exchanged in 1699. She pronounced her vows in 1701, and lived for forty-eight years after, the historian of her convent tells us, a life of exactness and fervor. "Her love of industry, her ability, her spirit of order and economy, made her useful even up to her 70th year."

We have not re-told the history of the Barber family, because we feel sure that Bishop de Goesbriand and others have made it familiar to the readers of this MAGAZINE.

When Catholics visit Claremont, N. H., they should certainly make a pilgrimage to the old building which Father Barber erected for a church and school, as one of the first spots where the Adorable Sacrifice was offered in New England. And when at Trois Rivières, they should seek permission to enter the chapel of the Ursulines at Trois Rivières, and there ask the prayers of, rather than pray for, the sainted Abbé de Calonne, who was for years a hero of poverty and zeal on Prince Edward Island, but whose last work was to exemplify the highest Christian perfection among the Ursulines of that city.



Virgil H. Barber's Academy and St. Mary's Church at Claremont, N. H.
[First Catholic Church built in New Hampshire.]

MOTHER'S HANDS.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

O LOVING hands so glad to greet
And warmly clasp my own,
Your welcome I no more shall meet
While Time and I are known.

O tender hands, whose magic touch
Could soothe the keenest pain,
Earth holds for me no solace such
Nor ever will again.

O helpful hands so prompt to cheer
And banish trouble far,
You made for us our heaven here,
But now 'tis where you are.

O open hands so free to share,
O weary hands at rest,
Now folded in eternal prayer.
Upon the peaceful breast.

THE LITTLE.

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON.

AN army was saved by a pebble hurled;
An apple's fall showed the sweep of a star;
A spark burned a city; a tithe of the world
Is crushed by the weight of an atom — the Czar.

ARE CATHOLICS TOLERANT?

BY REV. T. BROSNAHAN, S. J.

E can all recall some afternoon in childhood when, after the refreshing summer shower, we stood with our backs to the setting sun, and feasted young eyes with pleasurable wonder on the myriad-colored rainbow that spanned the sky. We never doubted that it rested where we saw it fall. Science had not yet disillusioned us. The trust of childhood in nature gave the rainbow a stability and objectivity that it did not possess. Some, as they grew older, reversed the mental attitude of the child, but did not grow wiser; for the instinct of the child was profound philosophy in essence, if an error in application.

The deception of the rainbow is, with an older folly, looked on as inherent to the object of man's intellect — truth. The objectivity of truth and its permanence is, at least in certain departments of knowledge, not merely denied; many have lost their grasp of it. . Truth is not, but seems; it varies with the intellectual position of the individual, as the rainbow, scientists tell us, is different for different observers.

You may meet educated men who, while assenting to your premises, will reject your legitimate conclusions, and fancy they may do so without intellectual turpitude by telling you that "what you say is true, but it is not their way of looking at the question." With mental quiet they hold that various religions are adapted to various times, characters, and temperaments; that the religion of Rome is suited to the needs and character of emotional peoples, while the more stolid nations need a colder worship. In other words, religion, i. e., truth, adapts itself to national and personal peculiarities; these need not adjust themselves to it. There are so many opinions, they say, on religious matters that it is wiser to be tolerant; each one is right, depending on his point of view. Every one has a right to his own opinion — at least in religious matters. They profess to be "broad-minded," and fail to realize that breadth has been obtained at the sacrifice of depth. In presence of the intellectual jugglers of the day, they are mentally confused, as is the rustic visually by the tricks of some three card monte fakir.

If they would confess to confusion, little fault we could find with them. But if they attempt dogmatically to foist their confusion on the bemuddled "intelligent reader" as the last and most perfect result of modern thought and human advancement, we may surely ask ourselves how they differ from the rustic who would ignore his subjective deception, and attribute it to some protean quality in the cards. Yet their smug pronouncements would lead one to suppose that they had fathomed — or nearly so — the length and the width and the depth of human

thought. Like the character in Tennyson, they stand aloof from creeds in impotence of fancied power, and with sweeping arm devolve the rounded period that masquerades with their followers as reason. They bestow on their mental confusion many names, all very flattering, but not signifying the thing they are used to denominate.

It would be interesting to investigate the causes of this peculiarly modern disease of the logical faculty honorifically called "tolerance"; but my present purpose is the simpler one of discriminating the thing "tolerance" from the counterfeit semblance.

Tolerance is an attitude of forbearance towards those whose opinions or practices differ from our own. It implies knowledge of the opinions or practices tolerated, conjoined with a disposition of will to bear patiently and indulgently what we cannot, or for just reasons ought not to, change. It is not dissimulation, for by dissimulating we appear, and desire to appear, ignorant of what we permit. Much less is it adherence or approval. It is very far from being the fawning subservience of him whose regards for the opinions and practices of others is based on their social superiority; for tolerance is the mental attitude of one whose kindliness and courtesy to others is strong in the conscious possession of truth and right.

For my present purpose tolerance may, in the popular sense of the word, be divided into political, social or personal, intellectual or dogmatic tolerance.

Political tolerance is "the liberty granted subjects by the governing power of a state to publicly profess their religious opinions, to worship how and when they please, provided they do not thereby violate the rights of others or infringe laws designed for the protection of decency, morality or good order, or for the security of the governing power."

The position of the Church regarding this tolerance has been defined by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical of Nov. 1, 1885: "Although the Church does not concede that every kind of divine worship is lawful by the same right as the true religion, nevertheless she does not condemn those rulers of commonwealths who, for the sake of some great good to be gained or evil to be avoided, permit, in toleration, according to the manners and usages of the country, each kind of religious profession to have its place."

The Church does not and cannot, as long as truth is truth, admit as an absolute thesis that every religion has intrinsically equal rights. She will never recede from her position that there is but one true religion, which all men are bound by the law of God to profess. Nevertheless, without contradicting or minimizing her teachings, she concedes that motives of public policy may in certain circumstances justify a state in permitting the public worship of various religions, in promising equal protection to the external profession and exercise of the same, and in conceding to all, without distinction of creed, equal "civil privileges and capacities."

This is no new doctrine of the Church, adopted to suit the exigencies of modern environments; it is not even a new application. The principles on which she makes the decision are as old as her theology; the application was made centuries ago.

Becanus, a Jesuit theologian, who wrote in the early days of the

Society of Jesus, in his "Manuale Controversiarum" puts himself the question, "May a Catholic prince tolerate heretics in his dominion?" His answer is, that for the sake of a greater good, or to avoid a greater evil, such toleration is just. He then proceeds to prove that a Catholic prince may not only tolerate heretics, but, for the same reasons which justify tolerance, may by compact make it a law of his dominion. Furthermore, he maintains that this compact is to be faithfully observed, and proves his thesis by the following argument: "Faith is to be kept in every lawful and honest compact, but it is lawful and honest to tolerate various religions for the good of the state; therefore the compact once made is to be adhered to with fidelity."

If we remember that this doctrine was taught when theologians generally looked on dissenters from the Church as formal heretics, its application now, when a large number of Christians outside the body of the Church are only material heretics, cannot be held to be a device of the old immutable Church to adjust herself to "the age."

The attitude of the Church towards intellectual or dogmatic, and social or personal tolerance may be summed up in the phrase, "Hate error and love the erring."

For dogmatic tolerance, a system that dispenses the same level measure of commendation to all religions, a doctrine that proclaims all religious profession of equal worth and equal right before God and as far as salvation is concerned, the Church has nothing but reprobation. Her doctrine may be briefly put in three propositions.

First, she holds with St. Paul that there is but "one God, one faith, and one baptism"; that consequently there is but one Church. In her eyes the honor of God and the laws of human reason are concerned in St. Paul's programme. Surely the honor of God obliges us to avow the unity of truth in religion, for we cannot deny it without obscuring the very idea of God. Can we maintain that God, who is essential Truth, is equally well disposed towards religious professions asserting contradictions? that He looks with the same eyes of complaisance on systems mutually asserting and denying certain of His attributes? Such a position is a denial of God and truth. It is a denial of truth, because if there is such a thing as truth, opposite and contrary doctrines cannot be true. It is a denial of God, because if there is a God, true and false religions cannot appeal to Him for equal approbation.

Secondly, the Church is guided by the ever-conscious conviction that she alone of all existing churches is the depository of that body of truth which constitutes the faith. She will never concede that the Second Person of the Trinity, who became man to teach mankind, who suffered, died, and rose from the dead to confirm His teaching, who commissioned His apostles to spread that teaching, belied His mission by leaving man to the mercy of his private judgment, to build for himself any such bizarre temple of truth and error as his small faculties would allow.

Thirdly, this conviction compels her to proclaim that she alone is the infallible guide in matters pertaining to the doctrine of Christ and the salvation of souls.

She is intolerant therefore? Yes, intolerant of error, but tolerant of the erring. We read in the Old Testament of two women claiming,

at the judgment seat of Solomon, the possession of a child. The false claimant consented, in her hatred of the mother, that the child should be divided, as the king had decreed. She is the type of usurping error. The true mother, on the other hand, demanded the child entire, but, rather than retain it dead, preferred to lose it living. She is the image of the Church, — the orphaned mother, — who has a right to the religious allegiance of mankind, but prefers the life of her child to the vindication of a right that would result in death. Hers is the intolerance of love and truth, not the intolerance of hatred and error.

Social tolerance is the exercise of love and patience towards those whose religious tenets and observances may differ widely from our own. It is well-ordered Christian charity, motived on the common nature and the supernatural destiny of our fellow-men. It is charity, therefore, which is not blindly founded on baseless sentimentality, but sanely on faith and reason. While it is as universal as the expiation of Christ, it does not lose sight of the degrees of relations between men. It is the love of the physician for his patient, of the friend for his friend, of the mother for her child. Its strength, consequently, is measured by the physician's antagonism to the disease, the mother's hatred of the defects of her child, the eagerness of the friend to eradicate the vices of his friend.

This tolerance the Church has always professed and inculcated on her children. She could not do otherwise, without forgetting the teaching of her founder, "Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you." "God forbid," says Pius IX. in his Encyclical of Aug. 14, 1868, "that any son of the Catholic Church should ever in any way be an enemy of those who are not united to us by the same bonds of faith and charity. Nay, rather, he should endeavor to help them unceasingly by every office of Christian charity, be they in poverty, sickness, or otherwise afflicted." . . .

If some members of the Church have failed to follow her teaching, as much may be said of their conduct regarding the decalogue. Yet we could not infer the rejection of the commandments by the mother because some of her children have failed to observe them. It is no reproach to the Constitution of the United States that, under stress of passion or prejudice, some of those who are citizens under it forget in practice its first principles.

The practice of Christian tolerance is not easy. It demands more than verbal protestations, for often its practice is inversely proportioned to the loudness with which it is professed. Nor is it confined to external action, for selfish motives may inspire a simulation of tolerance. Genuine tolerance is from within; it is a virtue that reigns in the heart and rules in the mind. Its practice calls for the highest exercise of good sense — that nice adjustment and fine balance of the moral and intellectual faculties; else love of person will degenerate into love of error, or hatred of error will extend to the erring. The physician will kill the patient in his effort to eradicate the disease; the friend may injure others in his desire to benefit one; the mother, through undue tenderness, may spoil her child or confirm it in viciousness.

Not all, therefore, who profess tolerance possess it. The balance of mind and judiciousness in action

it requires are not the common heritage of unregenerate human nature. It is acquired, in fact, only by the long practice of humility, self-knowledge, self-control, and patience. St. Paul has summed up the virtues that inform it in his well-known chapter to the Corinthians.

Are we Catholics tolerant, then? If we live up to the teaching of Holy Mother Church, we are of all men the most tolerant socially; we are, if prudence or charity require it, politically tolerant, and, once such tolerance is established by compact, bound not by sentiment, but by the solid principles of ethics and religion to observe and respect the compact. But for intellectual or dogmatic tolerance, for a tolerance that would put truth and error on the same pedestal of honor, we have nothing but contempt and abhorrence. We look on such tolerance as less gross, though not less absurd, than the tolerance which built the Pantheon of all the Gods.

We wonder sometimes what was the mental attitude of thoughtful Romans towards their thirty thousand gods, gathered in Rome from every nation to receive without rivalry equal reverence. We wonder in like manner at the mental attitude of men to-day who confess one God, and see no repugnance in a multiplicity of religions.

Before closing this paper it will not be out of place to notice phases of thought most prevalent among us on this matter of dogmatic tolerance.

Cardinal Newman once said of a celebrated English ecclesiastic that he was a man capable of holding two contradictory opinions at the same time. A half hour's conversation with some travelling companions, who with amusing self-satisfaction will endeavor to impress you with their "broad-mindedness" in religious matters will show that such men are common.

It is true that many afflicted with this intellectual flabbiness are not conscious Hegelians: they have not realized in thought the full meaning of their own mental position. Yet the indifference they do profess, and the "broad-mindedness" they do affect, in matters of all others supreme in importance, would, if analyzed, be tenable only on the supposition that contradictions were true, or that the truths of religion have no objective validity.

With those, however, who have endeavored to avoid a conflict between their creed and the laws of their mind, a widespread position on this subject is the one proposed by Victor Cousin. According to this Gallic philosopher, error is nothing but incomplete truth, and the difference between two opponents is not positive but negative. All error is but a fragment of an integral and absolute body of truths. If one should collect, therefore, all the opinions which up to the present time have been advanced, he might build out of their combination a perfect and absolute structure of truth. Every doctrinal system at the moment it appeared in history was an evolution of the "Absolute" or the "Idea," and manifested the reason of the human race necessarily evolving itself. Consequently such system was, in all it asserted, necessarily true. The gross and obvious falseness of such a postulate is easily recognized by any one even superficially acquainted with the history of human thought. The postulate was so riddled by adversaries, and Cousin so harassed by objections, that he modified later the maintenance of his principles, though he

did not lose sight of them practically in the construction of his system of eclecticism.

Gradually this opinion filtered down to the troubled spirits, who probably never heard of Cousin; and as it seemed to bring some order into their confusion of mind, they grasped it eagerly, and never took the trouble of evaluating it before the tribunal of reason. Men are often intellectually lazy creatures of habit. They wish mental quiet, and will have it at the sacrifice of mental health.

Opposite grounds for this "broad-mindedness" have been found by many in Mr. Spencer's "First Principles." As condensed by Mr. F. Howard Collins, these may be enounced in the following method of finding a first postulate for the interpretation of countless diverging creeds: "Compare all the opinions of one genus; set aside the special and concrete elements in which they disagree, and find for the remainder that abstract expression which holds true throughout its divergent modifications." This postulate, we are told, ranks next in certainty to the postulate of an exact science.

If the issues were not so inexpressibly sad, the parading of mathematical precision in this ludicrous petitio principii would be humorous. The postulate assumes that all creeds are partially false; i. e., in those special and concrete elements in which they diverge. In fact, Mr. Collins says that if this postulate is candidly accepted, "We shall not regard some men's judgments as wholly good [true?], and others as wholly bad [false?], but shall rather conclude that none are completely right, and none are completely wrong."

"There is," as Mr. Spencer says, "a soul of truth in things erroneous." Assume all diverging opinions in religion as erroneous, and you may obtain Mr. Spencer's sublimated God — the Unknowable. The difficulty, of course, is in candidly accepting the assumption. The epitomist of the synthetic philosophy tells us that it is a conclusion from the postulate; to us it seems that the postulate is a conclusion from it.

The preceding vaporization of all creeds into error, preparatory to their solidification into the Unknowable, is in principle a far-reaching process. It would result, not merely in the wreck of religion, but also of the fundamental and intuitive convictions of the human mind. It would involve even Mr. Spencer's Unknowable and the whole synthetic philosophy in a chaos, out of which it would be possible to construct only cloudy scepticism. For in all these matters there are divergent opinions, and our canon obliges us to assume them erroneous. Nay, regarding the canon itself there are divergent opinions; thus, more heartless than Father Chronos, it eats not only its own children, but even itself. Naturally, then, the mind hesitates before such a drastic assumption. Yet the assumption, and the assumption only, underlies much of the intellectual tolerance which "broad-minded thinkers" profess.

However much, therefore, we may practice social tolerance and extend to these wanderers in the mazes of a wretched philosophy the largest personal charity; however much we may insist on political tolerance, we hold that before the tribunal of reason and conscience dogmatic tolerance is an absurdity, leading logically to atheism.

EMERSON AND THE FARMER.

BY WILLIAM GILES DIX.

'Tis said Ralph Waldo Emerson
Lent to a farmer whom he knew,
To try experiment upon,
And see what with it he would do,

A work of Plato's, well translated
In good sound Saxon English prose,
Which over books most antiquated
Often a charm entrancing throws.

The farmer-neighbor in the street
A few weeks afterward he saw,
And kindly, pleasantly, did greet,
True to his heart's benignant law.

He asked him then, if he did like
That book of Plato's he had lent,
If aught in it his mind did strike
Of wisdom or of argument.

The farmer-neighbor then replied,
"Yes, Mr. Emerson, indeed
The truth,— it cannot be denied,—
I took delight that book to read.

"That Plato is a man of sense;
And he puts things directly, too.
He never stands upon the fence,
But says outright what he thinks true.

"I never read a book which more
Set me to thinking things about,
Which wider opened the mind's door,
Both to look in and to look out.

"Plato not only pleases me,
But does as much surprise as please;
For in a way I cannot see,
He has got some of my idees."

WHAT POWERS SHOULD CITIES HAVE?

BY C. W. ERNST.

HE general tax warrant issued by the state of Massachusetts, to cover its wants for 1893, is $2,500,000; the tax order issued to the assessors of Boston in 1893 is $11,673,374. This shows one difference between the city and state governments. Yet the state is supposed to be supreme, and the city is not supposed to have any rights or duties, save those created by the state. In fact, the government of Boston, speaking broadly, may be described as a corporation, the executive head of which is the mayor, while the power of issuing orders to the executive head is lodged, not in the city, but in the General Court.

How extensively the General Court has used its power, is best shown in the annual and semi-annual Acts and Resolves. They bristle with special legislation; the special laws relating to the city of Boston are to be counted by the hundred, and would make a stout volume if ever collected. A mere selection of these laws, published by the city, fills a volume of XIX and 623 closely printed pages, while the latest volume of city ordinances and regulations forms a book of XII and 227 pages in generous print. The corresponding volume for 1890 was issued in a form that would enable policemen to carry the law of the city in their pockets. The executive chief of the city is elected by the people of Boston; the legislators who make the laws for Boston are chosen by the people of Massachusetts, and are called the General Court.

The city has nominally a legislative body of its own, called the city council, and elected by the people. But the city council has no legislative power of great importance, and assuredly no other. This fact led Mayor Matthews to begin his inaugural address of 1892 with the following sentence: "The chief function of the city council, as the legislative branch of the city government, is to determine the amounts of money which the executive departments shall be authorized to expend during the year, and the manner in which the money shall be raised." But the control of the city council over taxes, loans, and expenditures is so very limited as to make the annual passage of the appropriation order little else than a form. The authority for loans comes from the General Court; and after the city council has acted upon the authority granted, the mayor is at liberty to issue the loans and to expend the proceeds as he deems best.

The library building on Dartmouth street is a good illustration. The building is under the charge of trustees; but the trustees cannot expend any money toward completing the ancient pile until the money is granted by the mayor. The city council can nominally lay taxes, but the entire tax levy is determined by state law. Nominally the city council can say what part of the tax for current expenses shall go to a particular object or department; in reality the whole tax raised for current expenses is in the nature of a fixed charge, leaving the city council bare liberty to determine which department shall have a little less than it really needs. If the mayor acted on the authority granted by the General Court, without the formalities still left to the city council, the result would not differ materially from the present condition of the municipal tax and its disbursement; neither would

the debt of the city. The part borne by the city council in these things is mainly technical and formal.

If the General Court should abolish the city council and authorize the mayor to proceed in its place, the outcome would not differ materially from the present. Yet the people think that the character of our city government depends upon aldermen and common councilmen; and gentlemen consider with ill-bestowed solemnity whether the character of aldermen can be best improved by electing them in districts, at large, or on some novel scheme hatched by kindly interest. But the power of the city council is so slight that the manner of electing its members, never very important, has no interest. The people of Boston will not and cannot care how aldermen are elected, the power of the aldermen and the city council being so slight.

To be sure, the traditional attacks upon the city council, its committees and members, are kept up; it is easy and entirely safe to heap ridicule upon these men; it is customary to blame them when things go wrong. But the power of the Boston city council departed in 1885. The form remains, the substance is gone. How long the form will be kept up, remains to be seen. But it is not the fault of the city council that its glory has departed; and public opinion, greatly strengthened by the professional reformers, is not altogether just in laying all the ills and imperfections of city governments at the door of aldermen and common councilmen. They were simply the visible representatives whom it was easiest to denounce when the public became dissatisfied with municipal management. The real fault lies elsewhere.

Until we had cities, it was customary in the General Court to leave towns the utmost latitude in managing their "prudentials" or local business. When Boston received its city charter, in 1822, the General Court reserved the right to annul the city ordinances, or upset the charter at pleasure (St. 1821, sec. 15, 30).

Free use was made of this power, not previously exercised in Massachusetts; the courts sustained the theory that the power of the General Court over municipal corporations was absolute, and in 1885 the General Court passed the three memorable acts which placed the appointment of the local police entirely under the state, the city being ordered to bear the expense, as formerly; another act prescribed to a cent the debt and tax limit within which the city must keep; chapter 266 redistributed the power of the city, placing all its executive authority with the mayor, and leaving with the city council, beside a good kick, such indeterminate power as might remain, provided this remainder of power was not exercised by the General Court, as it usually is in matters of any moment, and sometimes in matters of no moment carried up by some person that has a wish to gratify and is bright enough to go to the real seat of legislative power, instead of dealing with mere aldermen.

In going straight to the General Court, especially when a clerk's salary is to be increased, there is this advantage that the General Court cannot know much of petty details in Boston municipal affairs, while the city council usually knows something, and sometimes all it ought to know. As a matter of fact, it is very much easier to get Boston favors from the General Court than from the city government. Moreover, an executive order of the General Court is usually obeyed; an order of the city council sometimes is not.

The authors of the first city charter of Boston appear to have felt that occasionally it might be necessary for the General Court to help in arranging the affairs of the municipality. They were good lawyers (which is not the same as good legislators), they were not pleased with the law of corporations as laid down in the famous Dartmouth College case, and they knew that a municipal corporation acts sometimes as a private corporation; for instance, in supplying itself with water. But what Chief-Justice Shaw treated as an ex-

ception, the General Court has made a rule, by dealing unreservedly with city affairs.

At first nearly every legislative act affecting the city as a corporation was submitted to the approval of the people. When the General Court decided to merge Roxbury in Boston, in 1867, Governor Bullock interposed an eloquent veto, and in 1883 Governor Butler reviewed some of the laws the General Court had laid before the people or the government of Boston for acceptance. The charter reconstruction of 1885, amounting to a revolution, was not so submitted. The General Court spoke; the city obeyed. If that ended the matter, all might be well; but municipal affairs are interminable. As yet no harm has been done; and if the ills of the city can be redressed by calling in the country, or by an act of the General Court, the problem of city government has surely been solved in Massachusetts. Has it?

In the past it was customary to blame city councils for all municipal sins. The city councils of Boston have never deserved this wholesale condemnation. On the contrary, they served with fidelity and zeal, in good faith and not without reasonable information. Until 1888 the aldermen served without pay; the members of the school committee, of the common council, and of important boards — Parks, Library, Hospital, Overseers of the Poor, Sinking Funds — still serve without pay. Now that the General Court has become the real legislature of the city government, it would be equally wrong to censure the General Court. It acts with what light it has; it certainly acts in good faith, and no great harm has been done.

A government not involving wrong or injustice is not to be denounced. But it would be a mistake to imagine that the shifting of the legislative power from the city to the General Court, in 1885, has accomplished great good. Undoubtedly it was right to divest the city council of all administrative duties. The chief defect of the first city charter consisted in making the city council an administrative body, instead of a legislative body, as the familiar theory of free government and the Massachusetts declaration of rights required. The experiment of vesting the executive power of the city in one officer, and the legislative power in a body elected by all Massachusetts, has not supplied and cannot supply the means of establishing an ideal, or well-balanced, or altogether satisfactory city government.

Facts wholly unconnected with what is sometimes called "politics" may show how our system works. In 1875 inflation was at its best, but careful observers had discovered that inflation was perilous. Under this impression there was a general revolt at municipal expenditures, and careful observers concluded that a law must be passed. Our General Court decided that "No city or town shall become indebted to an amount exceeding in the aggregate three per centum on the valuation of the taxable property therein" (Stat. of 1875, ch. 209). The Boston valuation of 1875 was $794,000,000; the net debt (gross funded debt, less sinking funds) was $28,376,000. The three per cent limit was not to include the debt for water; and deducting this debt, Boston owed $20,644,000.

In 1884 the city government passed a foolish tax order; so in 1885 the General Court, undertaking to protect the taxpayers of Boston from the rash city government of 1884, ordained that the debt of the city must not exceed two per cent, besides the water debt. And to prevent unreasonable valuations, the debt was to be computed on the average valuation of five years. The average valuation of the past five years is $819,000,000; the net debt of the city is $31,503,000; and after deducting the very real water debt, the city still owes $18,510,000. Surely, even this is more than two per cent, and no man has tried harder to keep the debt at a low figure than the present mayor. What, then, is the reason that the city owes almost double the two per cent so firmly laid down in 1885? The law was brave enough;

it pleased everybody. How about the execution?

The fact is, the General Court did precisely what city councils had done: it resolved bravely, and then allowed occasional exceptions; in theory it was strict, in practice it was something else. So far, it has allowed a debt of about $16,000,000 to be incurred outside the debt limit of 1885, mostly for luxuries, like parks, the new library building, and more than $3,500,000 for a new court house, but not counting the bagatelle of $9,000,000 for rapid transit. In allowing these startling exceptions, the General Court acted from honest motives. For fear that city councils might not be prudent, they were carefully excluded from all decisions how the money should be spent. It was the fashion to think that municipal money might be well spent unless it was spent by city councils. But how would our city councils fare if, after the heroic statute of 1885, they had decided on their own responsibility to spend over $2,000,000 a year for parks, about $3,500,000 on a library building, and the same amount on a court house?

The plain English of it is, Boston is a rich city, it can afford to spend money lavishly, the people want the best, and a way has been found to obtain a part of what was wanted. There has been neither corruption nor special incompetence. Our General Court decided in 1875 and 1885 that we must be economical, that municipal taxes must be low, that debts must not be too high, and then that we might expend money like — princes cannot spend money that way — good Americans. Nor is it right to censure the General Court: it meets but once a year; it comes from Cape Cod and the lovely hills of Berkshire. It is asking too much that the General Court shall know city of Boston finances or city of Boston government. And evidently the General Court has confidence in the riches of Boston, but it has not established that economy and that frugality the law of 1885 promised. Surely, the city council is not to blame for our debts or our taxes, which are regulated by the General Court.

Able and honorable men, famous committees and illustrious commissions, have tried very hard, ever since the days of Lord John Russell, to plan a municipal machine that should combine great economy with never-failing efficiency, and some people in Boston would like low taxes with all the latest improvements. What is specially wanted is an arrangement that will relieve the taxpayers of care and anxiety. They are willing to pay low taxes; but they prefer not to be troubled any farther, provided the streets are in good condition, the schools fine, the public buildings monumental, the parks presentable to friends from abroad, the water supply the best that money can supply, the health arrangements perfect, and minor matters — like the police, the fire service, and sewers — in proportion.

To accomplish this miracle, public opinion has cast city councils aside, and stern law has given us the General Court instead. Is it likely that in the long run this system will work much better than the old, which was justly abandoned? English cities were once governed by special laws. Merewether and Stephens tell the story; the parliamentary commission of 1835 tells the outcome. The trouble about this old arrangement, which ended in 1835, was special legislation. Nobody but specialists could speak or act intelligently in municipal governments, the authority for which came from innumerable special acts. Such a government must drift into a few hands, and from necessity become a parody of self-government. A local government under special acts cannot help being complicated, unintelligible to the people, and scandalous. The fault is not in the men, but in the absence of system and sound reason. If Boston cannot govern itself, neither can it be properly governed by 500 special acts, however good the intentions of the General Court may be.

The fault of the English system

prior to 1835, and of the Boston charter up to 1885, was not the corruption of the men, but the erroneous distribution of municipal power. The trouble was aggravated by the facility with which the supreme power, the parliament at London and the General Court at our state house, confused every knotty question by more legislation. Our first charter, instead of defining the power of the city, left that point undetermined; instead of distributing the power clearly vested in the city, it gave the administrative powers to the mayor, the city council, the school committee, and others. It then proceeded to vest the executive powers in the mayor and aldermen, as if there was any difference between administrative and executive powers. Having left the powers of the city in doubt, and having failed to distribute these powers, the charter reserved to the General Court the right of interference.

That Boston should have been fairly well governed under such arrangements, that its government should have escaped corruption, that the substance of the people was not wasted, that the community was well served, was not due to the charter, but to the intelligence, zeal, integrity, and unselfishness of the city councils and especially the aldermen. Instead of denouncing these men for doing the best that could be done under the circumstances, they are entitled to the respect of the community. They did not make the charter; they did not distribute the powers of the corporation; they were not responsible for the lack of system; they lacked the power of supplying a remedy; but what duty they had they discharged with fidelity, as the records show.

Students and public opinion appear to think that the mistake of the past consisted merely in intrusting executive powers to the city councils, and that we have remedied this by transferring all administrative powers to the mayor. This transfer was right; but it was only one step of many to be taken. The chief point is the proper assignment of the legislative power. The real power of that kind is reserved by our General Court, but the General Court is not in a position to give us good special laws. It cannot be familiar with the requirements of the community; it cannot find time to study all the wants of all our towns and cities; it must break down if it undertakes to be a general legislature for the state and, in addition, a special legislature for 30 cities and 322 towns.

It is a misapplication of force for the General Court to waste its strength on special legislation, its proper duty being general legislation. Imagine congress undertaking to pass one tariff for New York, another for San Francisco, or one internal-revenue law for Massachusetts, and another for Kentucky! But that is in substance what our General Court is doing. Just at present we act on the amusing theory that human nature at city hall is probably imperfect, and that it is all right at the state house. Of course, human nature is the same at both places; and it is idle to think that Boston as a municipality will choose incompetent men, and that as a member of the state it will choose paragons. The chances are the other way. In any way, it is only a question of time when we shall learn that the General Court, with the best intentions, cannot do better for us than we can ourselves; and that it should not, if it could.

The importance of municipal self-government need not be discussed. It is the only safe and practical system. Wherever it is violated, the state suffers; for the free municipalities are the elements that make the state, precisely as it is the free states that make the nation. Most of our states are "created" by congress; but nobody has yet uttered the belief that the states are the creatures of congress, and that the creature cannot have any rights or duties save those conferred by the supreme power. The opposite is the American doctrine, and the old Massachusetts doctrine is that towns are something else than mere instruments

of the state; that they have duties of their own; and that every duty carries with it a corresponding right.

The constitution of Massachusetts did not "create" our towns; it was rather the towns that created the constitution. The colony was glad to leave to each town the management of its own "prudentials," and to let towns decide whether a newcomer was fit for the liberties of the town no less than for the freedom of the colony. A decline in town government cannot but go hand in hand with deterioration in the General Court. The saddest day in our ancient commonwealth will be the extinction, already begun, of self-governing towns. As to cities, the process is well under way; in Boston it is far advanced. The time has surely come when we may consider whether the General Court is not in need of relief, and whether it is not in the interest of the commonwealth and its people to strengthen municipal self-government.

The difficulties in the way are very great. In the first place, jurisprudence has failed to draw a definite line between municipal and state concerns. In order to establish municipal self-government on a firm basis, municipal duties must be clearly defined. That has not been done. In theory, a municipality has enumerated powers only, like the government of the United States; but while the powers of the national government are defined by the constitution of the United States, the powers of the city of Boston are not defined, and never have been. Hence the unceasing application of the city and its officers to every General Court for more Boston legislation. Clearly it would be better for the city to do something for itself, and to leave the General Court time for general state legislation.

We need a general state law defining the rights and duties of cities. That achieved, the cities should be left a certain freedom of action, on peril. City people, especially those of wealth and gentle living, are determined to be relieved of municipal responsibility. To this relief they are not entitled. If they neglect the duty they owe to their city, let them suffer, just as they must suffer when they neglect their private affairs or send incompetent men to Washington. The desire to shirk municipal responsibility should be discouraged, and the best way to teach men what neglect of duty means is their tax bill. We have contrived, with the help of the General Court, to sugarcoat that pill. Our debt is payable, in part, as late as 1938. Yet in spite of this manœuvring we paid last year $4,202,000 for interest and sinking funds, every cent being taken from our tax levy or the product of labor.

Surely, the city that bears such burdens should have some voice in determining its local concerns of a municipal nature. In assuming to give the city its financial and other policies, the General Court has not protected us from extravagance and folly, nor can it. But if a community must be reckless, let it be reckless on its own responsibility, and let the supreme power insist only that the community itself must bear the consequences, and that the consequences shall be immediate.

The average member of the General Court will be slow to give up the sweets of special legislation: they appeal to him with attractive force; they please his vanity; they give him the false air of the man that has favors to bestow. But the sooner the General Court is deprived of the power to enact special laws, the better it will be for us all; the hope of municipal self-government turns on that point as on no other. The point is extremely important, the more so as the General Court will not easily surrender the power it holds. For a like reason the city council of Boston was unwilling to surrender its administrative power, that had been intrusted to it by error. Our General Court may voluntarily abstain from special legislation; but it will be saved from the lobby, from private importunity, and many temptations by making special laws impossible. Illinois shows how this may

be done. The legislature of Illinois cannot pass special laws as to laying out highways, city or town charters, the conduct of elections, or regulating township affairs.

Meanwhile it is impossible to establish and maintain good government by constitutional amendments, general statutes, and local self-government. The laws and charters and principles of government are simply means to an end, and all must fail in the hands of incompetent officers, or in a community that refuses to do its duty, including that of looking after its local government. The laws of Boston are such, by this time, as to make them a riddle, not only to the people, but also to lawyers and to the very members of the city government. Is that legitimate? Is it safe? Is it reasonable?

For years past professional gentlemen have attempted to give us a charter digest, that was to show the Boston constitution of to-day. The attempt has failed. The failure would be ludicrous, were it not so pathetic. It is certainly a serious matter when our fundamental law has become so confused and entangled as to make codification impossible. Every year adds to this dire confusion. In time this condition of things will become intolerable; we shall act after some great mischief has been done. But prudent men had better prepare in season. The duties of the future are plain: the General Court must not pass special acts in regard to city or town government; cities and towns must have self-government in all municipal concerns; the power and duty of city councils must be increased; the people of our cities, and especially in Boston, must learn through their tax bills and by experience that neglect of municipal duty is not to be condoned, and that it will not be competent to seek relief at the state house when the individual citizen has failed to do his citizen's duty. Let the General Court do less in legislating for individual towns and cities; let these towns and cities govern themselves, under wholesome and uniform laws; and let the citizen of Boston do more in improving his city government.

SEVERED.

(*An Etching.*)

BY M. B. O'S.

THEY were part of life's flotsam and jetsam, stranded by misfortune on the shore of charity. For fifty years they had drifted together, buffeted by waves of trouble, the children born to them wrested away, one by one, dragged down in the undertow of poverty; but through all, the tie of matrimony bound them fast, and neither cared to sever it.

They were old, very old, feeble, battered, and inert, but the divine spark of love still glowed in their failing hearts, dimly prefiguring the brighter light of eternity.

Stranded on the shore of charity, and separated by the decree of state!

Only one of these waifs of fate might hope to remain in the haven they had reached together.

The man was blind, the woman palsied; but her hands were strong enough to wipe the tears from his sightless eyes and to draw him nearer the portal, her tongue eloquent enough to say with simple pathos, "You've been a good man to me, Ned; if there's any choice, do you take it."

And so the bond was severed.

For Women by Women.

A New Year's Thought.

How can we help the unemployed girls? There are many ways if we only think long and seriously. The first thing to be done is to make yourself acquainted with their affairs. It's every woman's duty to know something about her neighbor if by that knowledge she can lighten her burden a little. Your curiosity need never be offensive, never irritating to its object, but should always be keen enough to enable you to do the right thing at the right time. Don't plead ignorance or thoughtlessness as an excuse for leaving a duty undone; heartlessness is the proper word, and if used oftener would do much towards cultivating thought for others.

To relieve poverty you must know something about it. If you have been so fortunate as never to have felt its pangs, you must gain your experience by contact with its victims. Get near enough to lay your fingers in the hollows hunger has made in fair young faces, close enough to read in their eyes the story that pride refuses to tell. You have many opportunities in the present winter. Want is already abroad, hundreds are out of work, and, thanks to the beggarly system of underpaying woman's labor, they have no reserve fund to draw upon.

Men can die of starvation, can freeze to death in a doorway; but women have a more awful fate to dread.

"What will become of the girls without homes?" one woman asked an employee of a factory with 500 women on its pay list. "I don't know," was the answer. "We're all out for months, maybe, and at the best of times it gives us all we can do to get along." Now, if every woman at all comfortably situated would interest herself in even one girl's welfare, more good could be done than by the united efforts of associated charities.

Don't economize by cutting down expenses under the mistaken impression that you are being pressed by financial difficulties. It's your duty to give all the work you can, spend as much money as ever, and more if you can afford it. Buy the children's summer clothes, and get them made up now. They may not be quite as fashionable, but the money paid out may keep the store girl behind the counter a few weeks longer and help the seamstress to meet her rent and board bill.

These are two important items, and suggest another way of offering help: if you are too poor yourself to give money for work, but are fortunate enough to have a moderately comfortable home, why not invite some girl out of work to stay with you for a week or longer? You can make a pretence of getting your old cashmere made over, and the rest and sympathy will help your guest wonderfully. Then, again, there would be many willing and glad to help with the housework and the children till their regular work begins again, and there are many overworked mothers who would be thankful for such help. To bring the two classes together is in itself a helpful work.

The great object is to provide food and shelter till the return of better times. One more in a household doesn't increase expenses very much, and think, think what it means to the extra one! You don't know from what peril you may be saving her.

We all can find a way if we really want to help. As long as we have food on our table and fire on our hearth, we can give at least temporary relief to the sufferers knocking at our door. But

some may not knock, and their need may be the greater. Have a thought for them, but don't make it too apparent. Tact and good-will will help you to gain their confidence and do what lies in your power.

There is one thing that even the poorest can give, and that is sympathy, the kind of sympathy that shows in word and glance and passes from heart to heart. M. B. O'S.

Acquaintance before Marriage.

It is an actual fact that the working woman has nine chances out of ten of being happy in her married life, where the girl who lives at home has one. Think a minute. The latter sees men at dances, theatres, and social gatherings generally, where they are on their best behavior, in their best clothes, and in their best tempers. All thoughts of business and worry are put aside, and pleasure is the one thing aimed for. Men see that a girl is popular, and wish to add to their own consequence by being seen on friendly terms with her. They put into a half-hour's conversation all the brightness and wit of which they are capable, and show themselves delightful companions. They visit the girl in her own home; they find her prettily dressed, anxious to entertain them. Is it not natural that only one side, and that the brightest of their natures, should be shown? The girl is charmed with what she sees, and naturally enough fancies it is all like this. She thinks Jack so much more gentle and clever than her own brothers, and marries him without any more real knowledge of his character than has the French girl, who never sits in a room alone with a man till after marriage.

The girl who works, say in an office where men are employed, sees a totally different phase of her Jack's character. She sees him on Monday mornings when he comes back to work after a day off. She sees how he acts when he is tired and things go wrong. She sees his manner to superiors and subordinates, to wealthy visitors and the man who peddles pencils. She notes that he finds time, amid all the hurry of business, to pay her some of those little attentions women love, and that he heads off the man who swears and tells broad stories. She sees more of the real man in a week than does her sister uptown in a whole season of parties, and when she marries Jack, there will be fewer hard discoveries to make as a wife.

The rule works both ways. The girl clerk shows her real nature every day of her life. The routine of office or store work brings out every phase of her character, as the light in which she works shows off her complexion. She shows involuntarily if she is quick, neat, conscientious, and amiable, or the reverse. Jack sees how she bears troubles great and small, and above all how she guards her womanliness under the tests of the semi public life she lives.

The girl who is seen only in her parlor of an evening or at an entertainment is not the girl a man lives with after marriage. She is only a small part of her. She is the one who will head his table at a dinner party, but it is a question whether she will be there when the servant leaves or the baby cries all night.

We often hear that the first year of married life is the hardest. That is because the young people are only getting acquainted with each other, and, after vowing to spend their lives together, are finding out whether it will be possible to do so with any comfort. Society would think any more intimate acquaintance than that of the ballroom and parlor both unnecessary and unseemly. So the wedded strangers in nine cases out of ten have a bad time of it, while the office companions, who have metaphorically summered and wintered each other into perfect knowledge, have only to discover how much nicer each one is in his home life.

Even if the girl does not marry the clerk at the next desk, her knowledge of the ins and outs, ups and downs, of his character helps her with the man

she finally accepts. Men are pretty much alike all the world over, just as women are — only the girl whose courtship takes place under the gaslight and on the tennis court does not find it out till after marriage.

J. M. B.

Household Whispers.

In a couple of weeks (very soon after January 1) the spring goods will be in the shop windows, and off in corners there will be bargain tables where all sorts of standard materials will be piled up and marked down to the delight of the far-seeing home-maker who has not spent all her money for Christmas. All next winter's supplies of flannel, blankets, and underwear can be bought at about half price and stored away till needed.

Furs can be bought low also, and a couple of months' wear had of them before putting them away.

It is not a bit too soon to think of the spring sewing. Get all the plain things done and out of the way before you begin on the dresses, or the former will surely be slighted.

Lace curtains and such things as must go to the cleaners should be sent off now. They will receive more attention and be returned sooner now than later.

If you clean house now while the weather is bad and you are not tempted to go out all the time, you will be glad of it when the warm spring days come, and you hate the sight of brooms and dusters, and want to be out in the air, and see the new life coming into everything.

Instead of spending $2 on a sterilizer for baby's milk, fit any smooth, clean bottles with rubber corks and do the boiling in any saucepan you like, with a perforated tin box cover on the bottom, to prevent the bottles coming in contact with the pot.

Borax and warm water will keep bottles and nipples in perfect condition. Have at least six, and use them in rotation, leaving those not in use soaking till needed.

When it is too raw and cold to open the windows, leave the stopper out of a bottle of lavender salts for half an hour; it will air the room perfectly.

If the children have six of each kind of flannels instead of the usual three, they can wear them in rotation, allowing each six days to air. It will then not be necessary to wash them so often, and shrinkage will be avoided.

Flannels should never be hemmed. The extra thickness makes perfect drying difficult. Turn up once, and feather stitch or herring-bone the raw edge.

As soon as the small people begin to rebel against flannel bands, get the ribbed knitted ones that fit closely and don't come undone. Everybody should wear these — young and old; they save doctors' bills.

During the Ball.

Was there ever any fun in it, anyway? That's a question, a thoughtful, serious query, women put to themselves the day after they have been battered round a room and reduced to rags by the average dancing man.

We have all fallen under the influence of the novelist's pen in reproducing the rhythmic motion, the pulsing of the music, the exhilaration of the moment, in short, the delights of the dance, but doctors can best describe the reaction of the day after.

The mental tortures of the wall-flowers sink into insignificance beside

the physical woes of the favored (?) women selected for slaughter.

Even the hardy, seasoned dancers, who are not too ill or too mutilated to indulge in thought, must be forced to the conclusion that the average dancing man is at heart a woman-hater. No reason less weighty can account for his systematic efforts to extinguish the sex, to cripple woman by reducing her toes to pulp, and to trample her under foot till her own dressmaker couldn't swear to the remains of her gown.

The partner who walks around you.

And the worst of it is, there is nothing about the man to warn you of your peril. He may be very harmless to look at, and may approach you with a smile as expansive as a year-old baby's; but once in his clutch, unless fortune promptly interfere, you realize that you are a doomed individual. He may combine the agility of a monkey, the speed of an ostrich, the clumsiness and grip of a grizzly bear, or he may possess only one of these characteristics. In either case he is dangerous, and the board of public safety should enact a by-law compelling him to don a danger signal with his dress suit. Then women would at least take the risks knowingly. As it is, there is really no protection.

Ungraceful but nice.

The unsophisticated girl, whose graduating bow serves as a pleased response to the unplacarded dancer's invitation, is a much-to-be-pitied mortal. Even the confiding touch of her hand on his arm rouses no pity in his heart; he is going to "put her through," and he does it in a wholesouled manner that leaves her in a half-soled or soleless condition.

"Now, don't be nervous," he counsels, as without giving her a moment for serious reflection, or even a farewell word to her friends, he whirls her into the throng, and carefully uses her as a shield to receive the shock of opposing forces.

"Slight but wiry, deuced wiry," he comments approvingly, as a pair aggregating 300 pounds careen full upon his 100 pound partner. "Couldn't have stood that better myself," and for a moment he is tempted to save her from Jones, who wants the next dance and will walk through it at a pall-bearer's pace. But a waxed floor is not conducive to the right kind of sentiment, and after all it is really kind of a serious fellow like Jones to ask the little girl out; so he passes her on without a pang, and for a quarter of an hour she has a creepy sensation of assisting Jones in his funeral function.

Takes it as an exercise.

Music doesn't matter to Jones; he has a jog-trot of his own, and views his partner with cold displeasure when she ventures to suggest that they are dancing the wrong figure. He isn't the kind of man to swing his partner to any fellow's order, or, in fact, to swing her at all; so she goes off the floor feeling that she has been done out of something. But the period of inaction prepares her a little for the next onslaught, when the motion-mad dancer leads her out.

He begins rationally enough, but increases to a cyclonic rate of speed that makes the air whistle round his partner's head; she feels her hair rising on end, and clings frantically to the excited stepper. To do him justice, he has no desire to loosen his grip; he stays her back with one broad hand, and with the other wrenches her right arm into a

parallel position; her left hand beats the air like an exhausted swimmer's and on they go; he drags her up to accommodate his height till she literally turns on two toes, and presently a sudden vigorous crunch threatens to destroy even this slight support; she sways dizzily for a moment, and casts a pleading almost expiring look at her partner's face, but he is grimacing horribly, and gives no sign of relaxing his speed; he merely steadies the girl by digging his fingers farther into her back and twisting her arm almost from the socket. A dexterous side-shuffle tears off a slipper, but it would be death to re-adjust it; he is not the man to stop for such a trifle.

"Isn't it fun to run into everybody?"

M. B. O'S.

His Favorite Dish.

Then mix and bake the Johnny-cake,
And beat the omelet light;
The surest plan to please a man
Is through his appetite.

And why not? What rational woman could expect the poor, dear fellow to be companionable until fed? Gastronomic exploits have made men famous since history began. Who would have known anything about Adam if Eve had not catered to his love of fruit? The women of to-day emulate her example, but, fortunately, with less ruinous results. Cooking has become a science, an art, if you will, and women have the honor of expounding its principles both in theory and practice. They have literally in their hands a powerful means of man's general reformation. For instance, when he comes home tired, cold, and cross, don't bother him with questions; don't load him with reproaches, or even rebuke him mildly for bringing in snow on his boots, or throwing his coat over a chair. If you do, his conduct may be such as to make you wonder how you ever loved such a savage.

The woman of tact never makes such an error; when she hears his step she throws wide the door, draws him into the comfort and light of home, smiles brightly enough to melt the snow, hangs up the coat herself, and, gently urging him towards a well-spread table, presses upon him the choicest bits. He may not notice that she doesn't eat anything herself, but what woman cares for such trifles when she knows that a great moral reform is going on!

After an hour or so, he feels good natured enough to talk, and is positively remorseful over having the nicest little woman in the world waiting on him. As a sort of vicarious expiation, he comes down heavily on the children for leaving things round, and sternly demands of his eldest son what he means by letting his mother hang up his coat.

Or take the young man whose sister unseasonably importuned him to take her to the theatre. He refused curtly and heartlessly; but after partaking of some dainty prepared by her, he reconsiders his decision, frankly but inwardly condemns himself, and, with the awkward grace of a man who wants to make amends without confessing himself in the wrong, says, "Well, Katie, since you're bound to go, we may as well get off." And Katie "gets off" without letting him know that she made that dish "just on purpose."

Oh, yes, men are easily managed if you only have the tact not to let them think so. They naturally like to think that their word is law. Be lenient, indulge their fancy, feed them, and renew the request; you will rarely meet with a second refusal. They like deference. Let them have it, it won't do them any harm; and as it is only external, it can't hurt you, either. We can't expect them to be as patient and enduring as women. Has it not recently been demonstrated by scientists that we are less sensitively organized than men, less susceptible to pain, just as in turn a toad or frog has blunter sensibilities than even we possess?

But, apropos of frogs, an epicure's delight, we must return to cooking.

Now, humiliating as is the confession, it must be conceded that there are members of our sex who do not know how to cook, have no knowledge of quality or quantity, and can't discriminate between oyster stew and clam chowder. Such women are a menace to the nation. They make bread with the properties of cement, and pie illustrating by its toughness the indestructibility of matter. One woman remembers yet her first culinary effort, a meat pasty, which was brutally rejected by her family, politely evaded by her friends, and finally accepted by a tramp.

For days the girl who perpetrated that pasty endured agonies of remorse and suspense, till a younger sister came in from school with the welcome tidings, "He's alive yet, Aggie!" There are not many men blessed with that wayfarer's superb physique.

Every man has his favorite dish. It is some one woman's privilege to prepare it. No doubt hundreds of our women readers daily ask the potential question, "What shall I get for his breakfast, lunch, or dinner?" as the case may be. One man has a weakness for escalloped oysters; his brother may prefer them on the shell; another revels in roast beef, while still another indulges in the vulgarity of a boiled dinner. There are men fastidious enough to crave apple meringue, while others thrive upon that culinary catch-all — hash.

To meet such varied demands is woman's study, and the results of her researches should be given to the world. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, ever intent on the promotion of man's happiness, proposes to place before the public the biggest menu of favorite dishes ever prepared for a New Year's feast. To do this we must have the coöperation of our women readers. We want each one to send us her favorite receipt with intructions in full for making it. There are no rules or conditions to be observed beyond stating quantities and entire cost of production, and mailing your communication before Feb. 1, on which date the contest closes. Competent judges will decide upon the merits of the receipts submitted, and a handsome dinner set will be awarded to the competitor sending in the best receipt for his favorite dish. Address: Cooking Contest, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Hope of Our Homes.

Wonders for Children.

Christmas has long been essentially children's day. Santa Claus and shopkeepers know this, and consequently there are some wonderful displays in and back of the toy store windows. Dolls are presented in every condition of life. They are shown floating around on ambitious models of the Ferris wheel. They are displayed headless and trunkless, dressed and undressed, with fine clothes and in cheap clothes. There are as many gradations in doll life as in that which is real, and which often stare longingly and shiveringly these short winter afternoons from the outside of windows that inclose fairyland.

If Dickens could behold the wonders of city toy shops in these latter days, he would doubtless perpetrate a new Christmas carol with a new and improved Tiny Tim to garnish it. What, for instance, could he say to "the whistling boy," a toy of really marvellous capacity? "The whistling boy" stands upon a green pedestal. He is clad in black jacket and knickerbockers, and carries a yellow school bag around his neck. In one hand he holds a short stick uplifted. The boy's face is positively human in expression, and his lips are pursed up for the universal musical expression of boyhood.

You wind him up at his pedestal, and then he begins to whistle in the most natural manner imaginable, winking his big brown eyes with their brown lashes. He does not go on whistling in the idiotic fashion pursued by most mechanical toys, but does it by fits and starts just as a real boy would do, and beats time for the music with his little stick. This boy is valued at $150, and is cheap at the price.

If you are opposed to whistling boys at any price, you will possibly be interested in the performance of half a dozen mechanical dogs of tiny proportions, which, when you turn the crank which moves them to perform, will feast on mutton pie, ice cream, and crullers, just as if they were alive, with waiters running here and there laden with fresh viands. Another collection of little white canine automata goes through the evolutions of a class in school.

The dolls have been supplied with many new attractions. Some of them are better dressed than dolls were ever dressed before. The brunette dolls are dressed in yellow bengaline silk, and the blonde dolls in blue of the same quality. These dolls are big and exclusive looking.

But the grand surprise of the doll situation this year is the liliputian trunk "built for two." This is nothing short of

a full trousseau for doll bride and groom, stowed away in a love of a little trunk, with the dainty pair themselves packed in the tray. There are innumerable changes of clothing in that trunk, and the child who gets it as a present will find her joy thoroughly unconfined.

How to Make a Doll's House.

In a dark corner of a certain attic, waiting for Christmas morning, there is a fascinating doll-house, that, if you know much about the prices for such things, you would say cost $10 or $12. This apparently expensive toy, that was a wooden shoe box a month ago, is about three feet long and a foot and a half wide. It cost a quarter of a dollar. The lid was put on hinges, and when the box is stood up on end, it forms the door or side of the house that can be set wide open. Two shelves are fitted in for floors, and four holes were cut for windows on each floor. These are filled in with window glass found about the house. But the expense would be trifling if it were necessary to buy it. The outside of the house is painted a warm yellow, with white around the windows. The walls are covered with old blue cartridge paper, with a frieze of pale yellow roses and olive roses below, and with paper in a wild-rose pattern on the second story. The wall paper was found in the house too, but books and samples are often given away by dealers in wall paper. If paper is not to be had without an outlay, cover the walls with pale tinted silesia or cambric, with a little frill at the top. Fasten to the wall with tacks. Then add little curtains of lace or cheesecloth, and make rugs or carpets of bits of old carpet or heavy cloth. A piece of plush of olive or cardinal, with a wide border of another darker color, would make a rich-looking carpet. If there is no furniture for the house, it may be made or bought for a very reasonable price at a toy store. It is no more trouble to fit up such a house than to dress a doll, and it will hold together much longer than the flimsy affairs sold in most shops.

Get out your tools, boys, and try it. If you don't get it done for Christmas, it will be welcome any time in the year.

A Spelling Match.

The young readers of Donahoe's are cordially invited to take part in this novel spelling match. We want every boy and girl who competed for the five-dollar prize to stand in line and call up a friend. There can't be too many children in this department, all the strangers will be heartily welcome. A handsome gift book will be awarded to the contestant who "spells down" every one else.

To take part you must read "A Story Strangely Spelled," correct it, and mail your copy as soon as possible. The first correct answer will be the winning one.

A STORY STRANGELY SPELLED.

Once upon a time a great many children were talking about a prize.

"I seen it in Donahoe's Magasin," said a boy, who always stood on one foot when excited, "and I'm going to try. A five-dollar gold peace would come in handy for Chrismus."

"Five dollers!" gasped his little sister. "Why, you could by lots of artecls with all that money."

"Five dollors," echoed cousin Frank. "If I got the prise, I'd buy a mothpiece for Jonnie"—

"And preasants for me," pleaded little Kate; "i'd love a pare of mittens, and a scollar's companion."

"Don't be greedy," advised another girl. "I should think you'd rather get your mama a pritty pin cussion and some canbric hankerchiefs."

"Sodi," said a boy, whose hair bristled on end. "Mother promised me a doble runner if I'd brush my haire, and talk sloer."

"I'd like some knew close," confessed a quiet little chap; "these is all tore up shinnin' up telegraf polls after Collin's cat."

"I new it was you chased our cat," cried Susie Collins; "and I just hope 'at you won't get any presence."

"Softly, Susie," cooed the peacemaker. "That's not the wright spirit four Chrismass."

"I hope we'll all get presens."

"You can pretty near guess," laughed a little girl, "what you'll find in your stoking.

I delite in dolls, and I'd like a furr collor too ceep me warm."

"A rubber eracer with to tips is what I want," said Connie Kay, who drew hoarses with fore tales, and dogs with three pause. "If I had that I could make strait lions."

"I don't care for such amusment," acknowledged serious Mary Carson. "I'd like an enteresting book, a thimbl, and some crocheted triming."

"What's the good of splitting a dollur?" asked Teddy Brown. "If I'd to bye preasents for a famely with five, I'd make 'em all chip togeather and get something betweene them."

"A pretty present for a Catholic child would be a purl roasery," said little Clara Dawson. "I'm hopeing papa will give me one."

"The MAGIZINE recomens writing rite off," asserted noisy Fred Forrest, wrapping the table with a drum-stick. "If you want to wine the prize you've got to work for it, and work harde to, minde that."

Fred was chairman of a boys' club, and his word carried wait. The other children began to get out paper and pens, and timid Nellie Lomond asked, "Are we aloud to give ages? I have to broothers, and a sister, aged respectfully nine, seven, and"—

"Tell the rest to the editer," interrupted Fred rudely, "and don't begin with your much Prized MAGAZIN contaned a offer."

"What shall we say?" demanded another boy, anoyed at noisy Fred. "I know a fellor who doesn't no enuff to ware a nectie, but can skare girls out of there wits."

"Which means me," shouted Fred; "if I just cot you outside"—

"The Choctams' Club would be without a chairman five minits after," interrupted his enemee; "but we'll weight till the girls get threw."

"Don't be angry, please," pleaded the peacemaker, "and Christmas thyme too."

"So the buoys shook hands, and were friends again, and all the children went to work with a will, even down to little Johnnie Jenkins, who printed all over a page, "The things i can get fer a doler is as follos."—Address Children's Department, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

The Postman's Knock.

HERE is a letter from a little girl who hasn't any brothers or sisters, but seems to be very happy with books, music, and society meetings. Frances must write again and tell us more about her work.

32 SIXTH STREET, BIRMINGHAM, CONN.,
Oct. 30, 1893.

"Children's Prize Contest," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

I am thirteen years old, and go to St. Mary's Parochial School in this place. I am in the highest room, and in the first class. I expect to go to High School next April. Our pastor is Rev. Father McElroy, and the superintendent of the school is Rev. Father Finn. I belong to the "Angel's Sodality," the "League of the Sacred Heart," and the "Juvenile Temperance Society." This society is composed of girls and boys under 25 years, who have made their First Holy Communion or were confirmed. We have signed the pledge, which is to be kept until we are 25, in honor of the Sacred Thirst which our Lord endured on the Cross. It is only about a year old, and will be multiplied every year. Every meeting is made very pleasant by the speaking of pieces, singing of songs, and reading. The third Sunday of the month is meeting Sunday. This place was made a city a few months ago, and is known as the City of Derby; but as Birmingham was a borough, it will take quite a while, I suppose, to call it Derby. I heard of the prize offered in your MAGAZINE for the best letter written on "How to spend a dollar to the best advantage." I would like the editors to know I was anxious to try for the prize, even if I didn't win it. I have no brothers nor sisters, so I don't know their wants very well. For my father I would buy a pair of carpet slippers, costing 35 cents. For my mother I would buy three yards of gingham for aprons, costing 15 cents. For a brother a pair of 10-cent mittens, and a handkerchief for 5 cents. For a sister a yard of hair ribbon, 8 cents, handkerchief, 5 cents, and a lead pencil, 2 cents. For myself a bottle of ink, 5 cents, pen and penholder, 2 cents, blotter, 1 cent, ruler, 1 cent, pencil, 1 cent. These articles I will probably need in school. I think this is about all I could get out of my dollar. Last March I answered a puzzle, and now I am receiving a music book every month for a year. I have read some of your MAGAZINES and liked them very much. I hope this letter will please you, and I would like very much to win the prize. Well, as I cannot think of any more, I will close by sending my best wishes to all. I remain,

Yours respectfully,
FRANCES E. MEEKER.

A little girl in Susquehanna, whose papa is dead, writes to tell us that she would remember him at Christmas by putting his share of the dollar in the poor box. Loretto has thought of a beautiful way of showing her love, and helping the needy at the same time.

Catherine Poole's letter speaks for itself. These pupils of St. Mary's school do credit to their teacher.

369 CORAM AVENUE, SHELTON, CONN.,
Oct. 29, 1893.

"Children's Prize Contest," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

There are seven rooms in my school, and I

am in the highest room and in the second class. My teacher's name is Sister M. Angela. I like her very much. She does everything in her power for our improvement. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and Scripture history. Our pastor is Rev. C. J. McElroy, and the superintendent of the school is Rev. T. J. Finn. Our pastor takes great interest in the children of the parish. He has established a society called "The Youth's League of the Sacred Thirst," of which I am a member. It is in honor of the thirst which our Lord endured when He was dying on the Cross. When the children make their First Holy Communion they take the pledge until they are 25 years old. We have a meeting once a month. He makes it very interesting for us by having some of the members speak pieces, and others sing; he also gives us beautiful instruction. The time passes away so quickly and happily that we are glad when that Sunday comes around. We also have a library here, and Rev. Father Finn takes charge of it. The books are very nice, most of them being written by distinguished writers, such as Louisa Alcott, Rosa Mulholland, and others. My teacher told us about the prize offered for the best letter on "How you would spend a dollar to the best advantage," and said we might try. I am anxious to try for it, even if I don't win. Now, I will tell what I would buy. I have no brothers nor sisters, so I do not know much about their wants; however, I will see what I can buy. For my father I would buy a pair of carpet slippers to wear around the house, 25 cents; for my mother a work basket and a thimble, 30 cents, because her old one is worn out. For my sister a pair of mittens, because it is coming on winter and she will need them, 10 cents. For my brother a cap, 25 cents, for the same reason that I would buy my sister the mittens. Now I have 10 cents left for a present for myself. Let me see; I need some paper and ink to use in school, so I will buy a tablet and a bottle of ink, 10 cents. Well, I guess my dollar is spent, so I will close my letter, hoping it will please the editors, and thus encourage me to write a better one the next time.

Yours respectfully,

CATHERINE POOLE.

And here is still another of St. Angela's girls. Do you know that name calls up very pleasant memories of another convent school and another gentle teacher who bore that beautiful name? Many of her pupils are women now, but they love to think of the big square room, with its long, sunny windows and stands of flowering plants, the pretty prints on the walls, the cabinet for their work, the wide, old-fashioned mantel, with vases of flowers and the statue of Our Lady with snowy veil and garlands of lilies of the valley. And the dear teacher, with her sweet, refined face and smiling blue eyes, that saw all the good in her girls — but there, Nellie is waiting to tell about her school.

SHELTON, CONN., Oct. 30, 1893.

"Children's Prize Contest," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston.

I am fifteen years old, and a pupil of St. Mary's School, and Sr. Mary Angela is my teacher, who tries every possible means to improve us. I am in the highest room, which is number seven, also in the first class. I study history, geography, grammar, spelling, and reading. The superintendent of our school is Rev. Father Finn, who takes great interest in us and is pleased when he sees we are improving. We have a very large and beautiful church, also a large parish; there are a number of societies attached to our church, among them being "The Juvenile Temperance Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," of which I am a member. When we receive our First Communion, we take the pledge until we are 25 years, and are thus admitted into the society. Rev. Father McElroy, our pastor, who takes charge of it, makes it as interesting as possible. He selects some boys and girls to speak pieces and sing songs. We also have a library of our own from which we take books; they are very nice; I like to read them. We meet once a month, and are anxious for our meeting Sunday to come round; we almost wish it were every Sunday.

Our teacher was reading DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE the other day, and saw a prize of $5 offered to the child who would write the best letter on "How to spend a dollar to the best advantage," and said we might try it; although I may be unsuccessful, I thought the editor would be pleased to have me write.

First of all, I know mamma would like a new wrapper, and if I buy it to-day, it will cost me 50 cents, so I will defer the buying until Saturday, which is sales' day, whereby I can get it for 40 cents. I prefer buying this for mamma than anything else, because in the first place she needs, it and it is very useful. Papa was saying the other evening his tie looked rather shabby, so I am going to surprise him with a new one; the silk will cost me 20 cents, and in the meantime I must try and find a few spare moments to make it. I would rather buy a tie for papa, because I have not enough money to make him a costly present, and besides that is what he needs most. But I must not forget the rest, for my dollar is going fast. Well, if I don't buy Kittie a felt hat, she will be wear-

ing her straw one when the snow flies, so I think I can spare 25 cents for that. And then there is Johnnie. I was nearly forgetting him; I will buy him a pair of stockings for 10 cents; as little boys always have holes in their stockings and it is hard to keep them mended, I will add another pair to his number. Now, as there are only 5 cents left for a present for myself, and that isn't very much, but I need paper, and it will buy me some for school. This is all I can buy for $1. I hope you will be pleased with this letter. I remain,

Yours respectfully,
NELLIE CONLON.

When the postman's knock is heard again, it is to be hoped that there will be letters from a great many new boys and girls, as well as from all the old friends of the Children's Department.

HINTS ON BOOK READING.

READING is the chief recreation of the American people. Every month from the myriad printing presses of the country we are confronted with an array of books which would occupy a lifetime to read, even in a desultory manner. It is important, therefore, to choose the best; to read anything else is a loss of time and energy. We ought to be more careful about our books than we are about the food we eat. Our reading, as a rule, ought to be for the acquisition of knowledge; time is too precious to be killed by filling our minds with trash.

We have often heard the statement made by intelligent people that they forget what they read. Perhaps it is well they forget a considerable portion of it. Frederick Harrison describes the general literature of the day as "lurid and irregular streaks of imagination, extravagance of plot and incident, petty and mean subjects of study, forced and unnatural situations, morbid pathology of crime, dull copying of the dullest commonplace." But to read a good book and forget it is a real misfortune.

It may be profitable for our younger readers to recall to their memories the rules for reading with profit, for the manner of reading is just as important as the selection or quantity. When we were at school the masters used to tell us — and the practice of their advice is the highway to knowledge — read with discrimination, with reflection, and with note-book and pencil.

Make abstracts and extracts and write marginal remarks. You will then know your books, and after a time this diligence will bring its own reward. This careful, conscientious concentration will so strengthen your memories, will enable you to recall the principal facts of any book after a single reading.

Great books have to be read over and over again. No superficial glances will

enable us to drink in their thoughts. "Let me tell you this about Shakspeare," says a distinguished writer: "To any one who has read a play of his only once, the most natural, nay, I believe, the only natural opinion to form is, that he is a vastly overrated man.

"Read it over again, and you begin to get a vague, but still only a vague idea that possibly there is much more in it than you were at all prepared for. Read again and again and again, and you will find the play visibly growing larger and larger to your mental vision; and when you have read it in the leisure intervals of half a busy lifetime, and brought your accumulated stock of experience to bear upon it, you will in all probability come to the conclusion that there is more in it than you are capable of taking out of it."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The True Story Book." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.) This is a delightful book, containing 24 stories of adventure which actually happened to real people. The book is instructive as well as entertaining. Young and old will be delighted with the "Conquest of Montezuma's Empire," which, although the longest, is the most fascinating tale in the book. The illustrations give additional charm to the volume. The publishers have issued the work in their usual satisfactory style.

"A Handbook for Mothers." By Jane Walker, M. D. (The same.) Young mothers will find in this book most valuable advice for the care of their own and their children's health. It deserves a place in every home. The chapters on "The Artificial Feeding of Infants," "The Clothing of Infants," "Minor Ailments of Infancy" are full of helpful suggestion.

"Claude Lightfoot." By Francis J. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Bros., New York.) We have no abler writer of boys' stories in America than Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. His boys are living pictures, and we say as we read about them, "How true to life!" We sincerely hope this book will have a wide circulation among our Catholic youth. Claude Lightfoot's preservation of the Blessed Sacrament from the profanation of robbers is a most dramatic incident, and it cannot fail to leave a most solemn and salutary impression upon the reader. The binding, paper, and printing are worthy of the Benziger Bros.

"An Explanation of the Gospels of the Sundays and Holydays." By Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. Together with an explanation of Catholic worship by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. (The same.) This volume will be instructive Sunday reading for the home and a practical help for the proper interpretation of the Gospels. Many Catholics are puzzled at times to understand the real meaning of the Gospels, and do not care to trespass on the time of a clergyman for information. They will find this volume a mine of information.

"In Dreamland and Other Poems." By Thomas O'Hagan. (The Williamson Book Co., Toronto.) Mr. O'Hagan's little volume is a real contribution to our literature. He possesses poetic gifts of a high order, and we have read his verses with pleasure. His poems give promise of even nobler flights.

"Through Evangeline's Country." By Jeannette A. Grant. Illustrated. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) These chapters on Acadian history are most welcome. The author has a graceful style, and her pictures of rural life are exquisite bits of word-painting. The illustrations are a special feature of the book and are highly artistic.

"Five Minute Sermons for Low Masses." By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. (The Catholic Book Exchange, New York.) These sermons are all new, and sustain the reputation of their zealous and eloquent authors. There are three discourses for each Sunday in the year, and the Epistles and Gospels are conveniently placed before each set of sermons. Every page teems with impressive thought; and when a doctrine of the Church is mentioned, it is stated concisely.

RETURNING HOME.

BY JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

Who that has not himself experienced it can imagine the feeling which throbs within the exile's breast when, after long years of absence, his eyes once more catch sight of the rock-ribbed coast of dear old Ireland?

A generation of toil in the heart of some busy American city, or out upon the wild and boundless prairie, vanishes from the memory, and leaves not a trace behind to vex the soul the moment the lookout on the transatlantic steamer sings out "Land ahead!"

What a flood of recollections wells up in the heart of the wanderer! What joys and pleasures once more pass in review through his mind as the leviathan speeds onward, and the outline of the Irish coast, dim and distant at first, becomes more and more distinct!

Home again! Back to the scenes of his youth, to grasp once more the hands of the comrades of his boyhood's days, to meet the friends and companions, now, alas! grown gray, with whom he played in childhood. The early mass, the village dance, "the wedding and the wake, the pattern and the fair," "his boyhood's haunt, the old boreen," all come trooping past in his mind's eye.

To the summer tourist, whose voyage across the Atlantic is merely part of a pleasure trip to which so much time must of necessity be devoted, the cry of the sailors that land is in sight has little meaning, save that he is nearing his journey's end. But who that has stood on the deck of an ocean steamer, and watched the tears start unbidden from the eyes of a poor old exile, as he gazes once again on the landscape which he has seen only in dreams since he was a boy, will not forgive his weakness in the light of the sentiment which prompted it?

Rather will he not join with the wanderer as he murmurs to himself the touching words of the poet: —

> This one short hour pays lavishly back
> For many a year of mourning;
> I'd almost venture another flight
> There's so much joy in returning.

The returning exile has counted the hours since he lost sight of the American shore, and mentally measured the miles on the ocean's surface from the time the vessel passed the "half-way mark." He has gazed with wistful eyes at the apparently endless waste of water before him, and his heart has grown anxious as the billows seemed to rise like mountains in front of the steamer's bow.

But now, at last, he knows that he is nearing the coast of Ireland. The clear, crisp air, the balmy sunshine, and the bright, unclouded sky would have told him, even if he had not consulted the steamer's log, that she had entered on her last day's run, and that the land of his heart's affection is not very far ahead. The sea gulls, which for the past 24 hours have hovered about the ship, grow more familiar, as if anxious to be the first to extend a welcome to the storm-tossed travellers.

The exile's ears have never drunk in sweeter music than the harsh voice of one of the officers, assuring the anxious passengers that "We shall sight the coast of Ireland before night." Jubilation reigns for the remainder of the day, and there is no dearth of lookouts at the steamer's prow.

The shades of evening creep slowly on; the dark pall descends lower and lower, and finally seems to sink into the sea; the stars come out, and twinkle merrily above the heads of the mariners. The ship is lighted up, and casts

its weird reflection far out upon the waters, the phosphorescent light flashes from the waves, while the screw revolves with a force which makes the monster of the seas vibrate as though she were constructed of matchwood. The engines throb responsive to the efforts of the brawny firemen, who work with redoubled energy as they near their destination.

All is still on board save for the working of the engines, and the breaking of the waves against the steamer's sides, as she ploughs her way through the water. Out on the bow a sailor, clad in oilcloth, is peering forward through the darkness, while here and there on deck are scattered a score of anxious individuals eagerly watching for a glimpse of land.

Suddenly the deep voice of the lookout rings out, announcing "A light on the port bow," the cry is repeated by the officer on the bridge, and borne to the farthest corner of the ship. A cheer goes up from the few enthusiasts who have remained on deck, and in a moment the smoking-room, the cabins, and saloons have each contributed their quota to the throng who grasp the rail, and declare that "It really is the coast of Ireland."

After a while the men return to the smoking-room to have a parting game of poker and an additional brandy and soda, and the ladies to their saloon to exchange congratulations on their escape from "that horrid seasickness," and arrange for meetings in London, Paris, or elsewhere later on.

Not one, but half a dozen bright lights have been left astern in the meantime, some of them revolving with picturesque effect in the darkness of the early evening. A rocket shoots high up into the air, and everybody knows that the steamer is abreast of the Fasnet lighthouse; the Bull, Cow, and Calf are left behind in the distance, and she is passing the Old Head of Kinsale.

Several hours have passed since the trained eye of the sailor discerned land in sight. The mist, which through the night has hung over the water and partially obscured the shore, is lifting. Daylight is struggling for mastery over the darkness, as faintly at first, and then more brightly, it breaks on the horizon, and the Irish coast stands forth, revealed in all its sylvan splendor.

Where is the pen which can adequately describe the feelings that crowd thick and fast upon one another in the exile's heart at that moment? The dream of his life has been realized — he is once more to be clasped to the breast of his dear mother Erin. She has not changed; as he looks upon her, she is as beautiful as ever.

There are her bold headlands, and rocky promontories, her nooks and coves with the breakers lashing themselves into fury against them, just as the wanderer saw it when he bade adieu to Innisfail a score of years before. Into the shore the sea-green water is as smooth as glass, while in it are mirrored in magnificent splendor the verdure-crowned hillsides, which stretch away in the background as far as the eye can reach.

The morning light has penetrated the mist, the veil is rolled away, the god of day lifts his face above the horizon, and from behind the Irish hills glints the emblem of her long-sought freedom — old Ireland's sunburst. Back through the years since his boyhood, comes wafted to the exile the song of his youth: —

> My soul to God, but there it is,
> The dawn on the hills of Ireland,
> God's angels lifting the night's black veil
> From the fair, sweet face of my sire's land.
> Oh! Ireland, isn't it grand you look?
> Like a bride in her rich adornin'.
> And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
> I bid you the top of the mornin'.

While his eyes are still feasting on the scene, and his tongue still murmuring the words of joy, the steamer has been nearing Queenstown, and now the little tender bowls along towards her, tooting a welcome to her big sister from over the water. In a few moments she has been made fast to the leviathan, and the Irish mails and passengers transferred on board.

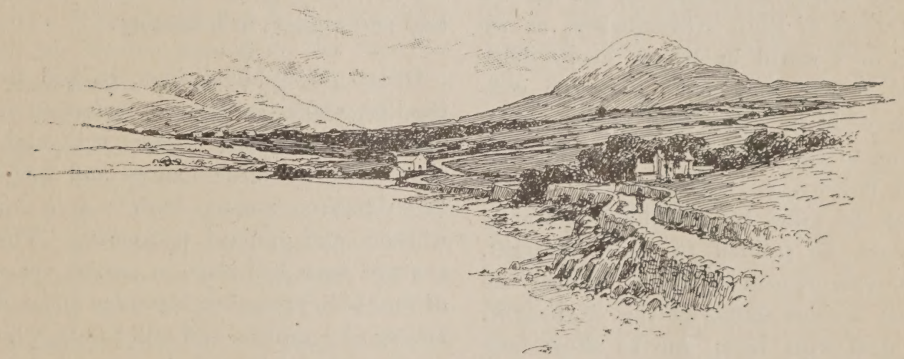
Back she scuds at once to Queenstown, while the liner slowly turns her bow about, and steams ahead for Liverpool. In the little vessel passes between the frowning forts of Camden and Carlisle, — bulwarks of England's power in Ireland, — looking all the more grim and warlike in the early morning light. The first eyesore which the traveller sees on Irish soil is a reminder that Britain claims the good will of her sister country, only by holding her in subjection.

On past Haulbowline the little vessel steams, and the magnificent scenery of Queenstown harbor bursts upon the view. A regular panorama of beauty unfolds itself, as the eye sweeps along from Rochespoint, across the Great Island, up to Monkstown, over "the pleasant waters of the river Lee," and back again to Glenbrook. And right in front, nestling at the feet of its far-famed hillside, its crest crowned with the magnificent temple of St. Colman, is Queenstown itself.

> And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
> Watching the wild waves' motion?
> Leaning her back up against the hills
> And the tip of her toes in the ocean.

When the deep-water quay has been reached, and the ordeal of the search by the customs officers, and the scrutiny of the Royal Irish Constabulary are over; when the traveller finds himself again on terra firma, he can feast his eyes on the beauties of the Irish landscape, and exclaim once more:—

> Oh! Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
> I bid you the top of the mornin'.



ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

BY STEPHEN HENRY.

It is only a little while, my dear,
Only a little while,
Till the autumn time of life draws near,
When the greenest leaf becometh sere,
And our ways shall tend away from here,
Only a little while.

It is only a little while, my dear,
Only a little while,
That we have to bid the smile appear,
Ere the skies grow gray and life grows drear
And shall come the uninvited tear, —
Only a little while.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

DEAN SWIFT said that the human race was as fit for flying as for thinking, and there is a picturesque newspaper phrase which describes the reasonable person as "a man who thinks with his head." DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE does not agree with the satirist, but does agree with those who believe that in the complexity of the world's affairs, practical and useful conclusions must be reached through the intellect.

Sentiments and emotions are the best part of our lives, and they are by no means based upon pure reason. Logic plays a very small part in the highest interests of life. Nevertheless, as we are in a world in which every daily and hourly movement must be considered in its direct and indirect relations to the welfare of ourselves and our fellows, it is absolutely necessary that the mind from earliest childhood should be trained to think straight. For this reason it will be among the most serious duties of this MAGAZINE to deal with facts, and to show how they shall be approached, not through prejudice, bigotry, or mere conventional modes of thought. There is a right and a wrong way of looking at every subject, and the profitable result can only be attained by faculties trained in the exercise of reason. There is no man living who does not contain some capacity for being influenced by justice and truth, and it is the high function of reason to show the way to wisdom.

If men would only learn to think, and then positively do their own thinking for themselves in their daily affairs, this dull, befogged society of ours would soon begin to advance by leaps and bounds. Take the subject of economic science, which at present occupies the attention of the civilized world. Under the influence of barren but time-honored phrases, some men of alleged learning and humanity are persistent in advocating unrestricted competition as the law of social development. Under existing conditions, any thoughtful person who looks into wretched homes of poverty-ridden people, sees at once that this "law" is a lie, and a gross libel upon what is best and highest in humanity.

Other quasi-philosophers, backed by the lobby-born legislation of foolish or corrupt congressmen, assert that high protection for millionnaires and their manufactures means high wages for workers and general prosperity. The average man has seen, in recent years of that policy, no such blessings diffused among the miners and mill-hands, who produce the wealth of the country. It is quite true that protection is a great deal better for all than the uncertainty, and the suffering, and the platitudinous hypocrisy that rules and ruins the land at the present time, but the real causes of want and misery are not to be removed by either free trade or protection.

They lie deep down in basic errors and injustices of a society, that in its everyday actions has lost sight of the teachings of Christianity. "As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner," is the only

key to the halls of human justice, and the only corner-stone on which the structure of human happiness can really rest. To-day this golden rule is laughed to scorn by the acts of commercial life. Is this laugh to grow louder and harsher, or is it gradually to die away, and be merged in the joyous acclaim of victory for the principles taught by Christ's life and death? Teachers and preachers, here's the text for every real leader of men and servant of God! The two great forces upon which demagogues and economic "tinkers" rely, are popular indifference — which is called vis inertiæ — and popular ignorance. Inertness, or the power to do nothing, has its uses. The great Pascal said that half the trouble in the world arises from the fact that men cannot sit alone in a room for a day and do nothing but think out, each for himself, what he wants to do, and what he ought to do, and how he ought to do it. The capacity to think, however, is in many cases a matter of training, as much as a natural gift. Many people have to be taught to think on all subjects, as they are taught to reason in elementary mathematics.

The second, and the greatest force, is that which is possessed by all the infants and too many adults of the world. It is the mighty force of ignorance. "Knowledge," said a great writer, "is power, but who hath ever yet computed the power of ignorance?" And then the writer proceeds to say that for years and centuries, knowledge toils laboriously, and bestows carefully the results, so that in course of time a great structure shall stand four square to every wind that blows. But ignorance comes along drunk, with a firkin of oil and a match, and with a "let there be no light!" knocks the accumulations of knowledge into space. "Yes, knowledge is power, but it is a power governed by justice and restrained by wisdom, while ignorance is a blind giant, who will pull down the pillars of the temple, crushing himself and his fellows beneath the ruins."

The terrible question that confronts us this month, and which is likely to be with us during the winter, does not refer to an economic theory, but to a social condition. This question is, "What can each and all of us do for the unemployed and the destitute?" In the city of Chicago, there are 120,000 people who cannot procure work. In Boston there are 40,000 in the same condition, and in every other city, great or small, of the United States, this proportion of the destitute is preserved with almost mathematical precision. What is to be done about it? — and at once? This is no time for palaver or for economic trifling. In long periods of tranquillity and prosperity, the philosophers could not agree upon theories, while in times of dire necessity their efforts are as futile as those of a child crying for the moon. Yet something may and must be done to alleviate this wholesale misery, while, thank God, there are yet in abundance men who have courage and mercy in their hearts and vigor in their loins.

What this something is, is worthy the intense and prayerful thought of all. No scheme will suffice which involves the slightest sacrifice of self-respect on the part of the unemployed. The keenest suffering is often without

hands to extend or tongue to ask. There is one plan, however vague and impracticable it may seem, which would nevertheless be effective if all would join in its promotion. This plan touches the root of the present distress. Commercial and financial distrust, resulting in the keeping of money by those who have it, is the cause of the existing condition. If the money in the land were all in circulation, there would be no trouble. To increase the present limited circulation of money, then, by spending all we can afford to spend, not in prodigality, not in wastefulness, but in generous helpfulness, is a work of duty in which all can join. If each one would do this, it would help some. If each one would pay his debts, as far as possible, it would help a little more. If the government of the nation, thinking of the whole people and not of the coupon-cutters only, would increase the volume of the country's currency directly and not through financial middle-men, it would help still more.

An English writer in a current magazine suggests that the very best thing to be done with millionnaires in America would be to confer upon them high honorary office, associated with the inestimable privilege of expending their wealth for public benefit. Mr. Frederick Harrison, who is a master of good, honest, slashing English words, gives as examples the rich men of ancient Athens, who, when that glorious little community was in its prime, produced at their own cost the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. Every Athenian citizen had free admission — like the modern critic or occasional reporter — to the theatre in which the noblest triumphs of literary and dramatic art were being represented. The nearest thing to a free theatre, at present, that the culture of "modern Athens" can produce, is the ten-cent variety show. It is to be feared that if the dramas enacted at this establishment were to be written by some living equivalent of Sophocles the attendance would not pay for gas.

But now, as to the variety shows, it may be said of them that if they are not elevating they are most assuredly diverting. They present the comical and farcical aspects of life, which form such a delightful change from the dull drudgery of the daily work performed by the vast majority of American citizens. While the overworked mill "hands" and factory people watch the antics of energetic jokers whose every sentence creates a laugh, "their cares drop from them like the needles shaken from out the gusty pine." And this is a great and beneficent result to be attained by any legitimate means. Therefore, until something higher and better shall have been substituted for the song and dance, let that entertaining frolic be honored, in obedience to one of the fundamental principles of life, that humor is the safeguard of sanity. There would not be so many farmers' wives and daughters in asylums for the insane if the poor unfortunate drudges had been able to go to a variety show once a week.

And yet there is a better way than mere burlesque or extravaganza for opening up the high regions of romance, poetry, and all emotion to those careworn brothers and sisters of ours, upon whose face and form have been affixed, without a ribbon, the Grand Cross of

the Legion of Poverty. If Mr. Irving's "Becket" were to be performed any night in the week, or for every night six weeks in succession, at an admission fee of 10 or 25 cents, how many people would be drawn off from the variety shows? There can be no hesitation in saying that every man and woman, boy or girl, who cares at all for theatrical representation, would go without a dinner or supper, if necessary, in order to see a great historic figure presented by cultured people with all the appropriate accessories. And — here's the rub — after a few of such visions of the beautiful, how many boys and girls would voluntarily fall back upon the song and dance business?

To those philosophical sceptics who have asserted that sin is only undeveloped or perverted virtue, the pictures of Christ and Judas in this number ought to be a sufficient reply. What has the calm majesty, the sweetness and gentle strength of the one countenance in common with the terror, the ghastly despair, and the hopeless misery of the other? They are the opposite poles of character. And yet our engraving of Judas, reproduced as it is from a photograph, gives but a very faint idea of the tremendous power of the original painting. The latter was in a most unfavorable position when photographed, and the result by no means does justice to Mr. Cobb's great work, which should be seen by all.

The best story our typewriter has ticked off for some time is the following, taken from the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, in its review of a book of essays by Rev. Alfred Williams Momerie. The story is on Mr. William Smith, a loyal adherent of Anglican orthodoxy.

"When Mr. Smith was bringing out his Biblical Dictionary, being a prudent editor, and understanding the taste of the public extremely well, he determined that the articles should contain as much science as was compatible with orthodoxy, and no more. The one on the Deluge was to be written by a man whom the doctor considered safe; but when it was finished, it turned out to be quite heterodox. There was no time to procure another, as that part of the dictionary had to appear at once, so when people looked for 'deluge' they discovered only 'see Flood.' A fresh writer was then found; but when his article was returned, it was worse than the first. It was not allowed to appear. Dr. Smith simply wrote, 'Flood: see Noah.' How he managed this article I don't know. But probably by that time the public would stand a little more science."

His Holiness Leo XIII. has again called the attention of the world to his remarkable personality by an encyclical "On the Study of the Holy Scriptures." The wonderful intellectual fecundity of the present successor of St. Peter, and his surprising mental vigor at such an advanced age, make him one of the marvels of the present century. His latest encyclical is a noble vindication of the position of the Church toward the Holy Scriptures and an unanswerable refutation of the oft-repeated charge of the withholding of the Bible from Catholics. His Holiness exhorts the priesthood to study the Bible, his desire being to see "this glorious source of revelation more safely and more abundantly opened for

the use of the Lord's flock," and to preserve the Scriptures from those "who, either by impious daring openly attack the sacred writings, or imprudently are scheming new and fallacious doctrines." It is another emphatic evidence of the great ability of the Holy Father, and of his concern for the security and well being of his children.

As a bright light in the darkness of the present labor stagnation, comes the prompt measures for the relief of suffering. Trade conditions may vary, and enforced idleness place its burdens upon the toiling masses; but the great heart of the people never changes, and always asserts itself when the occasion demands. The time of adversity has indeed its use, when it serves to teach, as it is doing to-day, the lesson of human brotherhood.

The advent of the new year marks another milestone on the pathway of Time. This is especially the season for taking to heart the lessons of the past, and making them the basis for future guidance. Life is but a succession of years, few or many as the case may be; but as Time opens a new and virgin page, it is singularly appropriate for man, too, to enter upon a new chapter of existence, and, with the echoes of "A Happy New Year" ringing about him, go forward to a record of happiness and usefulness that will make the year to him a period of mental, moral, and physical benefit.

A Death.

MRS. ANNIE M. QUINN, wife of the late Thomas F. Quinn and mother of Thomas C. Quinn, editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, died Dec. 21, at her home, 45 Brent street, Dorchester. Mrs. Quinn had been ill only a few days with pleuro-pneumonia. She was 62 years old.

Publishers' Notes.

THE excellent photographs from which were made the illustrations for the paper on "The Amateur Stage in New York," a feature of the present number, are from the studio of Messrs. Sherman & McHugh, New York City. The artistic qualities of the work of this firm need no better endorsement than the grace of pose and the life and animation that vivify these illustrations.

IN no articles of purchase are the uninitiated so dependent upon the character of the dealer as when buying watches or jewelry. Necessary, indeed, is it therefore, that one should seek a firm of standing and reliability, when in quest of such articles of value. Thus it was that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE immediately turned to the well-known house of Messrs. Alvah Skinner & Son, 6 Winter street, Boston, to secure the watch presented to Miss Healy, of New Haven, for the largest number of paid subscriptions to this publication, and the diamond ring awarded to Miss Minnie O'Brien, Bathurst, N. B., the winner of the first prize in the Christmas contest.

FORTUNATE is the one who can afford the luxury of furs, as a protection against the winter's cold, and especially fortunate if the same have been purchased from Messrs. J. Seligman & Co., 566 Washington street, Boston, for the firm's name is a guarantee of the quality of the goods. The set of furs awarded by DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to Mrs. Grace Sullivan, Bath, N. Y., the winner of the second prize in the Christmas contest, was purchased from this reputable house.

THOUGHTS OF THE TIME.

The Ethics of Hard Times.

In these gloomy days we realize how dependent is the public welfare on private morality. Our hard times have been in part occasioned by violation of the rule of justice which demands that there should be a fixed standard of value. But the financial disturbance is, perhaps, rather the occasion than the cause of our commercial depression; it has served, like the unwary footstep of the traveller, to precipitate an avalanche. One of the main causes appears to be the abuse of the credit system. Credit implies trust, confidence; and the welfare of the whole community depends on the fidelity of both debtor and creditor to this moral obligation. The credit system is a covenant between to-day and to-morrow, and it is a necessity of civilized life. But its abuse leads to the worst evils. And credit is abused when it is extended to the knave or to the fool, or even when to the deserving it is extended in extravagant measure, so that the different industries drink to each other out of overflowing beakers, and the public welfare is ignored. So, too, credit is abused when placed at the service of gambling speculations — enterprises which neither increase nor even maintain intact the wealth invested, because risks are taken which prudence condemns. The gambler spirit infects our commercial life — the spirit that seeks increase of wealth without increase of labor, and stakes all upon a single turn of the wheel of chance. This is not legitimate speculation, like the risk that a man takes in developing an invention or commercially exploring a new country. It is folly, and, worse still, it is a crime, because no one can stake his own fortunes alone. The fall of the employer drags down his employees into enforced idleness and poverty. And not only he who conducts such gambling enterprises, but also he who abets them by investment, is responsible. So much for the causes of hard times. But when the hard times have come, how shall we meet the crisis? With the serenity and courage of stoicism. Happily, our nation is well armed thus to meet adversity. We move in crowds; and crowds may be angry, but are never gloomy, because contact exhilarates and encourages. In hard times retrenchment becomes a duty. But we need less instruction in the art of how to retrench than in the art of how not to retrench. We are apt to begin at the wrong end; and we do this when we retrench in the education of our children or in the dispensation of our charities. Hard times should emphasize, not minimize the importance of developing the mind and character of our children; and as to the poor and needy, they need our help more, not less, when the wave of commercial depression overwhelms them.

Felix Adler.

A Starving Man's Rights.

The position that a man who is starving, and who cannot obtain food by working or begging, has the right to take from his neighbor sufficient to relieve immediate necessities, is a position neither new nor novel. That the right of a starving man to his neighbor's bread was held by Cardinal Manning with these limitations, there can be no reasonable doubt. This was not his position merely; it is a maxim in all the works of the great Catholic writers on theology and morals. It is in extreme exceptional cases, such as sometimes occur, although but rarely in civilized communities, that these writers say "All things are common,"

Catholic theologians lay it down as a fundamental principle that man owns nothing absolutely; that all things, even man himself, belongs to God, and that lands and earthly possessions are God's bounties, for their use, of which men must give an account.

The sentiment expressed by Cardinal Manning is not peculiar to Catholic writers. It has been taught by philosophers for centuries, and it has been more or less recognized in ancient and modern systems of legislation. Moses made a clear distinction between theft and taking from a neighbor sufficient of the earth's products to supply immediate necessities, although all the land was held by individual owners.

The right of a starving man to take bread from his well-to-do neighbor, without the latter's consent even, when he cannot otherwise supply his absolute necessities, springs from the natural right to life, which certainly prevails over not only all positive laws of property, but over all positive laws for protecting life. A man assailed under circumstances that give these laws for the protection of life no opportunity to serve him, may strike down his assailant with impunity. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is as true when life is in danger from starvation as when it is threatened by the knife of the assassin. The right of a man to food in his possession beyond what he requires ceases in the presence of a famished

person's necessity. The state, recognizing the truth of this proposition, takes money enough from the pockets of its self-supporting citizens to save from starvation such as must have aid or die — aged poor, orphans, idiots, lunatics, etc. The state further takes money from its citizens to clothe paupers and make them comfortable while they live. The right, then, of any individual to his property is not so absolute that no condition can nullify or impair it; and the condition of a starving brother is certainly sufficient to impair the right to so much of this property as may be necessary to prevent his death by starvation.

—*B. F. Underwood, in Twentieth Century.*

What Contraction of the Currency Has Done.

IT has reduced the price of wheat from $2 to 70 cents per bushel.

It has reduced the price of cotton from 25 cents to 7 cents per pound.

It has reduced wages to one half of what they were.

It has reduced the price of property to one half its former value.

It has doubled the value of all railroad stocks.

It has doubled the value of all bonds and other evidences of debt.

It has doubled the value of all salaries so that a congressman on a salary of $5,000 a year is receiving practically twice as much as he did 25 years ago.

It has increased the burdens of the producing classes and doubled the fortunes of the bond-holding and moneyed classes.

It has made 7,000 millionnaires and 1,000,000 tramps.

It has robbed the aged of the employments of life and the young of the advantages of education.

It has put 1,500,000 children under 14 years of age to work in the factories.

It has thrown 3,000,000 men out of employment.

It has placed 9,000,000 mortgages on the homes of people.

It has robbed the people of liberty at the ballot and denied them justice at the courts.

It has created more suffering than war, pestilence, and famine put together.

It has stood in high places and, under the plea of an "honest dollar," boldly robbed the producers of millions of their sweat-earned products.

— *Toilers' Friend.*

Who Owns the Land?

MEN talk of selling land! Who could or can sell it to us? The notion of selling for certain bits of metal the land of the World Creator is a ridiculous impossibility. Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two — to the Almighty God and to his children of men that have worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

ONLY three eighths of the occupiers of farms in the United States own them, and owners are becoming fewer and fewer each year. By means of the "mortgage industry" and the complete national control of money, the money lords are rapidly making this a nation of tenants. Then they will be able to exact the same terms which Robinson might have demanded of Friday. Nine millions of mortgaged homes will do for a start. — *Tacoma Sun.*

What Bonds Do Not Represent.

EIGHTY million dollars borrowed at the commencement of the war was the only coin loaned to the government to carry on the war. This loan was secured before the gold Shylocks saw their opportunity of putting a premium upon gold by withholding it from the government and demanding an exorbitant interest for its use. The receipts from customs duties during this period was the only coin available for meeting the contingent expenses of the war. No bank, foreign or domestic, advanced one single dollar in coin, barring the $80,000,000 above mentioned. Furthermore, there is not one government bond in existence that represents coin loaned to save the life of the nation. — *Labor Leader.*

Can Plants See?

THE mysteries of vegetable life are not all yet explored. An Indian botanist has made experiments which induce him to say that some plants can see. Whether the inference can be accepted or not, these experiments go to show that the plants made an effort to reach supports placed at a little distance, and grew towards the supports, wherever placed. The plant was convolvulus; and when a long pole was placed near it, and in such a way that the tendrils would have to turn away from the light to reach it, they invariably did so, and within a few hours twined about it. That certain plants have the sense of touch, is well known. — *Medical Times.*

The senate of the $.

IN their solid old armchairs the Senators sit —
Chink $$, and $$, and $$.
They mostly have weight and a lucrative wit
To get $$, and $$, and $$.
They move in large orbits, ponderous ways,
And their courses of progress appear like delays;
But they go mighty sure, through a courteous haze,
Towards $$, and $$, and $$.

The Barons of Iron and Lumber are there —
Chink $$, and $$, and $$.
Argentiferous Earls hear the chaplain's long pray'r,
Dreaming $$, and $$, and $$.
Carboniferous Marquises, Dukes of Coal Oil,
Give to huge money bills their enormous brain toil,
While Princes of Railways and Monarchs of soil
Corner $$, and $$, and $$.

Ah, few find a place in a Senator's seat,
Without $$, and $$, and $$;
For brains without gains that bulge out can be beat
Just by $$, and $$, and $$.
Omnipotent lucre can fashion the laws,
So it chips in enough "for the good of the Cause";
And we might as well hail with unbounded applause
Just $$, and $$, and $$.

Almont Barnes, in Washington Capital.

An Agnostic's Tribute to the Church.

THE Catholic Church is the only dogmatic religion that has seen what dogmatism really implies and what will in the long run be demanded of it, and she contains in herself all the appliances for meeting these demands. She alone has seen that if there is to be an infallible voice in the world, this voice must be a living one, as capable of speaking now as it ever was in the past; and that as the world's capabilities for knowledge grow, the teacher must be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably thus adapt itself to the wants of the present day, without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same and yet always developing.

W. H. Mallock.

Was Satisfied Anyhow.

AT a recent prayer meeting in New Jersey, a Democratic brother prayed that God would cause the Democratic party to hang together, whereupon a Republican present shouted "Amen, Amen." This led the Democratic brother to make the following emendation in his prayer: "Not, O Lord, in the sense our Republican brother means, but in the spirit of accord and concord." "Any cord will do, Lord; any cord will do," interjected the Republican. The pastor immediately made a rule that hereafter politics should be kept out of the prayer meeting.

Dimensions of a Man.

IN leaving my hotel, I paid my bill, and said to the landlord, "Do I owe anything else?" He answered, "You are square." "What am I?" He said again, "You are square." "That's strange," said I; "I have lived so long, and never knew before I was square." Then, as I was going away, he shook me by the hand, saying, "I hope you will be round again soon." "But I thought you said I was square! Now you hope I'll be round!" He laughed and said, "When I say I hope you'll be round, I mean I hope you won't be long." I did not know how many forms he wished me to assume. However, I was glad he did not call me flat. *Liverpool Courier.*

A Really Useful Work.

WE are in receipt of the 1893 edition o Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue. This is a work which we have commended every fall, as the successive editions have reached us, and it is no faint praise for the edition of '93 to say that is fully up to the standard set by former issues. In fact, it is an improvement upon them in some respects, notably in the quality of the paper, which has been made somewhat heavier in this edition.

The aim of the publishers of this newspaper directory is to make it compact and convenient for desk use, and yet complete in every detail. In this they have succeeded fully, and the book is a credit to their enterprise and their intelligence. The unique feature which makes it especially valuable to advertisers, is the ruled space for memoranda against each paper. It contains 732 pages, is well bound in cloth, and the published price is $5. It can be obtained from Messrs. Dauchy & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, 27 Park place, New York.

MAKE MONEY.

READERS of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE who happen to have any coins dated before 1873, may find among them a quantity of varieties which are worth many times their face value. The National Coin Co., 832 Stock Exchange, Boston, Mass., sends out postpaid a 116 page book with 500 illustrations of United States and foreign coins, stamps, Confederate and Continental currency; prices they pay and full information how to send coins for premium: 1804 dollar, 1853 quarter, 1793 cent, and 900 other varieties.

Cut this out and send with 25 cents and you will receive book by return. Send now. It may mean a fortune to you.

A CENTRE OF CATHOLIC ACTIVITY AND THOUGHT.

THE Catholic Union of Boston, which has well proved itself one of the great uplifting factors in the city's social life and a splendid exemplification of Catholic character and Catholic manhood, will, ere long, be the proud possessor of a fitting home of its own — one that will be in every way worthy of this magnificent representative body of Boston's Catholic laity and another monument to Catholic growth and vitality in this city. During the twenty years this organization has known, it has been true to the purpose that called it into being; and with a headquarters adequate to its needs, its influence will be immeasurably augmented, and its power for good intensified.

The Catholic Union dates its beginning to 1873, when a small party of gentlemen met at the parochial residence of St. James parish, and laid the foundations upon which the present superstructure has arisen. Right Rev. James Healey, now Bishop of Portland, was then pastor of St. James Church; and to his recognition of the need and usefulness of such an organization, and his hearty co-operation in the work of its formation, much of the credit is due for the idea that took such definite shape under his hospitable roof. Nor must the whole-hearted interest and practical aid of the late John Boyle O'Reilly be forgotten, for no single individual contributed more to its upbuilding than the beloved poet-patriot, who was one of its original band and its first secretary.

It is not proposed here to enter upon its history, but rather to refer to its work for catholicity in this city and New England. First and foremost is the practical exemplification of its true Catholic character, by its attention to public worship and the encouragement of suitable discourses on Church and national festivals, its distribution of printed sermons and essays for the dissemination of Catholic truth, its solicitude for the religious needs of the poor and wayward, and most especially by its emphasis to the worth and integrity of Catholic citizenship, by showing in no uncertain manner, on public and appropriate occasions, the patriotic attitude of Catholics, as such, to the institutions of the country. To the latter end, on each Thanksgiving Day a public solemn high mass of thanksgiving is provided for by the Union, at which the sermon is on a question of vital public interest by some distinguished bishop or priest. This mass has latterly been celebrated at the Cathedral; and the character of the sermon is well illustrated by that preached last Thanksgiving Day, by Rev. William H. O'Connell, on "Ideal Citizenship," showing how a good Catholic must of necessity be a good citizen.

The Union is thoroughly alive to the needs of the Catholic laity, and vital with the strength of devoted Catholic purpose. Here in the metropolis of New England is its centre of activity, but it is designed to be a help to all portions of the archiepiscopal province. The evidence of its breadth of influence was felt at the time when the Catholic congress was called to meet in Chicago last September. Then it was the mission of the Union to see that not only Boston, but all New England, had a proper representation at the great Columbian gathering. It promptly took the necessary steps to secure this end, and the result was that Boston and New England made a magnificent showing in the momentous assemblage and in its programme of exercises. The Union's influence was also signally felt in behalf of New England's share in the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg.

Returning to its work in and for Boston, one of its notable triumphs was the celebration of Columbus Day, over

a year ago, a celebration so creditable to the Catholics of the city, the idea of which originated with, and the arrangements for which were carried forward by, the Catholic Union. No single event in the history of the city so signally proved the strength and fervor of Catholic patriotism and the numerical standing of the Catholics in the community. It was an object lesson, in the presentation of which the Union covered itself with honor. Among the other notable events in this splendid organization's career, the success of which emphasized its worth as a great representative social body and a credit to the Catholic laity of Boston, may be mentioned: the reception to the Catholic Young Men's National Union, when its convention was held in Boston; the reception to Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of the visit of His Eminence to this city; the great reception to Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, in commemoration of his episcopal silver jubilee; and the more recent receptions to Hon. P. A. Collins and to Bishop Keane. The grand concert given under the Union's auspices at Mechanics' Hall in February, 1892, at which Beethoven's Mass in C was sung by eminent soloists and a vast chorus, deserves mention here as one of the most gigantic and successful Catholic musical undertakings ever known in Boston, while the lecture of Bishop Keane is another proof of the Union's progressive spirit.

The foregoing are but a few of the many benefits by which this organization has won the high place it holds as a great and beneficent social force in the city; but far above the influence exerted by these occasional and emphatic evidences of its power for good, is its steady and fruitful work for the advancement of Catholic interests, and for a fairer estimate of Catholic worth on the part of those whose ignorance alone inspires their prejudice. Here its influence has been of the most salutary character and worthy of all honor.

In the future the Union hopes to go on to ever-increasing usefulness. It has the hearty interest of the Most Rev. Archbishop, who, when in town, gives it the pleasure and encouragement of his presence on Wednesday evenings. It has a wide and fertile field of effort, and it has shown its capacity for its work. Religiously, its mission is to excite in all Catholic minds a more practical devotion, a more lively interest in the promotion of religious objects, and in bringing the truth and beauty of Catholic Faith to the attention of non-Catholics; intellectually, its aims are the formation of a Catholic library, the fostering and improvement of Catholic education, and the arousing of increased interest in Catholic books and Catholic writers; and socially by bringing closer together the Catholic laity in a compact social body, for more intimate acquaintanceship, it seeks to secure individual pleasure and improvement, and concerted action for the better promotion of the works of charity and the higher fulfilment of the duties of citizenship.

One thing alone remains to give to the work of the Union its proper means of development, and that is a building adequate to its needs and worthy to be the headquarters for the Catholics of New England. Already nearly $30,000 have been raised towards a building fund; and with such an initiative who that is familiar with the organization and the enterprise and public spirit of its members can doubt that the needed structure is among the early possibilities? With the inspiration that will come from a properly equipped home of its own, the Union will go on to a future, eclipsing even the dreams of the present and diffusing the light of Catholic Faith and Catholic manhood through all portions of New England.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

SAYS the great exponent of Catholicity in Chicago, the New World:—

A circular sent out by the managers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE says: "There is a magazine for Catholics as entertaining, artistic, able, instructive, broad, and brilliant as any of the great secular periodicals." Our inspection of the December number (1893) compels us to endorse every word of this. It has positively surprised us. For pictorial beauty, and for interest, quality, and importance of reading matter, DONAHOE'S is now at the front. It seems to be the answer to the question asked by American Catholics for many years, Is it not possible to make a Catholic magazine as beautiful and as interesting as the secular magazines? DONAHOE'S answer is positive and affirmative.

[From the Boston Herald.]

THE Roman Catholic people are to be congratulated upon at last having a popular Magazine which is universally interesting to their people, and which will be widely read in Protestant circles. The managers of this periodical know how to make a magazine, and they have not only aimed high, but practically reached their aim. You feel the touch of a larger and blessed life in its pages. It is unquestionably the popular magazine among Roman Catholic people. No intelligent Catholic family in America can afford to be without it.

[From the Boston Globe.]

IT stands in the van of the best and highest of American periodicals, and is a credit to the brain, the heart and the conscience of the Catholic people. In the originality of the subjects, in the ability of the writers, in the artistic merit of the illustrations, DONAHOE'S is equal to the best.

[From the Boston Post.]

AT one jump the magazine takes its place in the ranks of the best.

[From the New York Recorder.]

UNQUESTIONABLY the ablest, brainiest, broadest religious periodical in America. It is representative of the most progressive Catholic sentiment, and takes for its motto that fealty to the Catholic faith and loyalty to the Republic go hand in hand. It has taken its place firmly among the great popular magazines whose monthly array of good prose, poetry and pictures we all look for.

[From the New York Press.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE reflects the best thought of Modern American Catholicism and keeps in constant touch with American ideas.

[From Profitable Advertising.]

CATHOLIC AMERICANS have never had a magazine which was as progressive and advanced as complete, interesting, instructive and artistic as the magazines published for other classes. In DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Catholic Americans have a publication which in its field is equal to the Cosmopolitan, Century and the North American Review, in their fields. Its circulation should eventually be among the hundred thousands, if real merit and push can make it so.

[From the Cambridge Chronicle.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a literary and artistic triumph and one that must carry to the great reading public increased evidence of its great worth among current periodicals. Each number emphasizes in a most striking and significant manner the new vitality which illumes its pages and the high purpose of its present management to make it the equal of the very best periodicals in the country.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is doing much for church literature in America.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE surpasses some of its better-known competitors in strong articles and vigorous, unhackneyed illustrations. These are excellent and sometimes exquisite.

[From the Catholic Times, London, Eng.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has taken a place in the front rank of American magazines. The articles are solid and at the same time bright, and the illustrations first-class.

[From the New York Catholic Review.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE grows in interest and popularity every number.

[From the New York Catholic American.]

ONE of he marvels of American journalism.

[From the Irish Standard.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is superbly illustrated and is a magnificent publication in every respect. The new management has made it a first-class periodical.

[From the Kansas City Catholic.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has become probably the best family magazine in the land, and that certainly is saying much. It is not only well illustrated, but its cuts are superb, and the enterprise of the management deserves much credit. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE should be in every family.

[From the Watchman.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, the well-known Catholic periodical, has made rapid strides in the favor of the general public.

[From Salve Regina.]

ANY one desirous of contributing to a good literary Catholic work should subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Among its writers are many of the most brilliant men of America.

[From the Boston Republic.]

THE articles in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are timely and entertaining, the writers are men of ability and fame, and the magazine stands on a level with the best of its contemporaries in this country.

[From the South Boston Review.]

THE best Catholic magazine ever published in America.

[From the Lewiston Journal.]

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a credit to American literature.

[From the Catholic Times, Liverpool, England]

"This excellent magazine, under its new management, bids fair to take and to hold a high position among the best of its contemporaries. The August number is well written, well edited, well illustrated, and altogether brought out in a most attractive style."

A Marvel in Music.

NOTHING contributes so much to the happiness of the home, and to make it a magnet that will keep the young people within its sacred precincts, as the power of music; but to many, time is not permitted to acquire the proficiency on piano or organ that is necessary for the deriving of pleasure and profit from these instruments. This is true of many who have the taste for musical culture, and who lack nothing but the time for the slow process of instrumental proficiency. To this large class the Æolian, the most perfect product of musical inventive genius, will prove a boon indeed, while to the musician it will be a revelation of delight. The Æolian is a unique instrumental combination, embodying the qualities of orchestra and organ, and requiring no special course of study or practice, while the skill necessary for its mastery may be acquired in a few days. In appearance, the Æolian closely resembles the upright piano, and has a keyboard that may be used in the same manner as that of an organ; but the latter is independent from the Æolian, and can be used either by itself to accompany the playing of the Æolian proper. A remarkable feature of this wonderful instrument is that it need not be confined to the simple piano and organ score, but can use the full orchestral arrangement, admitting of selections, such as symphonies and overtures, for which either piano or organ is inadequate. No mere description of the Æolian can convey anything like an idea of its great instrumental worth. It must be seen and enjoyed to have the mind appreciate the full measure of its value. All lovers of music, and especially those who have thus far been deprived of the pleasure of a piano or organ in the home, through a recognition of the close and time-taking study necessary to acquire even sufficient proficiency for their own entertainment, should investigate the claims of the Æolian to their attention and interest. It is their instrument primarily, while it is as well the greatest triumph of inventive genius in the way of musical instruments.

Pictorial Church for Children.

"The Pictorial Church for Children," by Father Brelivet, is the outcome of a long experience in teaching the little ones where he had not the benefit of Catholic schools, and for this reason has within it those elements of instruction, combined with entertainment, that must give it a warm hold on the mind of the child. It is attractively written, embellished with handsome half-tone engravings, and has both interest and value to children.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, says of the book: "Apart from the useful information that the book contains, the illustrations will arrest the attention of the child, and will convey to their young minds concrete images, which will instruct while they please." The venerable Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, says: "I am very much pleased with the idea of Father Brelivet's book. I wish it success." Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, says: "I warmly recommend the book to Christian families and schools."

Such are the opinions of those who can best judge the value of this book to children, and can rightfully estimate the influence for good it will have on the young mind. Several priests are likewise already noting the power it has, and are warm in their recognition of its merit, its plan, novelty, and interest. Between its covers is enclosed a genuine Christmas story, with which the little ones should be made familiar; and its best indorsement, from the standpoint of the children, is their eager and delighted appreciation. As a toy book, it is an artistic gem; as a story book, a little volume of absorbing interest to the child; while as a religious teacher, its value is inestimable. Parents should be sure to number it among the holiday gifts with which they brighten the lives of their children.

JOHN PATRICK HOPKINS.

MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

See page 162.

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HEROIC CHARITY IN WORLDLY GARB.

THE STORY OF AN IDEAL SACRIFICE.

BY VERY REV. JOHN HOGAN, S.S.

"THERE is no purgatory for the French," is a common saying in European countries. It means that they are so good or so bad that they go straight to heaven or — to the other place.

They can hardly be credited, themselves, with entertaining such a belief, considering how much they pray for their deceased friends. Yet, as in all paradoxes, there is an element of truth in the saying. The French mind is essentially logical, and the character of the people is to go to the end of whatever they enter upon. Originally Celts, but with a large subsequent admixture of other blood, they still retain many of the characteristics of the Celtic race. Strong in their likes and dislikes, impetuous, sensitive, generous in their impulses, they are ever ready to devote themselves to the triumph of any cause they believe in; and to this it is due that they have sent forth in the past some of the greatest missionaries and some of the worst revolutionists the world has ever seen, and that they still may be reckoned among the most ardent and most effective propagators of the great principles which move mankind and rule the world.

This temper of unselfish, enthusiastic devotion is an especially congenial soil for the growth of the Christian virtues, and nowhere, indeed, do they put forth flowers of sweeter fragrance or brighter hue than in Catholic France. Other countries may reckon a larger proportion of souls true to the ordinary duties of the Christian life; but if we seek for the higher forms of virtue, in no other country shall we find them so abundant as in that old Christian land. There, each day witnesses fresh offer-

ings of the most generous love — young men and young women relinquishing, for a life of voluntary privation and hardship, the allurements of the world and the sweets of home. Year after year they go forth in hundreds, to carry to the ends of the earth the seeds of the Gospel with the benefits of civilization ; while of those who continue to live among their own, thousands set the example of the most heroic virtues. Of the many shapes in which these noble traits mingle themselves with the ordinary duties of a secular life, there is one peculiarly repugnant to the natural feelings, but of great moral and spiritual beauty, which we beg leave to present briefly to our readers.

I.

Of all the higher impulses of human nature re-awakened by the contact of the Gospel, none seems to have been expanded and intensified so powerfully as the sense of pity. That compassion for human suffering, so striking in the mortal life of Jesus, became the common characteristic of His followers. Wherever His spirit breathed, there grew up a mysterious tenderness, hitherto unknown, for all forms of sickness or pain, especially when they included the additional feature of repulsiveness. To seek out the poor in their filthy dens and to dress their festering ulcers, has been the joy and triumph of the saints through all Christian ages, the supreme pledge of their faith and of their love. But what was hitherto only the divine impulse of individual souls has become, in our day, in Catholic France, a regular organization, including women of the highest rank and social standing. And this is how it came into existence : —

About 50 years ago a young lady of the city of Lyons, happy as a wife and as a mother, was suddenly stricken in her dearest affections by the hand of death, and at the age of 23 found herself a widow and childless.

Though possessed of great natural energy and deeply religious, Madame Garnier (this was the lady's name) almost sank under the blows which fell upon her in rapid succession. When at length she recovered and looked around her for some object still worth living for, she chose the poor, the helpless, and the afflicted. From that day she lived only for them, seeking them out wherever they most needed her help, and devoting herself exclusively, with all she possessed, to relieve and comfort them.

Hearing, in one of her charitable explorations, of an unfortunate woman eaten up by a loathsome disease, whom scarce anybody had the courage to approach, she hastened to the spot, and finding things even worse than they had been described to her, she proceeded at once to attend to what was most urgent — a thorough cleansing of the person and of the surroundings of the poor patient.

Day after day she returned to the nauseating task, bringing with her strengthening food and soothing liniments, and dressing with a mother's care the sores which covered the poor sufferer from head to foot. At the same time she brought back light and peace to her darkened and embittered soul. When the end was near, the priest, who came to administer the last sacraments, found it almost impossible to bear the stench. By way of encouraging him, the

heroic woman sat on the bed and supported the dying woman in her arms.

This experience led Madame Garnier to reflect on the sad condition of so many persons similarly afflicted and almost entirely bereft of comfort. Considered as incurable, they were not admitted to the ordinary hospitals; the refuges specially meant for them were overcrowded; their sickening presence was dreaded in the homes of their nearest friends; few cared even to approach them except through necessity and for the briefest interval. This was more than enough for the woman's brave and compassionate heart. She resolved to seek them out and bring them to her own house, to nurse them with her own hands, and even to get women of faith and courage like herself to share her charitable task.

She succeeded. One after another generous souls whom sorrow had touched and opened to pity, gathered round her and boldly took their part in the blessed work, some choosing to dwell with her, but most continuing to live amid their habitual surroundings. At the same time the number of the patients steadily increased, and soon it became necessary to erect for their accommodation a regular hospital. From Lyons the new form of Christian charity spread to other cities. Dec. 8, 1874, it was inaugurated in Paris. Five noble-hearted ladies began the work; before a year had elasped, 240 others had joined them, many bringing with them, as a pledge of their earnestness, the trinkets and jewels of earlier days and of the worldly lives to which they purposed to bid a final farewell. Since then the work has developed, rapidly yet silently, little known even in the great city of which it is a bright ornament.

II.

There is nothing in it, indeed, to invite attention. No vows of any kind bind together the associates, no distinctive costume attracts the eye. Even the few ladies who reside permanently and are ever within call of the poor patients, dress as they please and furnish their rooms after their own tastes. The others, who live at home, conform to all the requirements of their social condition. Only once or twice each week their absence may be noticed from early morning. On such days, sacred to suffering humanity, they are to be found in close contact with the most repulsive forms of disease. The hospital of which they are the main support, and where they delight in forgetting all worldly distinctions, to become the humble servants of the poor, is called the "cancer hospital," because, although welcoming all those whose disgusting ailments make them unwelcome everywhere else, the great majority of its inmates are victims to the disease the very name of which they dread to utter. Cancer, indeed, is, in all its multitudinous forms, a terrible disease. Slowly it preys, like a thing of life, upon whatever organ it seizes, steadily disintegrating its every part, and generating odors which the most assiduous care can only imperfectly dispel, and which, if at all neglected, become almost as unendurable to the patient as the cruel evil from which they emanate. How offensive it is to those who, accustomed only to sweet perfumes or purest air suddenly affront it, may be easily imagined. But the chief horror is in the sight of the patients, so misshapen, sometimes, by certain kinds of disease, that the human form is scarce recognizable in them. The most ghastly

cases of all are those of cancer, settling, as it often does, on the face of the victim and slowly eating away the nose, the ears, the lips, the cheeks, as if a wild beast had devoured them. These are sights which try the courage of the bravest, and some there are who, invincibly repelled at first, go back again and again, in the hope of surmounting their repugnance, but to no purpose. They have at length to relinquish the task and content themselves with easier, though not less substantial, services.

The duties, as may be imagined, are of the most diverse kinds, and it is soon discovered what each one of the devoted ladies is best fitted for. While some dress the poor patients' sores, others feed them or move them about, like little children; or they sit beside them and brighten up their sad existence by pleasant talk. The close contact of so much kindness and refinement blended together soothes the sufferers and fills them unconsciously with patience and resignation.

They have much need of both, for only to a few can any hope be held out of recovery, and the sufferings of many are unceasing and almost unbearable. This, to the kind-hearted women who nurse them, is, they assure us, the hardest trial of all in their devoted lives. To bring relief to their patients would be such a joy, whatever effort it might cost; but to witness their acute sufferings and feel powerless to relieve them, to see them live on through weeks and months of torture and have little more to offer them than their pity, is hard indeed to bear. Yet pity is an unspeakable comfort to those who suffer, especially when they have long been deprived of it. Besides, when genuine, it is always helpful, finding palliatives where there is no cure, and, by the numberless caressing kindnesses which it inspires, carrying away the thoughts of the patient from the sufferings it cannot dispel. Above all, it opens the heart, as nothing else can, to the supreme consolations of faith.

Many of the patients are entire strangers to such thoughts when they are first borne to the "cancer hospital." They have little knowledge, and still less practice, of religion, and the evil which consumes their bodies is only an imperfect image of a worse evil which for years has been eating up their souls. But from the latter, recovery is always possible, and in bringing it about the good ladies are invariably successful. Kindness so sincere, so untiring, so utterly unselfish, softens the hardest hearts. The comforting truths of the faith are drunk in with eagerness; all murmuring gradually ceases; the keenest sufferings are welcomed as an atonement, and the last hours of pain are lighted up by the radiance of heavenly hope and love.

III.

Such is the noble work which the "Ladies of Calvary," as they are called, have been accomplishing for many years. What the world continues to turn away from with loathing, they continue to seek out and tend with motherly care. Like the evening sunburst at the close of a stormy day, they cause a gleam of brightness to gild the last hours of many a life which had known little but suffering and sorrow. Their relations with their charges are of the most touching kind; just such as they might have with their children or their friends; the same condescension to their wishes, which, as might be expected, are not always of the most reasonable kind.

Two Sides of One Life.—I.

See Page 135.

Two Sides of One Life. -II.

See Page 135.

When first these poor people find themselves waited upon by persons of position and wealth, they can hardly credit their senses. But gradually they become accustomed to it, and occasionally grow exacting, and strange fancies have often to be indulged. It is one of their weaknesses to wish to be tended by titled ladies. A certain duchess, one of the most active associates, is always in great demand. Although her nursing is none of the tenderest, the poor sufferers long to see her approach, and forget their sad condition in the thought of being waited upon by one who holds sway in the highest social circles.

In this way the work proceeds, the good so lovingly done to others coming back a hundred-fold to these devoted women themselves. Their action, inspired by faith and charity, makes ever deeper and more abundant in their souls the sacred sources from which it flows. That unceasing contact with the sufferings of others trains them unconsciously to make light of their own. Their sympathies, constantly reawakened, keep them from settling down in selfish enjoyment, and though living in the midst of worldliness they cannot become worldly.

Above all, their work of mercy, scarce known outside themselves, is an unmistakable pledge of their love for God. What other motive could send them forth thus, day after day, from their pleasant and often luxurious homes, to seek out and see with their eyes and touch with their hands what others turn away from with insuperable disgust? But hidden under the disfigured and repulsive traits of each sufferer, their faith reveals to them a child of God, and that is enough.

Some years ago one of them, a resident, obtained the privilege of attending one of the worst cases that had been seen in the hospital. Each day she dressed the offensive sores with the utmost composure and the tenderest care, yet with so much loathing that often she was barely able, at the close, to withdraw to her room and drop senseless on her couch. Asked by the physician who had accidentally discovered the fact, why she had persisted in performing a task so much above her strength, she simply replied: "Doctor, you do not know, you cannot know, how good our Lord has been to me. I have often been tempted to yield; but when I remember Him, I try again; and as I tend the poor patient, His words are ever before me: 'I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me.' This sustains me; but when the work is done, I fall back upon myself, and am once more weak and helpless."

This reveals to us the whole secret of the heroic work. May it long live in the land which gave it birth, and may it one day find a new home in the Catholic Church of America, ever ready to welcome what is noblest and best in the records of Christian life!

A TALE OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

AT BENEDICTION.

BY M. ROCK.

THE organ peals, and voices sweetly rise
In notes of triumph and in words of praise;
Unnumbered lights upon the altar blaze
Where He who scorned not in mortal guise
To die for men is hidden from our eyes;
The acolyte the brazen censer sways;
Hearts throb, and tears unbidden dim the gaze,
And murmured prayers sound like the night wind's sighs.

And then as if a voice said, "Peace be still,"
There comes a hush, and souls with rapture fill,
When to the crowd the priest in silence turns
A sweet bell rings, no more the sense discerns;
No more, and yet it seems to us is given
A foretaste of the peace that is in Heaven.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

CHILD LABOR.

A TERRIBLE LEGACY TO POSTERITY.

BY JENNIE RICE WARE.

CARDINAL MANNING says: "The Christianity and the civilization of a people may both be measured by their treatment of childhood. In the measure in which God is known, the soul is also known. The consciousness of our relation to God awakens a consciousness of our relations to all who are made in His own likeness. No man may ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper.' The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man bind us all to each other, in a two-fold duty of love, service, and self-denial, under penalty of our Creator's law."

Some one has called the child-labor agitation "sentiment." No reform worthy the name can be devoid of sentiment. A boy asked Confucius, "How many stars in the sky?" Confucius replied, "I mind things near me." "Then," said the boy, "how many hairs in your eyebrows?" He was answered, "I don't know, and I don't care." This, we fear, is the disposition of those who find agitation concerning the wrongs of children "sentimental."

In 1832 Seth Luther, addressing the workingmen of New England, told them of the suffering children in England, and warned them of the same danger in the United States. He quoted Henry Clay's visit to some cotton mills, and his delight, expressed to the senate, at the "clockwork movement of a large cotton manufactory." Mr. Luther says, had Mr. Clay made his visit incognito, he might have seen the pale, sickly, haggard, and ragged child driven up to the "clockwork" by the cow skin; he might have seen a child taken from his bed at four o'clock in the morning, and plunged into cold water to drive away his slumbers; he might have seen the child robbed of some of his dinner hour, by moving the hands of the clock backwards or forwards. Mr. Luther quotes also other special cases of cruelty in New England.

But we are told in 1885, "until quite recently, the labor of children had been a forgotten factor in the labor problem. Half a century ago, children might have been properly regarded as a leisure class . . . To-day the child is a child only in case it is born into the property-holding class. The workingman's child is a drudge from its babyhood. The children of the clothing-makers of New York City begin work at four years of age, picking out basting threads. By the census of 1870, 739,000 children were wage receivers in the United States. In 10 years the number had increased 66 per cent.

Massachusetts early became a manufacturing centre. "Our ancestors," says Professor Ely, "not content with over-working themselves, drove wife, children, and employees from sunrise to sunset."

Yet we learn from "Early Factory Life in New England" that the "doffers," or youngest girls in the factory, were not ill used, save that they had to work, or be at the mill, nearly 14 hours per day. Besides, almost contemporaneously with the rise of the great manufacturing cities of Lowell and Lawrence, Horace Mann, with others, "was laying the foundations of the best educational system in the United States, and attempting to secure its advantages for the humblest members of the community."

We are told by an English writer that we are not encumbered with helpless deposits of hereditary poverty; that life in our new country is buoyant and sanguine. Though true, this fact may have been a danger to us, in allowing the evil of child labor to grow rapidly, unnoticed.

A recent magazine writer explains its mushroom growth as due to the patience and ignorance of children; moreover, he says, "Custom has staled the consciences of the authorities. With all our laws, the atmosphere of the spinning-rooms might be easily boxed and shipped to Australia without losing a particle of its peculiar strength. The fresh air could not absorb such a mixture of cotton, tallow, machine oil, and human expirations, heated to a temperature of 75 degrees."

If this be exaggerated, if the evil in America does not show such painful and immediate physical results as in England, the moral and intellectual degeneracy resulting to the family is none the least direful.

Factory life stunts the whole development. Ambition is killed, even if the physical vigor is not destroyed; there are foul companions, if not foul air; the imaginative and inventive faculties, all powers that lift mankind, are dwarfed. "Be it remembered that these crimes against the children of the working class are committed by the exploiting class, with no extenuating circumstances; for while they coin gold out of the life blood of toiling children, a million adults unemployed seek in vain for work."

As Massachusetts was the pioneer in the conditions which led to child labor, so she has been ever on the alert to lead in remedies for the evil; and as the manufacturing conditions of New York and the mining of Pennsylvania quickly brought the danger there, so have interest and good laws succeeded in helping the children.

The trades-unions, the establishment of the bureau of labor statistics, women's unions — all have helped efficiently in arousing and interesting the people in this question. Now about one third of our states have laws directly upon child labor. Nearly all of these have inspectors, who enforce observance of the law. Recently women inspectors have proved most efficient workers. California seems to be the state most lax in the matter.

The average age at which the child leaves school for the workshop is 10, 11, or 12 years. "He is found in electrical rooms; nitrite and luminoid works; silk, cotton, and woollen mills; rubber-works; scissors, shoe, bag, and box making; in the potteries and brick-works; in needle and lamp making; in the manufacture of snuff, crackers, button-holes, cigars, shirts; in short, in every branch in which the application of machinery renders child labor available." Besides the moral and intellectual loss thus incurred, the children are in danger of life and limb from boiler explosions,

fire, unprotected machinery, tanks of boiling fluid, foul air, poisonous materials, and contagious diseases.

Easily might statistics be given to prove that the five states employing most child labor far exceed in crimes; but all do not possess "the special skill and knowledge needed to distil from rows of figures the refined spirit of instruction."

Many special cases might be quoted from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Western cities that show cruelty to both mind and body beyond belief. There is no question that the people are ignorant of the great realism of this horror. An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be needed to arouse the public to the knowledge that just to the extent to which unjust child labor is restricted the crime that naturally follows is restricted. To prevent the making of criminals is more humane, as well as more economical.

There are peculiar conditions to be met in the United States: in no country has there been such rapid increase of cities; and the subdivision of labor, necessary to such increase, inevitably promotes the evil.

We must have the factories.

The employer and employee are both better paid, and the air is often purer than it would be in the home. "Let the children of factory workers," says Carroll D. Wright, "be educated in the rudiments of sanitary science, and then let law say bad air shall be prohibited, and I believe the vexed temperance question will trouble us less." But law could not prohibit bad air in the home.

Compulsory education must go hand in hand with child-labor laws. The continuity and the endless repetition of the factory life stunt both body and mind. "The labor may not be hard, the air may be as pure as that of the schoolroom; but the weariness of the endless repetition of the mechanical action, the continual over and over of certain physical motions, giving no opportunity for change and variety, is very depressing, and tends to dull and stupefy the mind of a growing child. The tendency of the school is to awaken the dormant faculties of the mind and stimulate the sluggish powers of the soul; the tendency of the factory is to dwarf the soul and reduce the human being to the level of the machine, and a dangerous machine, because brutalized and degraded."

At first thought we should expect the parents to be the most earnest workers for their children's welfare; and yet the factory inspector finds them often the greatest hindrances. "Massachusetts is wealthy, not because of ignorant or cheap labor, but because of her common schools. Common schools are an increase of wages; an increase of wages is a better distribution of wealth." But the father often sacrifices the real interests of the state to his own immediate demands, not always because of necessity, but because of ignorance. The foreigner comes to our land, sees our wealth, and is told it is the result of our industry — so he puts his whole family at work.

We are not always patient with the economy of the uneducated French Canadian, who has a vague idea that "the labor of the world has been performed by ignorant men," and that the richest Americans have had least education. This is but an added reason why we should persistently seek the aid of the school to enlighten, of the law to protect.

The sanction of public sentiment

is the most powerful motor. "Behind and above stand the people — public opinion; that is, the mind and conscience of the whole nation. It stands above parties, being cooler and larger minded than they are; it awes party leaders, and holds in check party organizations. No one openly ventures to resist it. It is the product of a greater number of minds than in any other country, and it is more indisputably sovereign. It is the central point of the whole American polity." Every great reform has borne testimony to this statement from Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." And if public opinion will take care of the children, the men and women will take care of themselves.

The trades unions complain to the public that nearly every machine is constructed with a view of lessening the number of adults employed, and increasing the number of juveniles. "Labor, represented by the Knights of Labor and the Federation of Labor, demands that the toil of children be prohibited once and forever, and the rising generation of the nation be given leisure and school life."

There are fabulous conditions here: of immigration, of race mixture, of wonderful productiveness in agriculture and minerals, of inventions — conditions never before met and overcome. We have many a Scylla and Charybdis — the unloving and uncaring father; the over-fond and self-sacrificing mother; the sick or lazy parent; the healthy and idle child; the educated American, with years of industry and study behind him; the uneducated foreigner, with only labor and oppression in the history of his ancestors. How may the course be safely steered?

From England we may learn the force of persistent agitation; from France, to provide schools for the training in trades and agriculture; from our own past history, that duty neglected, sins of omission and sins of commission, will bring retribution, and cost the blood of atonement.

Helen Campbell tells us that "it is with the women chiefly, that the future rests. It is women who, more and more, are seeking to discover what methods may best alter certain social tendencies and evils. The efficient persistency of women already has raised the age of consent, and provided public matrons; and a united demand that child labor be abolished, now and forever, would at least open eyes, and pave the way for the legislation that is sure to come, in days when we have grown wiser and realized the meaning of defrauded and outraged childhood. With every child in school, tenement-house labor becomes impossible, and women inspectors are a necessity, if healthier methods are to begin."

Prevent Sunday work and overtime work. By legislation, meanwhile, protect against peril to life, danger from unguarded machinery, and from explosion and fire, from vile air, and from polluted thought.

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is interpreted as teaching the relation of man to property, or to money, "the God of the world, the image of show, the symbol of all external things." Shylock is not a Jew only, but the picture of what greed for money makes of any man.

Has not this lust for wealth by the youth, the parent, and the employer become a veritable Shylock? And will it not become, as Shylock's greed became, the destroyer of its possessor? The children's cry must be heard, because it is economy, it is humane, it is Christian.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S POLITICAL CHARACTER.

IS HE A SUCCESS AS PRESIDENT?

AN AFFIRMATIVE VIEW — BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

E love him for the enemies he has made," said General Bragg, at the convention which nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency. The sentiment reflected the speaker, rather than the man of whom it was spoken. Mr. Cleveland had made enemies, it is true. As shrewd old Simon Cameron said, "A man who makes none is never a positive force"; but the indiscriminating words of Bragg offended many who were not enemies of Mr. Cleveland in any save a political sense, and who exercised no more than their just right in preferring some one else for the party's candidate.

Tennyson more wisely and nobly says, "Love reflects the thing beloved"; and the truest friends of Mr. Cleveland love him, not for the enemies, but for the friends he has made, for the hostile or indifferent whom he has converted into loyal adherents by his simple integrity and manliness. It is safe to say that, if he has personal enemies, they enjoy a monopoly of their unsatisfying passion: he does not hate them. Of one who pursued him for years with bitter, unceasing, malicious vituperation, he has said, without a particle of any feeling but that of wonder, "I do not know why Mr. So and So hates me. I never injured him in any way."

For the "enemies" of his policy he has only respect, proportioned to their sincerity and courage. When John Boyle O'Reilly, a loyal Democrat but frank critic of his party always, died, in 1890, Mr. Cleveland wrote of him: "I regarded him as a strong and able man, entirely devoted to any cause that he espoused, unselfish in his activity, true and warm in his friendship, and patriotic in his enthusiasm." Yet no man had more openly and bravely criticised the President's policy in many directions.

Mr. Cleveland is accused of being self-willed, which means either "firm," if you admire him, or "obstinate," if you do not. In this quality he resembles Andrew Jackson rather than Andrew Johnson. The difference between the two is as wide as that between bravery and rashness.

He has made mistakes — lots of them; and he will make many more. When we all have grown wise enough to select a chief magistrate who can be depended upon to make none, we shall have no need of such a superfluous functionary. The theory that the king can do no wrong, which finds expression in the contemporary literature of every European nation — only to be reversed with startling promptness after the king or queen has ceased to be — has its opposite in our own country. Here the President not only can, but does, commit no end of wrong; and not until he has been comfortably dead for a long time do his enemies begin to admit that Washington was not an aristocrat, Jefferson a French infidel in

disguise, Jackson a designing usurper, Lincoln a heartless combination of knave and buffoon, Grant a mercenary tyrant and intriguer, and so forth and so on, ad nauseam.

Contemporary opinion of a public man, even when it is honest, is apt to be the most misleading of all guides to the truth of history. Least trustworthy of all is the contemporary caricature, which has so much influence on people who do not care to strain their limited minds by trying to read or think. Thanks to the Thersites of the crayon, brave and honest Abraham Lincoln was known to millions of his countrymen as the "Illinois Ape"; Grant, the most magnanimous conqueror that ever lived, and the most generous eulogist of his comrades in arms, was pictured as a designing Cæsar, arrogating to himself imperial power, and claiming all glory for his own behoof. I have before me a copper token, dated 1834, bearing on one side a design of a hog and the legend: "Perish credit; Perish commerce; Down with the bank"; on the other a portrait bust and the inscription, "MY substitute for the U. S. Bank; MY experiment; MY currency; MY glory." The bust is that of Andrew Jackson, who had as much thought of being a usurper as of being Grand Lama of Thibet. The heavy wits of our own time are equally addicted to using the sarcastical "MY" and "ME" when they wish to ridicule a man with opinions of his own, only they use rags instead of copper to immortalize their satire.

The President was obstinate on the silver question, and he is obstinate on the tariff question. Obstinacy may be a merit or a fault, as it is employed; but it is a blessed quality when used for the settlement of an economic question wherein the worst of all things is indecision, disturbing all business and driving the country into a condition of panic. If congress would pass a tariff measure of any kind, settling the matter once for all, the country would soon adjust itself to the altered conditions. The trouble is that the President's firmness of purpose finds no response in the coördinate branches of the government.

He has been obstinate on the Hawaiian question, which he has regarded in the light of international morals rather than in that of international law. Suppose that, instead of having been elected President of the United States, he had been appointed president of a great corporation. Suppose, further, that on taking charge of his office he found proof that his predecessor had increased the wealth of the company by grievously wronging a weak business neighbor who, however, had no redress in law, or even in what the law calls "equity." A merely shrewd man in such a case would let the matter rest. An honest one would at least try to undo the wrong, even though he offended his stockholders.

The sharpest critics of the President in this matter are fond of invoking the shade of Marcy to put him to shame. "Oh, for one day of Marcy," they cry. Let us take one day of Marcy, or, speaking strictly a day which was the sequel of the ex-secretary's policy and directly inspired by him — the 1st of May, 1857. I confess that it is not a date which awakens any patriotic pride; but it is worth while recalling as a precedent with the Marcy stamp on it for anything that Mr. Cleveland may have done or attempted in Hawaii. On that 1st of May, 1857,

in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua, a man of American birth who had been lawfully elected president of Nicaragua more than nine months before, who had been recognized by President Pierce and his successor in the White House, was compelled by Commander Davis, U. S. N., to surrender his stronghold of Rivas to the Central American Allies, his sloop of war Granada to Commander Davis, and himself and men to the custody of the same officer. William Walker came home a nominal prisoner, but with what offence accused or by what right arrested has never been satisfactorily explained. His forcible deposition from the presidency of a nation with which our own was at peace, furnishes a precedent for those who stickle for the letter of the law and are not satisfied with mere moral arguments.

Commander Davis insisted on rescuing men who were in no danger and did not want to be rescued, even as Minister Stevens insisted on protecting American interests before his friends in Honolulu had asked for his intervention.

Should the adherents of Queen Liliuokalani chance, however, to overthrow the existing Provisional Government, and an American vessel of war be on the spot, no doubt the defeated forces would find shelter and protection under the American flag, and the minister or captain who refused them both would be properly regarded as a dastard, more sensitive to international law than to national honor.

I cannot see in what particular the filibusters of Cuba and Nicaragua were not just as worthy of support and respect as those of Hawaii. The professed horror of the latter toward the "paganism" and "immorality" of the ex-Queen, and the artful appeal to Christian sympathy, are only some new features in filibusterism, which has degenerated very much, as a fine art, since 1860.

The allegation that Mr. Cleveland has been influenced in his Hawaiian policy by a desire "to please England" is only one of the many absurd criticisms passed upon him. It is quite conceivable that England should be anxious to please the President of the United States, for reasons political and commercial; but why the head of the greatest nation on earth should court the favor of a foreign and rival nation, passes comprehension. The wiseacres have a theory, and it is that he is socially ambitious. This profound hypothesis falls to the ground when we remember that Mr. Ward MacAllister has already officially recognized "the Clevelands" as eligible for admission to the immortal Four Hundred, though, strange to say, they have displayed no alacrity in using the privilege. Hitherto, so far as their social duties permitted, "the Clevelands" have been content to enjoy their domestic privacy and keep it as private as possible, both in Washington and at Gray Gables. The President of the United States, whoever he may be, does not need the hall-mark of any aristocracy, foreign or domestic, to settle his position. In justice to the whole line of presidents, it must be said that, while there have been among them men of good, bad, and indifferent character, there has never yet been a snob in the White House.

The President has not always been happy in his choice of representatives of the United States abroad. Mr. Phelps was not an ideal minister to the court of St. James; no more was his predecessor, Mr. Lowell, who was a Republican appointee. A

more tactful man than Mr. Cleveland would have avoided the mistake of sending an anti-Catholic minister to the Catholic court of Spain, and a defender of the papal patrimony to the Quirinal; but it is not to his discredit that those considerations never entered his mind in choosing both men without regard to their religious beliefs or affiliations. The courteous Spaniards raised no questions about Mr. Curry, though the less gracious Italians did refuse to accept Mr. Kieley. The best office in the gift of the administration, that of consul-general at London, has been given to an ex Fenian, in the same spirit of utter indifference to any considerations save those of ability and good service. It is hard to imagine the greatest master of tact and the richest possessor of "magnetism" in our day doing as much. Yet the magnetic tactician failed of his dearest ambition simply and solely because he lacked his rival's predominant quality of innate, uncalculating honesty.

Is Cleveland to be reckoned among the great presidents? That is a question for history to answer. He must certainly be counted among the successful ones. No other has achieved a second term after having been once defeated in a contest for reëlection. The people believe in him, and that is the highest tribute to the honesty and sincerity of the people, as well as to the man whom the people have so honored. Neither he nor they, I think, have any illusions about their respective positions. They recognize the fact that in him they have found a plain, unassuming, honest, and courageous man who does his duty according to his best lights. He, I am sure, looks upon his high office only as a sacred trust, to be executed, not for his own glory or emolument, but solely for the good of the country. He is neither infallible nor immaculate; but he is brave and upright, and he has the faculty of "sticking to it," which is the key to success.

A NEGATIVE VIEW, BY JOHN FORD.

THE office of President of the United States is, in my opinion, the most exalted and honorable political office on the face of the earth.

It is certainly the highest in point of dignity within the disposal of the American people. I have voted for every Democratic candidate for the presidency since 1860, when I voted for Stephen A. Douglas, down to 1892, when I voted for the present incumbent of that office, Mr. Grover Cleveland. I have been a Democrat because I believe in the Jeffersonian doctrine of equal rights and equal privileges to all men. Recognizing that the platform adopted in Chicago by the Democratic National Convention in 1892 embodied this doctrine in its entirety, as usual I worked for the candidates nominated, and aided, as far as I could, in securing their election.

Since the reëlection of President Cleveland, however, I am free to confess that if, judged by his public conduct, he is a true exponent of Democratic doctrine, I utterly fail to

comprehend it. I have watched his course conscientiously, even sympathetically, but I have been unable to square it in any way with my views of the fundamental principles of the party in the past, reaffimed by the Chicago platform, on which he was elected.

In dealing with the question I may use terms of criticism seemingly too moderate, if my position is correct. I feel deeply both the justice of my cause and the necessity of its presentation here, but I believe that a man should be treated with respect so long as he occupies the first place in our republic, and Mr. Cleveland has not yet been impeached.

I shall have nothing to say here concerning Mr. Cleveland's official acts during his terms as governor of New York and during his first term as President. I indorsed those acts by my vote for him in 1892, as did other Democrats. I believed him to be a man of honesty, of courage, and of a high order of patriotism. True, there were in his official life prior to 1893 many acts — for instance, his course on the lien law when governor of New York, the nefarious extradition treaty, and the rebel flag incident — which did not quite accord with this high opinion of the man. But in the light of his tariff message and his apparent espousal of the cause of the masses as against the classes, I was forced to the conclusion that the culpable acts which I have mentioned were merely accidental. When, however, I recall these acts now, and view them in association with his course since last March, I can but believe that they were not accidental, but rather were characteristic of the man. They were but the early signs of a character that has now reached full development under the demoralizing influences of success and adulation.

Grover Cleveland is not courageous. He is simply obstinate. Grover Cleveland is not honest. He is merely a preacher of reforms which he hypocritically evades in practice. Grover Cleveland is not a patriot. He is a selfish and self-centred man who lacks that first element of American patriotism — a regard for and a devotion to the will and the interests of the people.

Now for the proof of these propositions, which I believe all thinking and honest Democrats must eventually accept, but from which many will now dissent.

As to the proof of his obstinacy, I ask any candid Democrat to examine his course in any one of the three prominent features thus far of his present administration — the silver question, Hawaii, and Van Alen.

Let me say right here that I am not a silver crank, but I am a supporter of the plank in the Democratic platform of 1892 which called for an honest adjustment of the relations between silver and gold in our currency. Never mind, for the moment, whether the monthly purchases of silver were the great cause of the commercial depression last summer. Was it courage or was it obstinate adhesion to his own personal belief which led Mr. Cleveland, in the face of the Chicago platform, in the face of the unanimous opinion of the Western and Southern Democracy, to insist on the demonetization of silver?

Again, was it courage or was it this obstinate adhesion to his own personal belief that has made him do all within his constitutional power — and a little more — to restore the Hawaiian queen to her throne by methods which not even his most idolatrous and dependent supporters dare openly espouse?

Was it courage or was it this ob-

stinate adhesion to his own personal desires that led him to make and persist in pushing the appointment of Mr. Van Alen as ambassador to Italy, against the protests and the prayers of even his mugwump friends and in defiance of almost unanimous public sentiment?

Mr. Cleveland's lack of honesty and of patriotism now remains to be proved, and evidence ample and conclusive is found without going beyond the various phases of these same three great matters in his present term.

In the letter accepting his first nomination for President, written at Albany on Aug. 19, 1884, Mr. Cleveland formulated this maxim: "They, the voters of the land, have learned that mystery and concealment in the management of their affairs cover tricks and betrayal."

Contrast this precept with his practice in the Hawaiian affair of withholding from congress all detailed knowledge of his efforts to restore the queen to her throne until he was actually forced to explain by the demand of the senate. Even then, the information in his possession was only given piecemeal. His frantic struggle against the enterprise of the American newspapers which sought to give the public adequate information of events in Hawaii was carried to absurd extremes in his order keeping the cutter Corwin out in San Francisco bay, when she should have been at the dock. Does not this contrast between precept and practice suggest hypocrisy rather than honesty in Mr. Cleveland's character?

Now what of his vaunted patriotism? Tempted, as I am, to dwell upon the fact that a man who did not fight for his country in her hour of need should not, in her hour of success and bounty, question the motives or defame the memory of any man who did, I will nevertheless only make this passing reference to it; for that was one of those things in Mr. Cleveland's first administration which as an act I condoned, but which as an index of his character now obtrudes itself forcibly upon every candid mind. A sufficient view of that character in full play is seen in his present administration. Take the silver question, the influences which brought about demonetization, and the results which have followed. The classes in American society caused the demonetization of silver. The masses were told — what? That the monthly purchases of silver were the cause of the business depression, and that, once discontinued, business everywhere would revive. Mr. Cleveland himself gave the force of a special message to this alluring explanation. Has business revived? For the masses it has not — positively, emphatically, and painfully not. And yet what suggestion of relief did Mr. Cleveland make in his annual message to congress last December? When one thinks of Andrew Jackson, who single handed and alone fought down the money monopoly which in his day threatened to strangle the young country, what a humiliating contrast with his course that of Grover Cleveland, the friend and servant of Wall street, presents for Democrats!

Mr. Cleveland rendered, by the use of his patronage, by threats and by personal influence, a greater service to the grasping money power than any other man could possibly render. In the hands of the gold gamblers he was a willing, and, by virtue of his office, powerful tool. He has done more than any other man, living or dead, since the founda-

tion of our government, to rob the industrial masses of this country for the benefit of the money lenders, by aiding in striking down silver — one half their money of final payment. He has been the chief instrument in leaving us with $1,000,000,000 of paper and silver to be redeemed with $75,000,000 of gold in the treasury. He now proposes, in a time of peace, after the most abundant harvests ever produced in the land, to have the country issue bonds bearing interest for the purchase of gold metal to dump into the treasury, the bonds to be used as a basis for further paper inflation by national bankers, who will thus be enabled to usurp the sovereign authority to issue money and to contract or expand the volume in circulation at their pleasure.

This, I contend, is contrary to the interests of the whole people, and therefore, in the truest sense of the word, unpatriotic. I know that the eastern press, and leaders, political and financial, in the money centres will, without regard to their party, protest against this, but thank God! they are not the whole people.

In the unfortunate Hawaiian matter also, lack of the true American spirit is painfully apparent. Although Mr. Cleveland claims to have been guided in this affair solely by truth and honor, either he was controlled by unworthy and un-American motives, or else there was a wrong for him to right. The American people have now practically all the facts in the case, and a wrong has not been shown. It is simply a question of veracity between Mr. Blount and Mr. Stevens; and if the majority of the American people had to decide between them, there is now little doubt that the word of Mr. Stevens would be taken.

Though not an ardent admirer of Senator David B. Hill, I commend the following from an authoritative report of his speech in the United States senate on the nomination of Mr. Hornblower as justice of the supreme court. Senator Hill said: —

> President Cleveland has been controlled during the present administration altogether by his personal motives and friendships. He has selected men for public office for no other reason than that he personally preferred them to other Democrats, and with utter disregard of their qualifications. He has ignored and sought to punish those who opposed him politically in New York, and everywhere he has ignored Democratic organizations by appointing to office men because they were his personal friends. Senator Hill then recited the details of the cruel and unjust attacks upon Senator Murphy both before and after his term in the senate began.

In closing I commend a careful view and an earnest study of Clevelandism to all Democrats. It seems to me that in the downfall of Clevelandism is Democracy's only opportunity. If Clevelandism is allowed to dominate our party until the next presidential election, I believe the people, fully awakened to the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the heedless (not to say, ignorant) obstinacy of the man and his unpatriotic, un-American tendencies, will hold the party responsible, and will put us farther back than we were in '68. The Democratic party is a party of principles more than of men. No man must be allowed to lead it from the cause of the common people.

MANLY HONOR.

A CHAPTER IN THE ETHICS OF BOXING.

BY JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.

A BROOKLYN clergyman quite recently preached a powerful sermon on the evils of pugilism. He denounced the prize-ring and its brutalities in good set terms, and the language he employed showed beyond a doubt that, in his mind, there was no difference between a prize fight and a boxing exhibition. He was especially severe on the boxing contests held in the famous Coney Island rink, and it was evident that he believed them to have been exceedingly barbarous affairs —just as savage and scandalous in all respects as pure and simple prize fights.

It was at a private dinner party that I happened to meet this eloquent preacher, not long after his vehement discourse was delivered, and I took the liberty of asking him this question, "Have you ever seen a boxing contest, doctor, either at Coney Island or elsewhere?"

"Well, no, I must confess that I never have, and I certainly hope I never shall," was his reply.

"I thought you never had," I rejoined, "when I read your remarks on the subject."

In the friendly interchange of views on the matter which followed, I succeeded in so far convincing this worthy man that he had been preaching with more zeal than judgment, that he is now seriously contemplating a course of boxing lessons himself, and I have hopes that we may yet put on the gloves and have some enjoyable and refreshing half hours together. I have no doubt at all that every preacher who stands in a pulpit, every lawyer who practises in the courts, every doctor who does his daily round of hard and anxious work among the sick, every editor who plies the incessant pen, and must needs toil by the light of the midnight lamp, — every brain-worker, to whatever division of the great army of men whose labor draws heavily upon their nervous vitality he may belong, — would be a vastly healthier, stronger, happier, and therefore a better and more useful man, if he adopted boxing as one of his pastimes, and took the trouble to become moderately skilful with the gloves.

There is a fanaticism of morality in this, as in other matters, against which it is well for us to guard. We are all familiar with the intemperate temperance apostle who insists that there is no moral difference between the habitual drunkard and the moderate drinker; that, indeed, if there is any, the moderate drinker is the more immoral man of the two. So, too, we appreciate the extravagance of that too vehement virtue which will not permit any line of distinction to be drawn between the quiet game of whist or euchre around the parlor card table, limited to the family and visiting friends, with trifling stakes or no stakes at all, and the desperate and ruinous play of

the professional gamblers. To the same class of fanatically moral errors belongs the mistake made by my friend, the Brooklyn preacher, in condemning boxing contests and prize fights as if they were essentially the same things under different names. It is a very common mistake, however, and one that is by no means confined to preachers.

It is an error that arises from the same cause which I suppose is the source of nine tenths of all such errors — the unfortunate fact that men will talk freely, positively, earnestly — yes, and convincingly — on subjects of which they know absolutely nothing except by hearsay. The confession of this Brooklyn divine that he had been denouncing boxing contests and prize fights, believing that there was no essential difference between them, without ever having seen one or the other, is by no means remarkable. The great majority of those who make this curious confusion of two things as widely different as a duel to the death, fought with naked swords, and a fencing match contested with buttoned foils, face masks, and leathern jackets, have never seen either a prize fight or a boxing bout. They have heard others, equally ignorant with themselves, call boxing a brutal business and declare that it was only prize fighting thinly disguised, and they have believed it and repeated it. Public opinion is, unfortunately, very much at the mercy of the parrot cages. Some day, when the world grows wiser, it will insist that men shall not publicly make statements for which, of their own knowledge, they cannot vouch. Meantime the parrot on the platform, in the pulpit, or in the most influential place of all, the editor's chair, will from time to time screech out his indiscriminating condemnation of things he has never seen, based on the prejudices of others who likewise have never seen them; and the other parrots in the other sympathetic cages will screech in unison, and the result is — a false public opinion. Sidney Smith jocosely remarked that he thought a critic should never read a book before reviewing it, because it was apt to bias his judgment. The critics and censors of boxing almost all follow Sidney Smith's recipe for giving an impartial judgment. They are not boxers themselves, and they never go to see others box. Hence, entirely free from the bias that comes from seeing and knowing things, they are ready to describe all its brutality and brand it as it deserves.

Notwithstanding the parrot cages, I assert, without fear of intelligent contradiction, that a savage prize fight and a friendly but stiff boxing contest are two entirely different things. The prize fight is brutal. It is a degrading thing for men to fight with bare fists, or merely nominal gloves, for prize money. It is a demoralizing thing to permit such a spectacle to be witnessed by large crowds of ruffianly men. The prize fight ought to be absolutely forbidden by law, and the law should be enforced. I am not lawyer enough to know whether congress has the power to make prize fighting a national crime, or whether it is a matter which can only be dealt with by the several states; but if congress has the power, I should favor a general law, covering the whole nation, to be enforced by the United States authorities in every one of the forty-four states, and under which the prize fight should be made a felony, not punishable by fines, but by imprisonment only.

On the other hand, I believe boxing with soft gloves of not less than eight ounces in weight should be encouraged and fostered, both as a private exercise and a public sport. It is the best all-round physical tonic which the ingenuity of man has devised. This is doubtless because man always does his best when he follows nature closest, and the fist is nature's own weapon of defence. In the ages before firearms and cutlery were invented, men used their hands for purposes of defence and attack, as instinctively as they now use their feet for walking, or their mouths for eating. Boxing, therefore, is undoubtedly as old as the human race. The first two men who fought together must have been boxers. It is a fact worth noting that, although gunpowder, firearms, knives, daggers, and more recently bombs and infernal machines, have to some extent put the meanest man on a level with the noblest, and enabled a cowardly assassin like Prendergast to take the life of the most eminent citizen, without giving him any chance to defend himself, yet the fist is still a factor, and the boxer has more chances in his favor, even in an age that is full of the spirit and methods of assassination, than the man who knows not how to swiftly and strongly put his hands where they will do the most good.

Within a few weeks a quiet and peaceable citizen of New York, going home late with his wife after a party, was suddenly confronted on his own doorstep with a ruffian who yelled at him from behind a cocked revolver to "hold up his hands." The quiet citizen did hold up his hands — but not as this very practical type of Anarchist expected. The quiet citizen happened to be a boxer; and he held up his left hand so rapidly and followed it with his right hand so terribly that the revolver was knocked out of the ruffian's hand and the ruffian himself was unconscious for some minutes after the policeman arrived to take him away. This occurrence was reported in all the daily papers. It is a pity that similar responses to requests for the holding up of hands are not oftener reported.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has very clearly stated this phase of the matter as follows: "I regard boxing as a proper part of the training of young men. This is because it is one of the best forms of physical training . . . and also because it is, in the old phrase and in its proper use, 'the art of self-defence.' In this view I advocated it, many years since, in my 'Outdoor Paper,' and have personally taken boxing lessons at several different times, in earlier life. In a world still somewhat brutal, it is worth a man's while, even for the sake of others, to have some notion how to defend himself even without weapons. He will probably never need to employ the knowledge, but he will have more freedom of action and more self-confidence in danger for having learned. Nor is there any more necessary connection between boxing lessons and prize fighting than between a domestic game of cards and the gambling-saloon."

Dr. William A. Hammond, a very high authority upon questions of physical health, says: "I am of the opinion that boxing should constitute a part of the physical training of young men. It is from every consideration, if a choice is to be made, preferable to fencing. It affords better exercise for the muscles of the body, requires quite as much skill, and brings many of the higher qualities of the mind into quite as great

a degree of activity. Moreover, a man always has his fists ready to defend himself from assault, or to attack those whom he thinks have justly incurred his resentment. A man skilled in the use of these natural weapons has many advantages in a close fight with an antagonist armed with pistol or knife, or who knows little or nothing of 'the manly art of self-defence.'" James Parton, when asked for his opinion of boxing some years ago, confessed that he knew nothing about it, but candidly added; "Some of the most eminent men of recent times found both pleasure and advantage in it in the days of their youth. Anything is better than namby-pamby weakness."

But, unless I am mistaken, there is a higher justification of boxing than the mere consideration of its utility. I hold that a thorough course of training with the gloves is in itself a moral education. Of all forms of physical exercise, this is the one best calculated to promote muscle and morality at the same time. It sharpens up, to a degree that no other exercise can, all those virile qualities which are at the foundation of all the virtues. Never forget that virility and virtue go hand in hand. Says John Boyle O'Reilly: "There is character as well as strength in muscle." To men who have studied boxing at the ring side and who have personally endured the somewhat rigorous discipline of "getting into condition" for a friendly but earnest sparring contest, — there are, fortunately a large and increasing number of such men in all our American cities, and that is where they are most needed, — it will not seem an exaggeration to say that the reading of no book in the English language can possibly teach certain primary moral lessons so speedily and so impressively as the two or three months of severe training required to fit a man for that experience. The rules that govern the boxing-ring are in themselves a tolerably complete moral code. The Marquis of Queensberry, properly understood, is entitled to a place among the great precept-makers of mankind — to rank with Lycurgus, Plato, Socrates, and Solomon, and the other men whose minds served as mints for the coinage of maxims and proverbs that have passed into the common currency of wisdom and goodness.

How many men who think of the squared circle as a scene of pure and simple brutality, and of the Queensberry rules as so much criminal literature, have ever read them? Not one in 10,000, as I venture to think, or they never would so regard them. The first of those famous but little-read rules is in these words: "To be a fair, stand-up boxing-match, in a twenty-four foot ring, or as near that size as practicable." "A fair, stand-up" contest, mark you! The ring is to be large enough to give each contestant plenty of room to try every fair form of strategy — rushing, slipping, getting away, stepping to this side or that, delivering his gloved hand as best he can, and evading his opponent's return blow as skilfully as he may. In short, both men are to have "a fair field and no favor."

Is any man so dull or perverse as not to see the wholesome moral teaching of this rule — "a fair 'stand-up' boxing match?" Why, that is the very best foundation-stone on which to build a strong, moral character — a recognition of the equal right of the other man to

as fair a chance in the battle of life as yourself.

I have never known a man who enjoyed boxing, who could stand up and take a blow as well as give one, and abide in perfect good temper the result of a set-to in which he had no advantage over his antagonist except such as his own powers gave him, who was consciously and deliberately unjust, over-reaching, or cruel in his daily dealings with his fellow-men. And I have never known a man who was habitually grasping, mean, tricky, and unfair in his business treatment of other men, who was not quite convinced of the utter brutality of boxing.

Queensberry rule No. 2 says: "No wrestling or hugging allowed." That repeats the same firm moral note — nothing unfair; no tricks; no dodges; no sharp practices; no meanness; and the other ten rules are all framed in the same spirit and for the same purpose. If one man falls, the other must retire to his corner and give the fallen man time to stand upon his feet again. Think what a vastly better world this would be if that splendid bit of morality could be transferred from the Queensberry rules and made the binding law of business life,— "Give a fallen man a chance to rise again."

The thousands of "eminently respectable" rogues who are very shocked at boxing contests, would be neither so "eminently respectable" nor so superfluously rich if, on the Rialto, in the exchange, the business office, the law court, and elsewhere, there had been some referee to call them down by saying, "Rule No. 10. — A man shall not be struck when he is down."

If we only stop and think about it, we shall be surprised to find how large a part of all that is best in the character, the habits, the customs, the laws, and the civil government of all English-speaking peoples is due to the wholesome moral influence of the squared circle and its rules. One man deals another a cowardly blow, — it may be in a political campaign or a private business transaction, — and the words that rise most readily to every decent man's lips are; "That is below the belt."

It was at the ring-side that we learned to despise the fellow who hits below the belt. When two men have quarrelled and given each other some hard rubs, it is a common and gracious thing for friends on both sides to step in and say, "Now that it's over shake hands and make up." We got that idea, not to bear grudges after a fight, from the ring-side also. What do we say of a man who makes a serious thrust at another man's character and reputation, seeking to injure him in his business or social relations, and, being challenged to the proof, fails to answer and make good his libel? We speak of him with contempt, and say that "he dares not toe the mark," or "won't come to the scratch." Both expressions are extracts from the vocabulary of our wrestling and boxing ancestors.

We see a man of great power in the community assailing and crowding a weaker man to the wall, and what is our common form of speech? "He ought to be ashamed of himself. Why doesn't he take a fellow of his own size?" How many hasty censors of the boxing-art have ever reflected that this common idea — common, that is, among all the peoples that speak English — was drilled into the popular mind by the rule of the ring which requires men to be fairly matched as to weight and size? "He is not in my class, he's

a heavy-weight," says the boxer. "Take a fellow of your size," says the average man whenever he sees a stronger man trying to crush a weaker one.

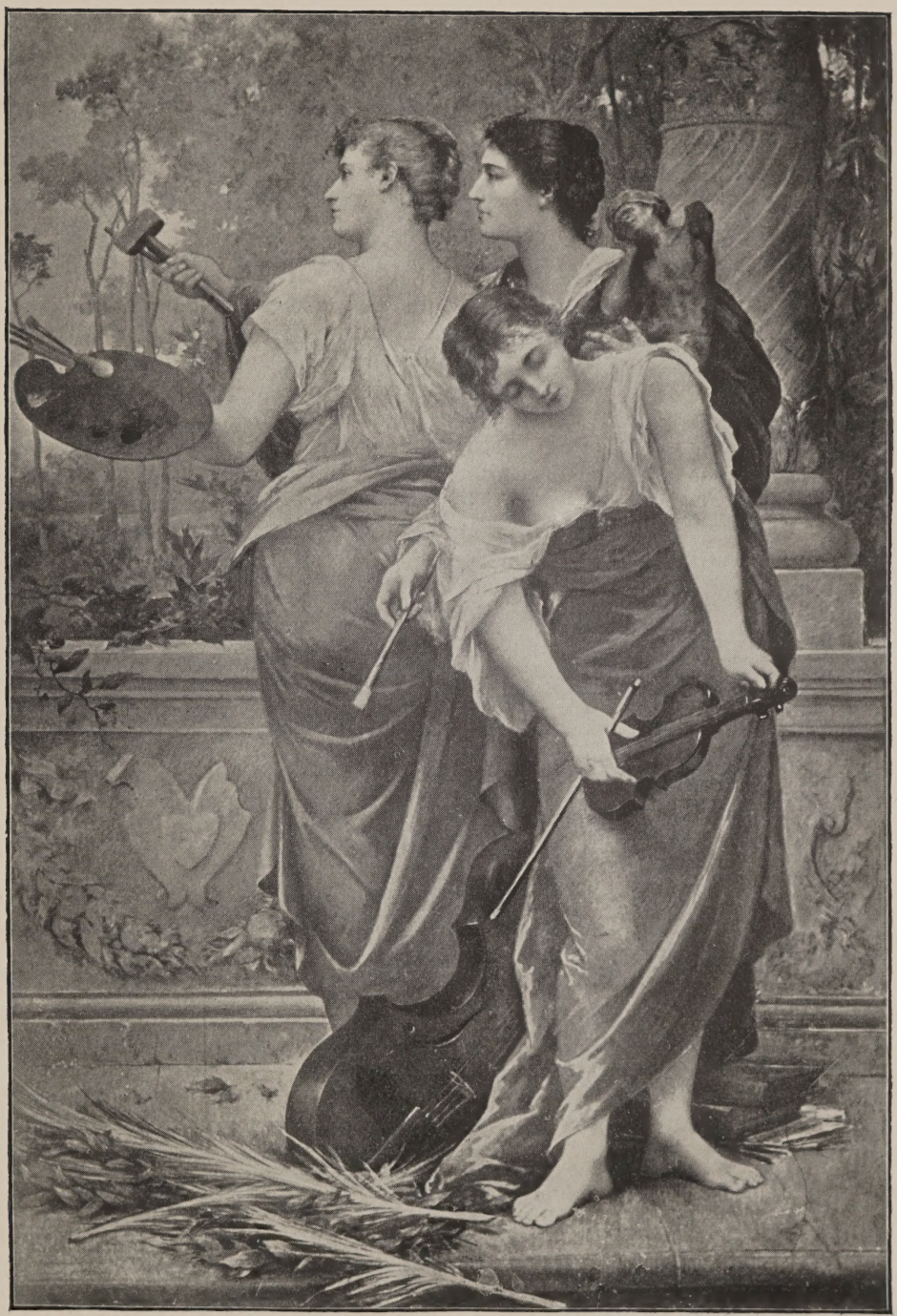
Here again the manly morality of our fistic forefathers asserts itself. In short, and to sum it all up, the high moral value of boxing as an exercise and of the boxing-code, to which every boxer must submit, is due to the fact that they compel men to be just, to accept equality, to respect the rights of others, to be fair to their opponents on their feet, and magnanimous to them when they are down. They take the golden rule down into the gymnasiums of every first-class college and school, and say to the youth of to-day, who is to be the citizen of to morrow: "Put on the gloves, young man, and learn that you positively shall not, in the boxing-ring at least, do anything unto others which they shall not do unto you."

Quite apart, therefore, from its physical benefits, which are greater than those of any other form of athletics; quite apart, too, from its utility in moments of personal peril, which is too obvious to need pointing out, I rejoice at the undoubted growth of boxing in the general favor as a distinct and valuable moral advance. It is already taught in nearly all our leading colleges and private schools. I hope to live to see it taught in all our public high schools, and this more as a means of moral discipline than of physical improvement. The ready and skilful fist has ever been the sign of freedom-cherishing and fair-play-loving peoples. Old Greece honored it, and hers was the fairest and highest civilization of classic times. Young America may also fitly honor it. Leave the pistol, the dagger, and the bomb to the races in whose blood the taint of assassination is hereditary. But let us, descendants of the manlier races that are belting the earth with new English-speaking nations, stick to our fists and the fair-play code that goes with them.

IRREVOCABLE.

THE moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

— From the Rubaiyat.



THE THREE SISTERS.

CATHOLIC CHICAGO,

AND THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO MADE IT.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

N 1833, Chicago's Catholic population comprised only 200 souls; today it is more than half a million. This phenomenal progress of Catholicity within such a comparatively short space of time is without parallel in the history of any Church. It is true that Chicago has, in the same interval, advanced by leaps and bounds, from being a frontier town of a few thousand people to a city of over a million and a quarter. The onward march of the Catholic Church within its limits has, however, been proportionately swifter and steadier than that of the city itself.

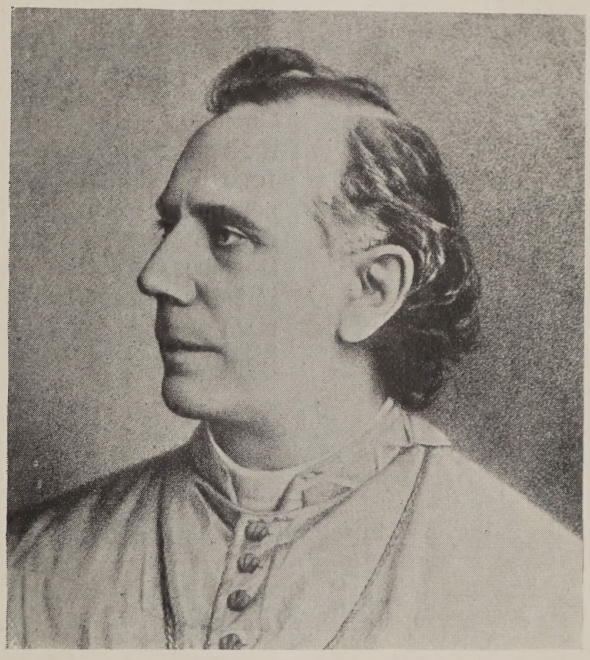
At present that Church is numerically much stronger than any other; and it is probable that the members of its fold are at least as many, or almost so, as the active followers of all other creeds combined. It is not in numbers only that it has won its greatest triumphs or proudest laurels. The Catholics, who in the old days were mostly all hewers of wood and drawers of water, now occupy the highest positions in the gift of the people — thanks to their grit, talents, and industry. Not a few of them have become millionnaire merchants; others sit on the bench or plead as lawyers in the courts of justice; others, still, are members of the senate and assembly of Illinois. The medical, engineering, and journalistic professions are thronged with Catholics, whose careers in public life have been those of the best of American citizens, and whose records socially, spiritually, and otherwise reflect credit on the Church to which they belong.

By their self-reliant conduct, as well as their spirit of religious toleration, they have made the Catholic Church popular with the various Protestant sects of the Lake City. In order to properly understand, however, its actual status, it will be necessary to recall briefly the annals of its past.

Chicago's first missionary was the saintly French ecclesiastic, Père Marquette, who in 1674 planted the Cross of Christ on the banks of Lake Michigan, and converted a large number of the Illinois Indians to the true faith. Chicagou, as it was then called, was a red men's plantation. One hundred and fifty years afterward, it developed into a frontier town, guarded against any possible Indian raids by Fort Dearborn. Here all "good" Indians were supplied with food and money by the government. At this period the Catholic soldiers of the garrison, and the families of Catholic traders used to be visited occasionally by Jesuit missionaries, who would celebrate mass, and hear confessions. Father

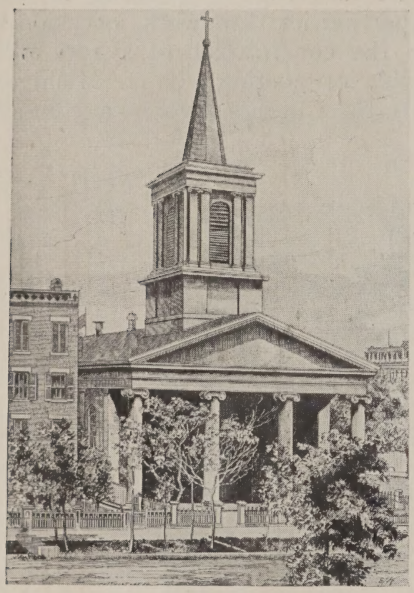
St. Cyr, a native of Lyons, France, was the first secular priest who took up his residence in the town. He was sent thither by the Bishop of St. Louis, although the Illinois territory was under the episcopal jurisdiction of the ordinary of Bardstown. Father St. Cyr found on his arrival, in 1833, a Catholic population of 200 souls, composed of French Canadians, a few native Americans, one German, and several Irish families. Among the latter were the Prendervilles, natives of Kerry, the present representative of whom, Mr. Prenderville, one of Chicago's most popular citizens, was a boy at that early epoch. Father St. Cyr immediately set to work on the erection of a frame building, which was dedicated to and called after St. Mary of the Lake. This was the first Catholic temple of worship built in Chicago.

In 1836 a large exodus of laborers from the Eastern States poured itself into that city, owing to the opportunities for work occasioned by the construction of a 100 mile canal, connecting Lake Michigan with the Chicago river — a colossal undertaking, the completion of which was the inauguration of the rapid growth and development of the metropolis of the West. As most of the laborers were Catholics, other priests had to be sent to assist Father St. Cyr. The Catholics of Chicago could now be numbered by the thousands; and it was eventually decided by the Plenary Council of Bishops, who met at Baltimore, Md., in May, 1843, to recommend the creation of



Archbishop Feehan.

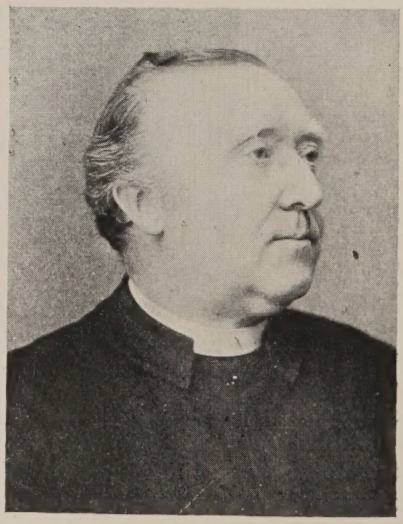
a new see in that thriving city. In 1844 the Rev. William Quarter, a native of King's county, Ireland,



St. Mary's.
The first Catholic Church built in Chicago.

and pastor of St. Mary's Church, New York City, was consecrated first bishop of Chicago. The other prelates of that city were, in the order of succession, the Rev. James Oliver Van de Velde, a native of Flanders, the Rev. Anthony O'Regan, a native of Mayo county, Ireland, and professor of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, whose remains shortly after his death were interred in an Irish grave, according to the express conditions of his will; the Rev. James Duggan, born in Maynooth, Ireland; the Rev. Thomas Foley, born of Irish parents in Maryland, and the present archbishop, the Right Rev. Patrick A. Feehan. In regard to this list, it is interesting to note that out of Chicago's six prelates, four were of Irish birth, one was of Irish blood, and one a Fleming.

Patrick A. Feehan was born in 1829, in Killenaule, county Tipperary. He studied for the priesthood in the famous Irish Seminary of Maynooth, and while still an ecclesiastical student arrived in this country in 1852. The following year he was ordained priest by the present venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis. He officiated in that city till 1865, when he was promoted to the bishopric of Nashville, Tenn. Chicago having been elevated to the rank of archdiocese on September 10, 1880, the Nashville prelate was nominated its first archbishop. Under his wise and judicious administration, Catholicity has grown to immense proportions. During his term of office up to December, 1890, his grace ordained 175 priests, laid

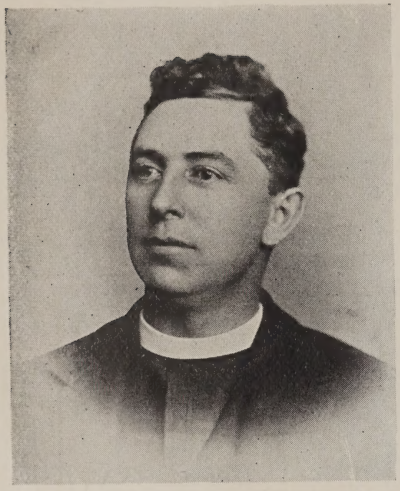


Rev. J. Butler, D. D.

the corner-stones of 60 churches, dedicated 72 others, and confirmed 100,000 children. The archbishop's

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY NAME, CHICAGO.

silver episcopal jubilee was celebrated in November, 1890, amid scenes of the utmost enthusiasm. All classes and creeds united in tendering him their homage and respect. The members of his own flock presented his grace with almost a score of addresses written in the various European languages; odes and lyrics were penned in his honor, and a monster torchlight procession marched through the streets, in commemoration of that auspicious occasion. Personally, his grace is one of



Rev. T. F. Galligan.
St. Patrick's Church, Chicago.

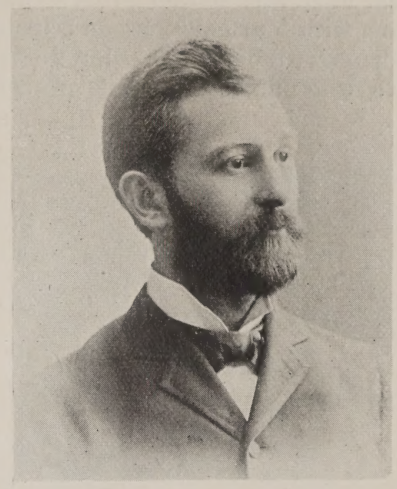
the most amiable of men — courtly as a French abbé of the old régime, but yet possessing under a suave exterior the firmness of will peculiar to those who are born to rule, and the tact and administrative capacity of a master diplomatist. In his government of the great archdiocese he is ably assisted by his vicars-general and administrators, comprising such learned and eminent clergymen as the Very Revs. Dr. Butler, W. J. Quarter, T. Halligan, D. M. J. Dowling, P. J. Conway, J. McMullen, P. Fischer, D. Dunne, and P. T. McElherne. Among the other zealous priests of the archdiocese, may be mentioned Father E. J. Dunne, recently promoted to the bishopric of Dallas, Tex. Rev. Mr. Galligan, pastor of St. Patrick's ; Dr. McGovern ; Father Cashman ; Father O'Sullivan, of Cummings, South Chicago ; Father Gore, and scores of others whose devotion to the interests of the Church is worthy of all praise.

The Cathedral was built by Bishop Foley immediately after the great fire of 1871, at a cost of $170,000. It stands on the northeast corner of State and Superior streets, on the old site of St. Mary's Catholic University. Renovations, which have cost no less a sum than $200,000, have been in the course of progress for the past two years. The sacred edifice was formally re-opened for divine service on the 22d of December, 1893. Among the new decorations of the interior of the Cathedral are 30 mural paintings, executed by the well-known church artist, Lambrecht, of New York City ; and woodwork in gold and mural tintings, by Scattaglia, of Philadelphia, Penn. The new white altar and railing were presented to the Cathedral at a cost of $8,000, by the Clarke family, in memory of the late Mr. J. V. Clarke, the founder of the Hibernian Banking House of Chicago, who was a native of Dublin, and whose daughter is the wife of ex-Mayor Washburne. The Cathedral, I may add, has a seating

Rev. P. J. Muldoon.
Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

capacity of 1,800. The worthy pastor, Father Fitzsimmons, is an active and energetic clergyman, to whom much of the credit is due for the final renovations of this handsome edifice.

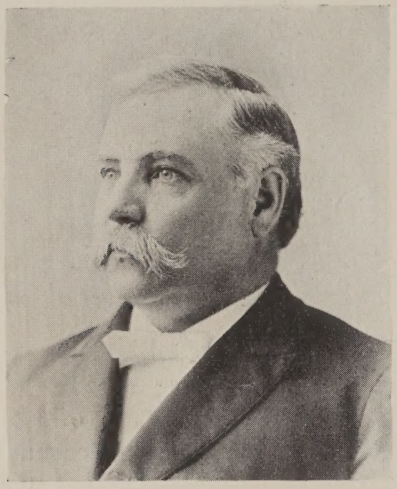
The Rev. P. J. Muldoon is, perhaps, the busiest ecclesiastic in the archdiocese. He occupies the dual position of chancellor and private secretary of the archbishop. He was born in California, October, 1863, of Irish parents. Having studied in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, he was ordained priest by the late Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn. His first mission was that of St. Pius's Church, Chicago, from which he was promoted to his present responsible post. Father Muldoon, it may be interesting to note, preached the funeral panegyric of the late Dr. Cronin; and quite recently, at the opening of the World's Fair Catholic Congress, he was the pulpit orator of the occasion in St. Mary's Church. The chancellor is an eloquent speaker. In an interview which I had with him some months ago, he gave me an interesting account of the various nationalities that made up the Catholic population of Chicago. In perhaps no city of the land, with the exception of New York, is there such a large foreign-born Catholic element as there is in the Lake City. Thither people flocked from every nook and corner of Europe, bringing with them the priceless heritage of faith, praying to God in different tongues, building their own churches, and accepting the spiritual guidance of clergymen of their own nationality. The Catholic Church in Chicago is a truly cosmopolitan one. I find by the statistics furnished me by the courteous chancellor that the entire Catholic population of Chicago numbers 520,600 souls. The English-speaking community, of which more than three fourths are Irish by blood or birth, heads the list with 200,000, and 53 churches. Next come the Poles, 100,000 strong, who are provided with 12 churches, 90,000 Germans with 23 churches, 60,000 Bohemians with



W. A. Amberg.
President of the Columbus Club.

Very Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, V. G.

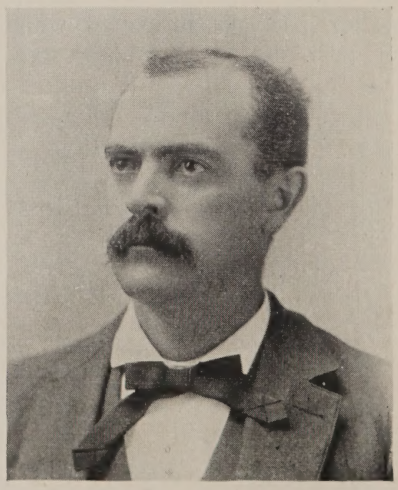
eight churches, 30,000 French Canadians with four churches, and 30,000 Italians with one. The colored Catholics, who number 1,000, have also a



Ex-Judge Moran.

church, and are under the spiritual care of the Rev. A. Tolton, the first Afro-American ever ordained priest. To these may be added 2,000 Lithuanians and 600 Arabs, both of which communities have also churches of their own. The churches of these various nationalities are as much as possible equipped with a corps of European clergymen who speak the language of their congregations, and who are therefore enabled to preach to them intelligibly on all questions appertaining to faith and morals. According to statistics published in 1890, there were 351 priests in Chicago (269 secular and 82 regular), 105 parochial schools, attended by 43,000 pupils, three colleges, and 22 academies.

The social side of Catholicity is represented by various organizations and societies. The Columbus Club, which is the leading Catholic social organization in Chicago, was founded in 1888. Its objects are the promotion of Catholic interests and the encouragement of a more intimate social union among the Catholic laymen of the city. Though it numbers on its list representatives of various political parties, it is itself a non-political institution. Among its members are many of Chicago's most successful merchants and professional men, such as Zenophile P. Brosseau, Dr. John Guerin, William A. Amberg, Thomas F. Barry, Edward Osgood Brown, William J. Onahan, the Brothers Cudahy, Joseph Donnersberger, Patrick J. Healy, Hon. William J. Hynes, Charles A. Mair, John J. McGrath, Judge Moran, William P. Rend, J. J. Egan, and others who have contributed — each in his own avocation — to the growth and development of the metropolis of the West. Though still only five years

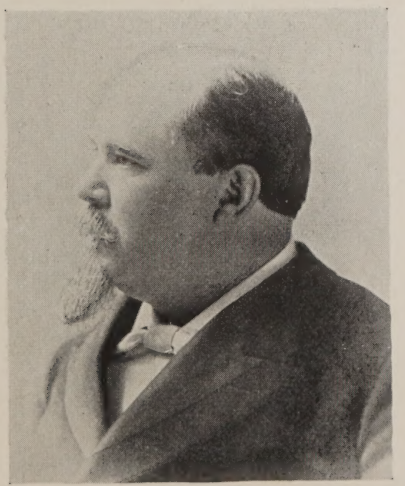


Judge Dunne.

old, the Columbus Club is an infant Hercules, not only in the numerical

strength of its membership, which already amounts to 400, but also in the intellectual and other qualities of the members themselves. Its banquets and receptions tendered to distinguished visitors to the World's Fair, among whom was the Duke de Veragua, confirmed the reputation of the club as one of high social standing.

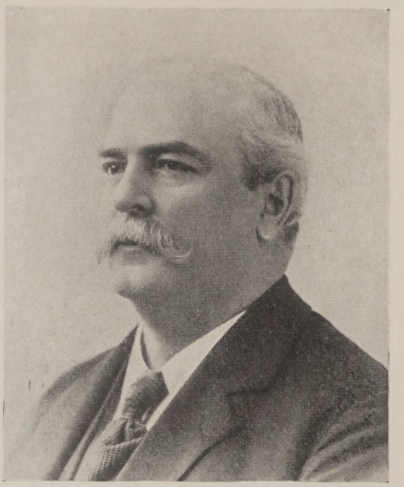
It has had for presidents General George W. Smith, at one time treasurer of the state of Illinois; William J. Onahan, ex-comptroller of the city of Chicago, a well-known Irish American, and a Catholic writer of much repute; David F. Bremner, a native of Scotland, at present vice-president of the American Biscuit Manufacturing Co., and Mr. W. A. Amberg, who has now held office for two years. Mr. Amberg, who was born in Germany, came to this country at four years of age with his parents. He has been a member of the enterprising firm of Cameron,



William J. Hynes.

Amberg & Co. for the past 20 years, and is also president of the Amberg File & Index, and the Amberg Granite companies.

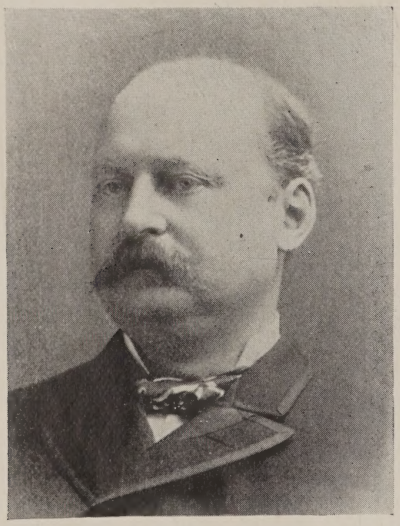
The club's temporary headquarters, after its inception, were situated in



P. W. Snowbrook.

La Salle street; but in May, 1893, its standing committee purchased a magnificent building — formerly known as the Chicago Club — at a cost of $400,000. This edifice they have now completely renovated, making its interior look decidedly sumptuous, and raising it several stories higher than it was before it came into their possession. The club was formally inaugurated in its new quarters some months ago. It is situated in Monroe street, off State, and has seven floors as well as a high basement one. On the latter are the vaults of the Cosmopolitan Safe Deposit Co. The main or first floor is for rent, while the remainder of the building is occupied by the club. On the second floor are the waiting-room, lobby, reading-room, café, and coat and toilet rooms; on the third, billiard and card rooms

and the library; on the fourth, bedrooms for guests and non-resident members; on the fifth, a large dining-room and a series of private dining-rooms, so arranged that they can be thrown into one on the occasion of balls and banquets. The sixth floor



Edward Osgood Brown.

comprises a kitchen, a storeroom, the manager's and chef's rooms, and a dining-room for male and female domestics, as well as sleeping-rooms for the latter; while the laundry and men's sleeping-rooms are on the seventh. The club premises are provided with steam heat, electricity, and elevators. On the whole, for elegance and comfort, it has no rival among the most fashionable establishments of its kind in the city.

Mr. Edward Osgood Brown, who is a convert to the Catholic faith, was born in Salem, Mass, in 1847. He is a member of an old Puritan family. He studied law at Harvard University, and, having been called to the bar, proceeded, in 1872, to Chicago, where he has since resided. He has been very successful in his profession, and is a member of the Iroquois and other leading clubs of Chicago. Mrs. Brown is a niece of the Rev. Father Elliott, one time editor of the Catholic World of New York.

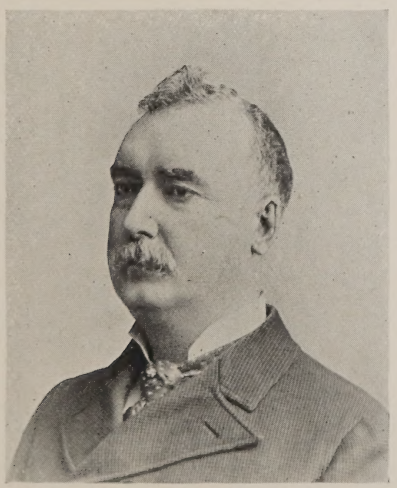
John Patrick Hopkins, the new Catholic mayor of Chicago, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., some thirty and odd years ago, and after having received a high-school education in that city, went to Chicago, where he took part in politics as an uncompromising Democrat. His recent election to the mayoralty against such overwhelming odds was a distinct triumph for the cause of religious toleration. Sectarian prejudices were stirred up against Mr. Hopkins on

Washington Hesing.
Postmaster of Chicago.

account of his religion; but fortunately they were not powerful enough to effect his defeat.

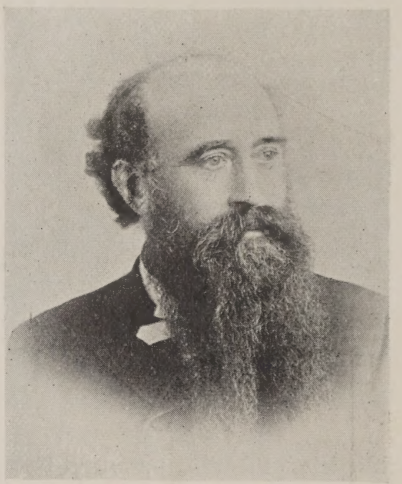
Ex-Judge Thomas A. Moran is one of the leading Catholic laymen of Chicago. He was the first Catholic elected a judge in Cook county, Ill. He was born of Irish parentage in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1839. Having won his diploma in Albany University in 1865, he settled down to legal practice in Chicago, where he soon won his way to the forefront of his profession. In 1879 he was elected one of the judges of the circuit court of Cook county for six years, and was re-elected in 1885. In 1889 he was promoted to the appellate court, which post he retained till 1892, when he voluntarily retired from the bench. He is now the head of the law firm of Moran, Kraus & Mayer.

Ex-Judge Edward F. Dunne, son of Mr. P. W. Dunne, the well-known Irish patriot, is a native of Waterville, Conn., and is 40 years old.



John F. Finerty.

Mr. Dunne having received his elementary education in Peoria, Ill., where his parents resided after leaving New England, was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he completed his studies. Returning from Ireland, he took up his residence in Chicago, where he became partner in a law firm with Mr. William J. Hynes, and in 1892 was elected judge of the circuit court of Cook county. He

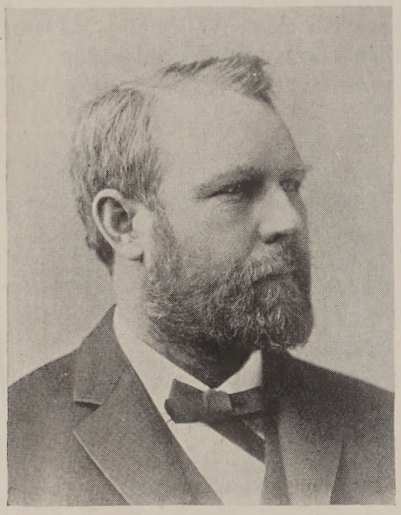


John Hyde.
Editor of the New World.

enjoys the unique position of being the youngest occupant of the bench in the state of Illinois. Judge Dunne is remarkable for his judicial insight and impartiality, as well as for his quick despatch of business. Among the other equally prominent Catholic judges or ex-judges of Chicago, may be mentioned Messrs. Clifford, Goggin, and Prendergrast, the last two of whom are natives of Ireland.

The Catholic lawyers of eminence include among others Messrs. William J. Hynes, Alexander Sullivan, Patrick Washington Snowbrook, and Edward O'Brien. W. J. Hynes was born in 1843 in Kilkee, Ireland, and, coming to this country in his early boyhood, learned to set type in the

office of the Republican of Springfield, Mass. He subsequently entered



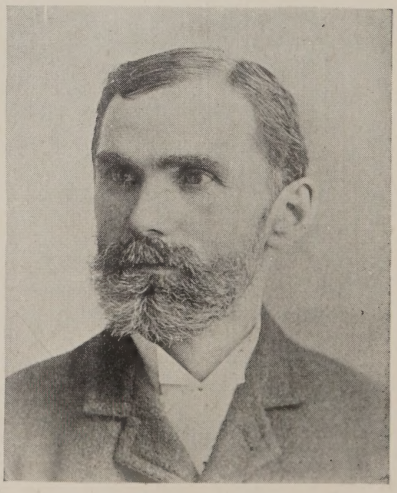
Michael Cudahy.

public life, and was appointed Fenian organizer for New England. Later on he became a lawyer, and has practised at that profession in Chicago since 1875. Mr. Hynes figured very prominently in the Cronin murder trial, on behalf of the prosecution. He is at present doing an extensive business, and might long since have reached the bench if his ambition lay in that direction. Socially he is a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist, and in public and professional life a talented orator.

Alexander Sullivan was born in Canada of Irish parents. At an early age he immigrated to this country, and settled down in Detroit, where he became a lawyer. He subsequently fixed his residence in Chicago. Mr. Sullivan has been for a considerable number of years a leading figure in the arena of Irish-American politics. He was at one time president of the Irish National League of America, an organization which under his judicious management grew to imposing proportions, numbering, as it did, several hundred thousand Irish Americans in its ranks. He is still a potent factor in Irish-American societies, but of late years he has taken no public part in politics.

Patrick Washington Snowbrook was born in 1844, in Chicago, of Irish parents. He is a lawyer of excellent reputation in real-estate and chancery business, and is very popular with all classes of the community. He is, moreover, one of the leading members of the Columbus Club.

Mr. Edward O'Brien, who, as his name indicates, is of Irish extraction, is a native of Michigan, where he was born in 1857. Called to the Chicago bar some 25 years later, he became famous during



P. T. Barry.

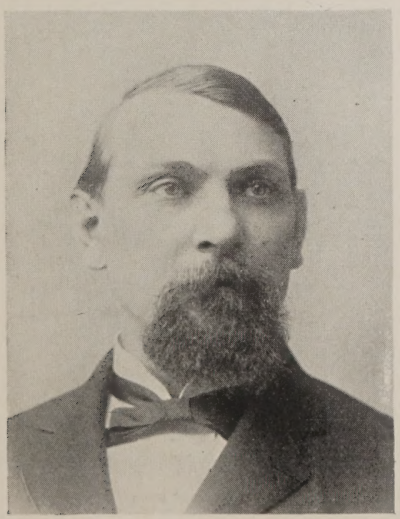
Mayor Cregier's administration for the talent and activity he displayed in prosecuting the gamblers of the

city. He personally conducted several well-planned raids on their dens, and was chiefly instrumental in having their property confiscated.

Among the rising Catholic barristers of Chicago, are the Brothers MacInerney, Messrs. David Sullivan, James Maher, and James O'Connell.

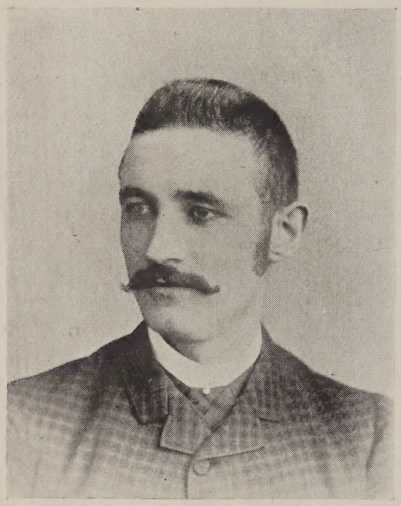
The Catholic knights and ladies of the quill in the Lake City are quite numerous. Every newspaper has its supply of them. They occupy various posts on the daily and weekly press, from the humble one of police court reporter to that of editor. Prominent among these writers is Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, wife of Mr. Alexander Sullivan, the lawyer. She is justly considered to be the ablest woman journalist of this country. An editorial writer on the staff of the Herald, she commands a salary of over $5,000. Some of her most brilliant work appeared a few years ago in the pages of the Tribune, when she crossed the Atlantic to supply that newspaper with pen and ink pictures of the Parnell Commission. She was also the representative of a syndicate of American newspapers, at the opening of the International Exposition of Paris, in 1889. Mrs. Sullivan is the champion of her sex on sound, conservative lines. It was owing to her personal efforts, as well as to the effective logic of her editorials, that the Woman's Club of Chicago was induced to raise $250,000, to establish a women's dormitory in the university of that city. Mrs. Sullivan, who is a native of Detroit, Mich., and whose maiden name was Miss Buchanan, bears a striking resemblance to the painter, Rosa Bonheur, and is as much attached to the pen as the Frenchwoman is to the brush. The other eminent lady journalists of Chicago are Miss Eliza Allan Starr and Miss Mary J. Onahan. Both of these writers, however, do

Fire Marshal Swenie.



Superintendent of Police Brennan.

more work for magazines than for newspapers. The former is an authority on Catholic art topics, and has penned very interesting articles on that subject. Miss Onahan inherits her literary tastes from her father, who is himself a littérateur, as well as bibliophile. She has a very

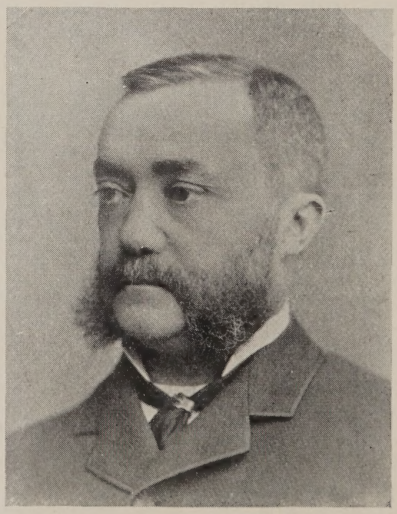


N. D. Laughlin.

graphic and eloquent pen. A monograph of James Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet, which appeared in an American magazine some years ago, was a veritable literary gem in its way.

Washington Hesing, the leading representative German Catholic in Chicago, is also a bright and brainy journalist. The son of German parents, he was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1849. He was educated in the Catholic University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago, and subsequently embraced journalism. He is now the managing editor and part proprietor of the Staats-Zeitung, the leading German daily in Chicago. Herr Hesing is president of the Catholic Union Library Association. Boston readers will be interested to learn that the distinguished editor's wife was once Miss Weir, a daughter of the "Hub." Mr. Hesing, it may be added, was quite recently appointed Postmaster of Chicago by the Cleveland administration.

John F. Finerty is another brilliant journalist. He was born in Galway in 1846, and received his education at the hands of a tutor in his uncle's house in Tipperary, where he became the friend, and omniverous reader of the library, of the patriotic Young Irelander, Father Kenyon, pastor of Templederry. Leaving the shores of Ireland while still a boy, he reached New York towards the close of the civil war, and enlisted in the Northern army. He was subsequently one of the leading organizers of the Fenian movement, to the



J. J. Egan.

aim and object of which he was most devotedly attached. At the close of the 60's he directed his steps to Chicago, where from being a reporter he rose to the post of editor of the Republican in the course of a few

years. In 1876 the Times despatched him as special correspondent with General Crook's expedition against the Sioux, during which campaign he had several hairbreadth escapes from death. In 1877 and '78 he travelled Mexico as representative of the same newspaper. In 1881 he acted as the Times correspondent with General Carr's expedition against the Apaches. Returning to Chicago, he organized the first Irish Land League Convention that was held in this country. 1882 was an eventful year in the career of Mr. Finerty. In January he started the Citizen, an Irish-American journal, of which he is still the editor. In May he married Miss Sadie I. Hennessy, one of Chicago's most accomplished and intellectual young ladies. Some months subsequently, he was elected to congress. Mr. Finerty is a Republican in American politics, and a stanch and consistent Radical in Irish. His pen is strong, trenchant, and enthusiastic. He is, moreover, the author of "War Path and Bivouac,"

Rev. A. Tolton,
First colored priest ordained in America.

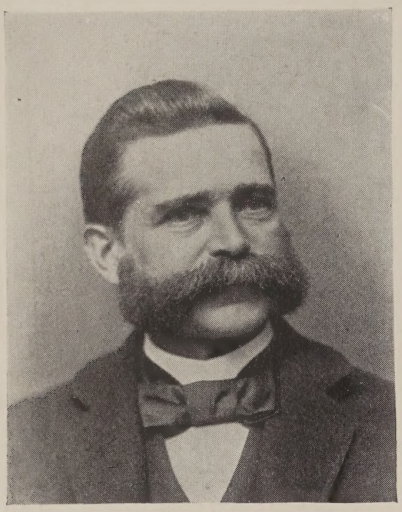
Rev. P. Fischer,
Pastor of St. Anthony's Church.

and is at present engaged on a work dealing with his travels in Mexico.

John Hyde, editor of the New World, the official Catholic organ of the provincial archdiocese of Chicago, was born in the city of Cork, and received his early education in the Christian Brothers' schools in that city. He reached this country in 1862, and settled down in Bay City, Mich., where he was called to the bar. In 1876 he was elected judge of the probate court. He continued in the legal profession till 1882, when he entered journalism as the founder and proprietor of the Bay City Catholic Chronicle He afterwards edited the Michigan Catholic of Detroit. He held this post when, little over a year ago, he was called on by the hierarchy of the province of Chicago to take editorial charge of the New World. Mr. Hyde is remarkable as a journalist for his

graphic style and extensive and profound erudition.

P. T. Barry, one of the chief directors of the Columbus Club, and a



Z. P. Brosseau.

Catholic of high social standing, is connected with the Chicago Newspaper Union, a corporation which prints 1,400 country newspapers published in the middle and western states from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Barry was born in Ireland 47 years ago, and has been a resident of Chicago for 21. He is a director of the First National Bank of Englewood, and a member of the Harvard and Press clubs. On the occasion of the archbishop's jubilee Mr. Barry was selected to read the address in Gaelic, which was presented to his grace in the Auditorium. The Irish language was familiar from early boyhood to the right reverend prelate. Mr. Barry is one of the best known and most popular men in Chicago.

The other notable Catholic journalists of Chicago are Martin J. Russell, a leading editorial writer on the Times; Edward Lahiff of the Herald, Daniel Sullivan of the Times, and P. G. Smyth, a native of Ballina, Ireland, who wrote some very excellent Irish novels, and was formerly editor of the Western People, but is now director of the advertising department of the business of his cousin, Mr. John M. Smyth.

The mercantile arena and the Board of Trade are literally alive with successful and enterprising Catholics. Mr. John M. Smyth, a millionnaire furniture merchant, was born on the high seas 47 years ago, in the sailing vessel that brought his parents, who were natives of Mayo, to Canada. After a brief residence in Montreal, Mr. Smyth proceeded to Chicago in 1848. He became successively a 'prentice typesetter, and advertising canvasser for several newspapers. In 1867 he

J. S. Hyland.

embarked in the furniture business, and soon amassed a considerable amount of wealth in that occupation. His large store was burned down in April, 1891; but on its ruins

he reared in seven months a much larger one, a colossal structure of iron, and the tallest and most spacious warehouse of its class in the states. Mr. Smyth is a Republican in American politics. He has twice served as a national presidential elector. He might have been mayor of Chicago, were it not for the pressing claims of his ever-growing business interests.

Michael and John Cudahy, the well-known packers, were born in Callan, Kilkenny county, Ireland. Early in life his parents having immigrated to this country, Michael became assistant to his father, in the latter's butcher's store in Milwaukee, Wis. He subsequently became manager and partner, in Armour's packing firm, in the stockyards of Chicago. He is now a very wealthy man. His business was not affected to any serious extent by the recent failure of his brother John. Among the other Catholic business men of Chicago, are Mr. Brosseau, of the Board of Trade, the leading Catholic French Canadian in Chicago; Messrs. Cooke and Doyle, the well-known brewers, and McLaughlin and Eagle, who own two of the largest grocery stores in the city.

The two leading officials of the Fire and Police departments, in the service of the municipal government, are Catholics — Chief Marshal Denis J. Swenie and Chief Superintendent Michael Brennan. The former was born of Irish parents, in 1834, in Glasgow, Scotland. He reached Chicago in 1849, poor in everything save ambition, and, having entered the fire brigade, rose from the ranks, step by step, till the late Carter Harrison appointed him acting chief in 1879, which, however, was only a step to a higher position still, that of chief marshal. In the great Chicago fire of 1871, Swenie saved four squares on the north side from destruction.

Michael Brennan, who is a native of Ireland, arrived in Chicago in 1862. He immediately entered the Police Department, becoming successively patrolman, desk-sergeant, captain, assistant chief, and eventually chief superintendent of police. He was appointed to the latter position by the late Mr. Harrison, on the resignation of Chief MacClaughry some months ago. Superintendent Brennan is considered by those who know him to be the cleverest member of the police corps of this country, next to Inspector Byrnes, of New York. He is the terror of Chicagoan bums and blacklegs, and consequently very popular with all the decent classes of society.

Peter Kiolbassa, one of the most prominent Poles in the Lake City, was born in Silesia, Prussia, and came with his parents to this country at an early age. He fought on the northern side in the late civil war. He was at one time secretary to the chief of police and city treasurer.

One of the most enterprising publishers of Chicago is Mr. J. S. Hyland, who was born in Tipperary in 1862. He landed in Boston in 1880, where he spent four years attending the high school, from which he graduated with signal honors. During this period he worked for Boston and New York publishers. In 1884 he proceeded westward, and after a short stay at Detroit, Mich., he founded in Chicago the firm of Hyland & Co., which is wholesale and retail, and employs 150 hands. Mr. Hyland's success as a Catholic publisher has been marvellous. Cardinal Gibbons and other eminent authorities have complimented him on the inner and outer beauty of his volumes, among

The Columbus Club.

which were such good specimens of the printing and binding art as "The Columbian Jubilee" and "Satan in Arms against Columbus." Mr. Hyland belongs to various Catholic societies in Chicago.

Nicholas David Laughlin, manager of Gore's Hotel, was born 35 years ago in Kerry, and arrived in the Lake City at the age of 16. After a course of studies in a business college, he became connected with several of the leading hotels. In January, 1889, he received his present important appointment. Mr. Laughlin is also a valued member of various Catholic organizations.

Such is the list of the leading representative Catholics of Chicago. There are thousands and tens of thousands of others whose records of success would fill a half year's volume of this magazine, but which the inexorable limits of space debar me from noticing in this paper. I have only to add, in conclusion, that all or mostly all of these successful and enterprising Catholics were self-made men; that by their own toil of hand or brain, by their own inexhaustible energy and perseverance, they climbed up from the lowest rung in the social ladder to the highest. They are men of whom any great nation might well feel proud. Loyal to the see of Peter, they are no less loyal to the White House of Washington, and to the starry banner that floats in the breeze over its historic roof. In a word, they are faithful supporters of both Church and State.

A PARADOX.

BY I. I. SUMMERSCALES.

E'ER changing, turbid, broad,
Time is a sea;
Frail vessels, coursing on
This current, we.

Not he who's first at goal
Outstrips the rest,
But he who makes, though slow,
His time the best.

THE HOUSE OF A HERETIC.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

AFTER a brief vacation among his relatives and friends, Rev. Edward Hamilton reported for duty to his bishop and was at once appointed to the charge of a mission called Desert Pond. In the bishop's manner there was a trace of hesitation as he mentioned the name. Father Edward had never heard it before; and being very young, he was less concerned with names and places than with the fact of becoming a rector within a month of ordination. A thrill of pride warmed his cheek and moistened his eye.

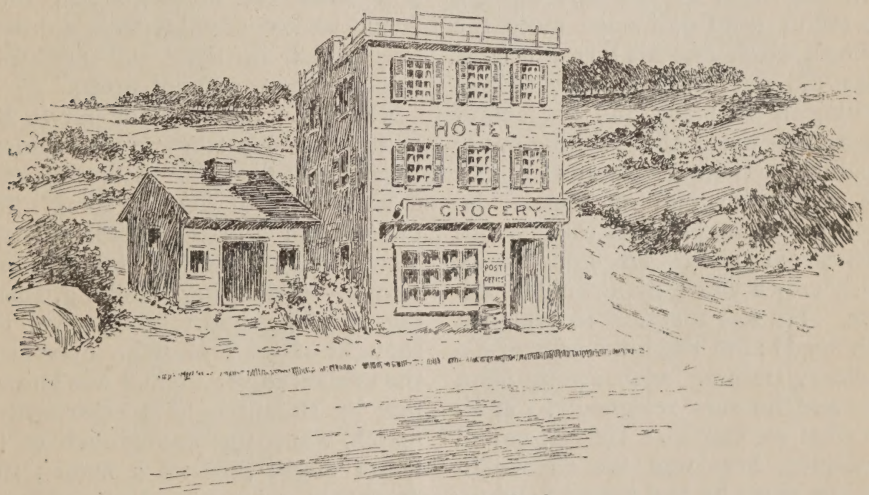
"I thought to be curate somewhere for a year at least," he said. "I'm sure I am very grateful, and it's very kind of you, bishop, to make me a rector so soon" "Never mind the kindness," said the bishop, who could never be sure when his young men were ironical. "It's necessity, you know. You ought to be curate a year, to be sure. Young men need practical training for mission work under their elders. More than one rector asked for you, even fought for you, sir, before you were born into the priesthood. But I refused them. Here was a case for you — all Desert Pond, 100 families, going to the dogs for want of a priest to look after them. Do you think I would let any man hang round for a year as curate, and these people starving spiritually? No, sir!" And he warmed up sufficiently to slap the table with emphasis. The young man was impressed with his zeal.

"There is nothing whatever in the place," continued the bishop, with increasing enthusiasm; "nothing, sir! You must create the parish. I am nothing, for I do no more than mark out the limits; but you, sir, are everything — you are the creator; we depend on you! Go, and take my blessing with you. You have an opportunity which only a young man can appreciate and utilize."

Father Hamilton was deeply moved by this language, although the bishop did not tell him that the last priest to whom he had offered the opportunity of Desert Pond, along with his blessing, had accepted the latter and declined the parish. Father Edward went forth to his mission with an enthusiasm as lofty as Thomas the Doubter carried into Scythia. He paid his own expenses recklessly, for the bishop had forgotten the item, and he felt humbled to get to his first charge in three days without more hardship than a 40 mile drive over bad roads, a wetting in a rain storm, and three miserable meals daily at so-called hotels. Such things were to be as ordinary in his life as air and sunshine, and did not impress him as venturesome or striking. However, his best clothes were ruined by the journey, and he was half satisfied. He spent the first evening in Desert

Pond getting his garments into condition for a call upon his parishioners next day.

As the bishop had said, there was nothing in the place; had he been more precise, he would have said less than nothing. Woods on the horizon, sky above, and earth beneath; a lonely road, poorly travelled; the building in which 'Riah Hopkins kept store, hotel, and post-office;—these were the only visible parts of the town. The rector was mystified and disappointed. He could not visit his parishioners at once, his labor on his best clothes was partly



Business section of Desert Pond.

in vain; but his breakfast was so good, and the hope of two more well-cooked meals that day from Mrs. Hopkins so strong, that he failed to be discouraged.

His illusions were few and simple. He had pictured himself after his ordination moving about his parish as he had seen the rector at home: affable, well dressed, polite, comfortable; singing a high mass and preaching a neat sermon on Sunday; smiling on the children Sunday afternoon; going over the affairs of the parish with the trustees on Monday evening; holding meetings of various societies on other evenings; visiting the sick and the poor; reading, studying, writing; beloved by his people and honored by his townsmen; having a prominent seat in all civic gatherings, and passing peacefully and usefully through this world to the end. The picture was modest and ordinary, but with Desert Pond for a background it became fantastic and impossible. When the bishop said there was nothing in the new parish, he meant to be taken literally, as if he were talking of Sahara. The young man gathered from his words that not as much could be found in the place as one might desire.

He had some instructions and points from the vicar-general, but he read them to no purpose. He was compelled to take counsel with 'Riah Hopkins, which he did with some mistrust, since it was hardly correct for a Catholic rector to discuss parochial matters with an outsider. He read to 'Riah his instructions, after

informing the postmaster of his business in Desert Pond. He wished to discover the limits of his parish, the residences of his people, the temporary church, the trustees, and a few other matters. 'Riah's information was astounding. There was not a church of any kind within fifty miles, trustees had never been heard of, the limits of his parish were 25 miles in any direction from the hotel, the Catholic families were scattered through the town miles apart, a priest had never visited them nor did they seem to want one, and all there was to Desert Pond, in the concrete, the hotel and its barns represented.

In the light of this information, the rector compared once more the bishop's words and his own illusions. They did not fit. Truly there was nothing in the place, and his lack of experience made the nothing more appalling. Having a sense of humor and a good supply of cigars, he smoked and laughed over the bishop's enthusiasm about an opportunity which only a young man could appreciate. He was tempted to resign it with speed; but the influences of his seminary training were strong upon him, and he said resignedly, Let us see what we can do. He had vowed obedience, here was the chance to test the vow; he had vowed poverty, and in his first charge there was nothing! Surely a man of vows should treasure such circumstances!

The hotel was central, had a weekly mail, a good table, and a bright atmosphere; so he spoke to Hopkins of permanent quarters, and had the two best rooms placed at his disposal forever. He had a tussle with conscience before taking possession. He was in a false position, for necessity is the mother of false positions. To make the house of a heretic his residence seemed absurd and dangerous. The bishop would condemn it, but then the bishop was not paying his board, he reflected. He liked the Hopkins firm, especially the cooking.

Such pancakes! They surpassed even his mother's, and he thanked heaven that heresy cannot spoil a dinner any more than it can spoil the air. At present he had no choice between the hotel and the woods. As the bishop had declared him the creator of all that might yet be in the district, he felt free to do a rash thing now and again. At the same time he resolved to be so cold and distant with his hosts, that, once gone from the hotel, his stay there would be less credible than a dream, over which in their old age they might dispute without profit.

From the moment the rector had named his character and his business, 'Riah and his wife had consulted anxiously about keeping him. The presence of a priest disturbed them. They saw many signs of his human nature,— his eating, drinking, smoking, laughing, and talking,— yet the thought of his profession overthrew the evidences. To them it was strange that he should light a cigar with a match, when the mere touch of his finger might produce a flame; that he should prize pancakes and syrup with a stomach having no need of delicacies; that he should complain of warm days though used to a sterner heat; and finally that he walked without limping, a hard feat for booted hoofs to perform. The question of boarding him depressed them.

'Riah had speedily felt the man in the young priest, but the word "priest" confused him. How could a being diabolical take a hunter's interest in the life of the woods, and talk by the hour on past vacations devoted to

camping, fishing, hunting. His love for swimming was natural enough, since water ought to be the paradise of those imprisoned in fire. In

"He liked the Hopkins firm, especially the pancakes."

everything he might have been a Hopkins boy, and yet he was a priest — a deep, mysterious, awful being, the roots of whose apparent human nature were not in the soil of the earth, but in the soil of another world!

Balancing arguments and appearances so tried 'Riah that he would soon have dropped the matter but for his wife. In a dull life of 50 years, Sairey Hopkins had never got entangled in a real mystery; and now

that one dwelt in her house, she was not going to lose it. She had no doubts about her boarder, only pretences. He was really an evil spirit; it was her duty to dismiss him at once; the one minister with whom she communed at times would have sharply reproved her hesitation and wicked curiosity.

The delight of it was too much for her sense of duty. To watch him going about as her own sons used to do, engaged in the little things of life like any young man; and to know that for him it was all a sham; that such a routine was too small for

him ; that its under side was mysterious, awful, horrible, sulphurous, while its upper side seemed concerned only with pancakes and syrup ; — these things made her spinal column thrill and creep 50 times a day ! So she pretended to 'Riah that

The Romeo of Desert Pond.

the priest was nothing more, nothing less than a man, and took him as a boarder, against the warnings of her conscience, soothed with the promise that it would not be for long.

" An' ef he does no worse'n leave the mark of his hoof on the floor in goin', I'll be lucky, an' I'll hev suthin to show for darin' it," she said. When Kitty Pratt came on her next visit she confided to the young woman her suspicions and all that had occurred to support them. It was a weird story, but impressed Kitty only to laughter.

" Why," said she, " there's hundreds of him in the country, and they board everywhere and pay right smart for it. He's never been in hell nor near it. Such a good-looking young man and so very intelligent ! I'm suprised at you, Mrs. Hopkins."

" Well, p'raps I was a leetle hasty," said Sairey regretfully, " but I kinder wanted to believe it. Why, all the stories I ever read in the Ledger couldn't tech it for real excitement. Jest to think of hevin' some one in the house who could do awful an' stunnin' things ! I didn't sleep nights thinkin' on't."

" Ah, if he could only help me," said Kitty, " I wouldn't care what he was or where he got his power." And the tears rained from her eyes.

Mrs. Hopkins looked at a strip of wilderness across the road from the hotel, and said, " Ef he could jest blot that strip o' land off'n the face o' the earth, I reckon your troubles 'ud be over."

She felt he had such power, but wondered what might be put in the place of the banished field. And she was vexed that Kitty should deny his infernal origin. No doubt there was something human in him, his appetite for instance ; but the hoofs and hell were too thrilling to be untrue. The rector wondered why the severe and meditative glances of Sairey rested so often and so long on his boots. She made him acquainted with Kitty, and with the feud which kept this Juliet of Desert Pond apart from her Romeo, one Joe Sweeny — a feud not less bitter, though less bloody, than that which ancient Montague cherished against ancient Capulet.

Every family in the township had taken sides with the leaders, and in consequence the lovely Kitty and the gallant Joe were always in

straits to meet and woo without detection, and had small hopes of a future wedding. The strip of land across the way was the occasion of the feud. For its ownership the houses of Pratt and Sweeny had struggled for years. At first it was a question of boundaries, then the family honor was dragged in, and now it was woven into the flesh and blood of Desert Pond. Alas, poor Juliet ! poor Romeo !

Having prepared himself by long talks with 'Riah on the character of the parish and the habits of the people, Father Hamilton set out one Saturday afternoon to make his first visitation. He travelled on horseback, carrying in a satchel all the requisites for mass and the sacraments during a week's tour, and he had sent word a few days before to various farmers that he would spend a night at their houses. Sweeny's was to be the first halt, Pratt's the last ; and at these places mass was to be said for those who chose to come. The rector never forgot that visitation.

His anxiety, his nervousness, his inexperience, his eagerness, kept him in a continuous fever. In his desire to gain the good will of the people, he ate whatever was set before him ; his stomach thus became intimate with new and unsympathetic characters : doughy bread, poisonous tea and coffee, salt pork, dubious molasses, unseasoned vegetables, unknown quantities called cake and pie. He ate and grew depressed.

He dreamed dreams on beds whose slope was ever the wrong way, whose highest point was midway in the tick, whose pillows were little beds. All this was nothing to the true missionary. It was the mental attitude of the people which frightened him. They let him know speedily that he was not wanted. The Canadians made plain their belief that he was after money, and their resolution to give him none. Religion should be free, they said. The Irish talked as if he were an exposed fakir, a humbug once esteemed, now laughed at. No one received him with sympathy or even pretended to be cordial, so great was the fear that he would remain among them. The head of the house of Sweeny admitted him sourly, though his heavy face softened at sight of the rector's manly figure.

The Juliet.

"What's your business, sor," said Sweeny.

"You got my message, I suppose."

"I did. It was words wasted. Ye're welkim to a bed here, but no

Hunting up the Parishioners.

mass was ever said in this house, an' never will be."

The rector flushed and his temper rose, but he checked the bitter reply that was ready at his lips.

"Very well," he answered politely, "yours is not the first house that refused Him admittance," and he went on to talk of other matters. The family gathered about him after tea, and stared; the neighbors dropped in and eyed him reflectively, but no one spoke of confession or accepted his invitation to confess.

"That's all played out here," Joe Sweeny said pleasantly. "They won't go, but they would like to know where you'll hold service tomorrow, seein' Pop won't allow it in the house."

"Mass will be said under the big tree in the road, rain or shine," was the answer. But the next morning his altar was erected in the best room; and as the mass went on, old Sweeny was carried back in thought, much more violently than he liked, to the scenes of his childhood, and to religious memories of a painful kind. To soothe his feelings he felt called upon to address the rector with violence as he was leaving. It was as if an ox, after years of stupid quiet, had regained the temper of the bull.

"Ye belong to a clever crowd, sor, an' ye got ahead o' me this time, through me foolish children, o' coorse. But" — and the tone was essential — "it won't happen ag'in. Ag'inst you I've no hard feelin's. It's the breed I'm in dhread of. I won't help to fasten the church boss on a dacent people. So come here no more. For I don't want to hurt ye if I can help it. An' remember that the Sweeny crowd is all sworn to give ye no shelther a second time, an' to suffer if they do."

"For your hospitality I thank you," said the priest. "For the rest may God reward you."

Old Sweeny looked savage as he closed the door with a bang. The rector carried a sad heart with him into the wilderness; and the sadness deepened as it became evident that each reception was to be a copy of the first. He came and went as the stranger, not as the messenger of the gospel. Where a spark of tenderness existed, the spirit of feud smothered it. The factions would have no religion in common. They inquired keenly into his nationality. The Sweenys sniffed at his American birth, themselves natives, save the leaders; the Pratts, scenting his Celtic blood, cried "Un Irlandais," as if argument ended there.

The young people had heard of church matters, as of the countries where their parents were born, — things of interest on winter nights about a roaring fire, but with which they had nothing to do,— and they received the priest eagerly and respect-

fully, as a sauce to their dull lives, or as the advance agent of a great circus.

At Pratt's his welcome was cordial, because Kitty regarded his visit as an honor. Word was sent to all the neighbors, and quite a congregation listened to his sermon. Moreover, many were pleased at the unusual sight and at his interest in the children, to whom he taught the catechism. Pratt had to make a special effort to destroy this good feeling, and the rector was a witness of his success. The old man's words, as he addressed a group of the fathers at the door, floated to the missionary's ears.

"I've got the figgers," said Pratt. "I'd like to see any man git over 'em. The new church and house won't cost a cent under five thousand; then every year fifteen hundred to pay the pries' an' run things, an' mebbe a couple o' hundred more sneaked out of us on the sly, not countin' the wimming folks a-bringin' of him butter an' eggs an' sich. There ain't more'n half of us kin pay. So every man's down for a hundred at the start, 'n thirty or forty a year after that, an' nobody knows how much besides. D'ye s'pose I be sich a sucker as to stand all that? It's outrageous an' onpossible."

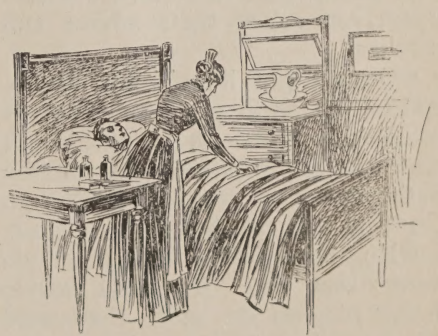
After testing the figures, the fathers agreed with him, and the sentimentalists fled, beating their breasts over an emotion which might have cost them dearly had they encouraged the priest to remain among them. Father Hamilton saw their departure, and surrendered to his luck. The ill nature of Sweeny might be overcome, but not the financial arguments of Pratt.

His digestion had given out, he was weakened by long rides and worn by disappointment, and a wetting had given him a cold; but these were trifles to the deadly figures of the shrewd and grasping farmer. The rector fled back to the hotel, to the house of his kindly heretics, burning with fever. Better to be ill in the hands of enemies like these, than well in the house of renegades.

"I reckon they've killed him," said 'Riah to Sairey, as they stood at his bedside and listened to his ravings. "Joe Sweeny says they treated him just awful at his father's, an' almost as bad at Pratt's."

"They're a low-down, ornery crowd," Sairey replied, with heat, "an' don't deserve to hev sich a man a-lookin' after 'em. Howsomever, he's not dead yit, an' there ain't no sign o' dyin' about him. He's goin' to hev a right smart spell o' sickness, though. Mebbe if you could git Joe Sweeny to come down an' help, I could git Kitty too. Those young people need a chance to visit."

She smoothed the bedclothes tenderly. The flushed face on the pillow was a boy's face, pathetic and helpless, now that consciousness, purpose, dignity were laid aside with the clerical collar. In his delirium he called for his mother, and her heart went out to him at once. She helped 'Riah to give him a mustard



"The flushed face on the pillow was a boy's face."

footbath, and was satisfied that boots were natural to him. His fever acted like all the fevers she had ever seen. He was peevish, sharp, and wild, demanded ice water, pancakes, and syrup, and earnestly damned medicine and beef tea, just as her sons had done many a time in sickness.

When reason returned he banished her and Kitty from his room forever, and clung to 'Riah and Joe Sweeny. All Sairey's hazy, hobgoblin fears and speculations concerning his identity with man had now vanished into thin air. It was with a deep sense of disappointment that she admitted to 'Riah, "Priest or not, he's a human critter," and her husband sorrowfully agreed.

It was hard, even in Desert Pond, to descend from the marvellous to the commonplace. The rector put on his clerical collar again, and returned to his dignity and his purpose, but reserve towards his hosts had disappeared. He described to them his grief and depression, his hopes and plans, and asked their advice and criticism.

"Go straight hum," said 'Riah. "This ain't no fit place for priest or minister. When them people git sense enough to know what religion is, they mout ask your bishop for you. Can't he wait till then?"

"No, no, 'Riah. We don't do things that way. The less people desire religion the more they need it. I must stay here and do something for them. I am the representative of Christ. I cannot go back until my government recalls me. That's just the way to put it. I am the agent of Christ, and what He would do for these people I must do if I can. Now what can I do?"

"I kin quote scripter for ye," said 'Riah. "I read the Bible onct."

"Go ahead," said the amused rector.

"'Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, going forth out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet for a testimony to them.' I disremember the chapter."

"But I have been received in this house," urged the rector; "and if I can make a beginning anywhere, many will take courage and come to me. Anyway, I haven't worked long enough to get dust on my shoes."

'Riah meditated solemnly on the word "representative," and the priest sat musing. Along the road Joe Sweeny came sauntering with his true love Kitty by his side. The breakfast dishes were clattering loudly in the kitchen. 'Riah was reminded of something, and rose to go.

"You haven't thought of anything," said the priest.

"Well," replied the native quite seriously, "if you air the representative of Christ, work a miracle an' the thing's done."

He waved his hand towards the young people loitering on the road, and went in. The rector understood the gesture. It included not only the Romeo and Juliet of the scene, but the horizon and the field across the way, whose only crops so far had been lawsuits and wasted money, riot and drunkenness, scandal and slander. This field of uncertain boundary was really the one serious obstacle to the religious prosperity of Desert Pond.

He suspected humorously that a few demons might have camped there to bewitch the quarrelsome owners, for the whole field would not bring $30 in the most favorable market. 'Riah's remark about miracles was a hint that where slow courts

and friends had failed, the priest might fix a boundary, end an old quarrel, and bring happiness to Kitty and Joe.

Miracles! Why not? The representative of Christ need not be timid on that point. Nor was he. Given the proper circumstances, the necessity, and he did not doubt his official power to heal the sick and cast out devils; greater than either of these seemed the miracle of settling a dispute of ten years in ten hours, and gathering figs of thistles! Such a miracle would not rank with a physical cure, because its processes could be easily traced. Still, it would be wonderful, due to the direct intervention of God.

The rector began to glow with a forgotten idea. He was in Desert Pond to give its people the peace of the gospel, as Christ gave it to the disciples. Before church building and all else material, this duty took precedence. He must begin his mission with a miracle as effective as making the blind see, with the folk of Desert Pond. The more he reflected the warmer grew his purpose.

Finally he rose up, saddled his horse, and set out for the farm of Gedeon Pratt, the man of close figures. He nodded to 'Riah as he mounted, and sang out, when he passed the lovers, "Have courage."

"Gone to ride?" said Mrs. Hopkins from within.

"No," said 'Riah, "gone to work a miracle." She coughed discreetly, and went on with her work.

Are the moral miracles, which we witness daily in the little circle of ordinary lives, real inspirations from heaven, or simply the results of human genius? When the Rev. Edward presented himself again to the hard-fisted Pratt and the savage Sweeny, they fell in with his scheme as freely as if a ray from heaven direct had lighted their reason and warmed their hearts — as earnestly as if the one had forgotten his bill of expense, and the other his threats of violence. Even the exalted rector was astonished at the change.

"I am going to build a church here," he said to Pratt. "You own the land on which I wish to build — that strip in front of the hotel. You are a leading man in the district. It would be a good example and a generous thing if you made a present of it to the new parish."

"My title isn't worth a cent till we're done lawin' about it," said Gedeon.

"Sweeny will present his title to us also. I think I can get him to do that."

"Then you'll do more than the law could," said the farmer, who saw with delight a chance to escape honorably from a contest that had worried his stingy soul. "But if he's willin' I'm willin', though you needn't tell him so. Looks as if you reckoned on stayin' here a good spell."

"A few years. I'd be pleased to have you as a trustee of the new church."

"That means money."

"More labor and time than money."

"Well, put me down, an' thank ye for the same," said the flattered Gedeon. Chief of his faction, he felt that it would be well to hold a chief place in religious doings, even if it did cost something. The money would be well invested. This was the substance of an hour's talk with Kitty's father, stubborn on no point but money, whereas the head of the Sweeny faction became vicious only on the score of the family honor. However, he also surrendered to the

rector's blandishments, and that same evening pastor and trustees held a formal meeting in the hotel parlor, and arranged in high good humor the details of surrender, the plans for clearing the property and building the church, and the means of raising a revenue.

The magic of that miracle! It was like the escape of many waters from the depths of mountain prisons. The hundred families of the district flowed in upon the house of Hopkins joyously, and made it at once and forever the centre of their public life. The old friendships were renewed there, and the ancient feud buried. In time the church and residence were built, and the right reverend bishop came in state to dedicate them with splendid ceremony.

He did not know which to praise most — the young missionary who had worked the enchantment, or the prelate who had given him the opportunity; but reflecting, finally, that history would mention only the bishop's name, he gave all present praise to the rector. Every human being in the town of Desert Pond attended the dedication. Babies and grandams were all there. They could make nothing of it, indeed, but public opinion came to one conclusion about the bishop's mitre, which was on and off the episcopal head so often during the ceremony that all declared, When a man doesn't know whether his hat ought to be on or off, he doesn't deserve to wear a hat at all.

The first marriage in the church was that of Kitty and Joe. Sairey and 'Riah wept at the ceremony, which they had never hoped to see, and they laid the luck to the miracle, as they had a right to do. For the postmaster the net result of the miracle was to provide him with a theory of religion, which he described to every one, and defended even against Sairey: that a young minister ain't no good onless he can work a miracle, an' no parish kin ever amount to shucks ontil a miracle gits a-workin' in it, like yeast in bread.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

THE morning came as strange and white
  And still as Death doth come. Almost
It was as tho' the Earth had slept
  And woke to find herself a ghost.

Close, O so close, to her changed face
  The sky drew down! How could she know
Herself, as she lay shrouded there
  In the white wonder of the snow?

THE WOOD-PILE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

HAT a satisfaction it is to see a generous, whole-souled wood-pile! It gives one a better opinion of the world, and brings up a rich flood of memories and associations. One has no need to be told that the owner is the father of half a dozen boys and girls, and that the neighbors like to gather under his roof during the long winter evenings, when the snow and wind outside but emphasize the warmth and cheer within. One has no need to call on the imagination to see the great pile of extra logs in the corner, waiting their turn at the fiery carnival, dancing and glowing in the fireplace, or the half circle of merry story-tellers gathered about the hearth, eating apples and cracking nuts, and exchanging experiences of farming and hunting with each other.

There is something wonderfully warm and suggestive about the great, hospitable-looking pile. Every log has a whole evening of cheer and hilarity bottled up in its taciturn depths; every stick and piece of rough bark has a story of its own — reminiscence of deep, silent woods, and of birds and animals it has helped to nurse and shelter.

And this cheerful, glowing blaze in the fireplace is a fit ending for the rough-barked old tree that has passed its life in such ministering service. If one listen closely to the snapping and cracking, he may almost distinguish the chirps and love calls of the birds, the chatter of the squirrels, and the soughing of the wind through the branches.

No wonder the farm boy grows to have a fondness for the wood-pile. It is replete with associations and memories. He helped to cut and haul and pack the logs; and he has stories to tell of the chestnuts and walnuts and wild apples which they once yielded. He may declare that he "hates the wood-pile," and that "cuttin' wood's the hardes' work ever was," but it is mere bravado. When his friends come to see him, he always takes them to the wood pile, and each has his favorite perch among the logs. He eats his apples upon the wood-pile, and it is upon the wood-pile that he dreams his plans and castles for the future.

During the late fall months, after seeding and husking and apple gathering and cidermaking are over, the teams go into the woods and bring home the logs, which have been mellowing and seasoning since the winter before — load after load, they are brought and heaped up, until the pile rises above the eaves of the sheds and stables. And then the real life of the wood-pile commences.

Saws and axes are brought from the wood-shed and sharpened, and the boys select a sheltered spot on the south side of the great pile. The older ones saw, and the others split; and the merry music of their saws and axes rings sharply through

the keen December air. Profiting by their preoccupation, the bluejays make frequent trips to the corn-crib, and even the venturesome red squirrels occasionally steal from the woods near by. Sometimes the boys see them, and then there is a sudden abandonment of saws and axes, and a chase which rarely results in captures.

During the first few days the dogs circle about the boys, whining and wagging their tails, and trying to entice them away to the woods. But after a time they seem to understand that such frivolous pleasures must wait until after business is over; and they slink off to some sunny spot behind the logs, where they sleep and dream, and make the short peculiar barks which only dreaming dogs know.

And day by day, and week by week, the great pile of wood passes under the saws and axes, and is thrown out on the other side, to await its summons to the house. After a time the small boys begin their part, and the newly split wood is packed into huge, symmetrical blocks, that shall rise above the drifting snow which will presently come whirling down from the north and northwest. Sometimes the girls come out and help pack, and then there is a gay passing of snowballs, and much laughter and merriment.

What an open, large-hearted hospitality such profusion of wood suggests! It never occurs to one that the owner may be niggardly or churlish. Such a pile of wood can only belong to a man whose heart is large enough to take in the whole neighborhood.

But what a contrast is the woodpile across the way!—a few sticks that even the house dog refuses to sleep behind. No wonder the boys are thin and sickly, and the girls weak and discontented. One can scarcely imagine a smile, or a bit of laughter, or a jest passing through a door that overlooks such a pile.

BROTHERS ALL.

BY C. S. N.

BROTHERS all, whate'er the hue be
Of the skin,
If we labor ever to be
White within;
Not the accident of feature,
Race, or clan,
But the soul within the creature
Marks the man.

Love
Behold what marvels love can do
He makes one mantle serve for two
Makes two fond mortals to believe
In charms which none else can perceive
For having stolen half their brains
But half their common sense remains
So to repair the mischief done
He joins the two and makes them one
Louis Loeme 93

A VALENTINE.

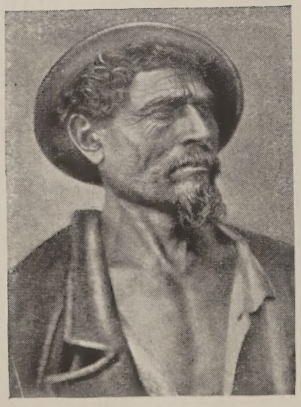
Grand Canal — St. Mark's in the distance.

VENICE.

(*From the German.*)

BY REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

I.



A Gondolier.

No longer rest mine eyes on ocean's floor,
Since from the flood Palladio's temples rise,
Beneath whose steps the wave in silence dies,
Which with caressing impulse safely bore
Us on. With grateful hearts we seek the shore,
While swiftly each lagoon receding flies.
The doges' colonnades, the Bridge of Sighs,
And spires and minarets loom up before;
We see the brazen lions, once the pride
Of Venice, lift their winged forms in air,
And from their towering shafts o'erlook the tide.
In awe-struck mood I climb the marble stair;
Flooded with light, gleams the whole compass wide
Of St. Mark's Place — to tread it, shall I dare?

II.

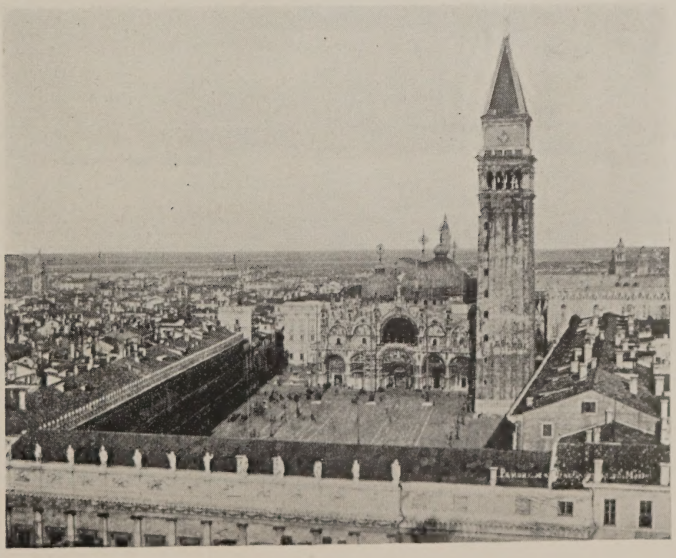
Bridges and streets — a labyrinthine maze —
That in bewildering confusion wind
And interwind a thousand-fold — how find
A clue in such a tangled web of ways?
From the high terrace of St. Mark's my gaze
Strains forward, till the wonders dim outlined
Take form, and clear, and well defined,
A picture rises thro' the golden haze.

Responsive here, I greet blue ocean's smiles;
And there the Alps, that limned against the sky,
Look down on the lagoons, inlaid with isles.
And lo! a mighty people draweth nigh,
To build amid the waves, on oaken piles,
Their marble structures as in days gone by.

Venetian Fisher Boy.

III.

Fair is the scene when the cool breezes blow,
And poised in air seem ship and gondola,
When the lagoons, crimsoned with evening's ray,
Lave Venice in their noiseless ebb and flow.
Inland the eye then turns to where, below,
Turret and spire soar into space away;
Along the steps of the Rialto sway
The tidal waves of being to and fro.
A race of revellers from far and near,
Joyous and light of heart, in masked disguise,
All heedless of the cynical sight-seer,
Gather around the square when daylight dies,
To listen to the choral song, or hear
The poet on the Riva improvise.



Square of St. Mark's — The Campanile.

Lion of St. Mark's.

IV.

In the dim realm of dreams doth Venice dwell,
And shadows cast of ages long since fled,
The Lion of the Commonwealth lies dead,
And sombre gloom enshrouds each prison cell.
The brazen steeds, that when Byzantium fell,
Thro' salt-sea foam were dragged o'er ocean's bed,
How changed from what they were when hither led!
The Corsican, alas! hath curbed them well.

And they who built those marble palaces,
That kingly people, whither have they flown?
Their work is crumbling now by slow degrees,
And not a trace of what they were is shown
On their descendants' brows — this one still sees,
Above the doges' grave, hewn out of stone.

Fete Day on the Grand Canal.

FOREVER ?

THE UNDER-DOG SERIES.

No. 3. The Miser.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

From time to time the newspapers inform us that some old beggar, whom we have seen for many years stationed at a street corner in the neighborhood of a church, has just died, and that a large sum of money has been found in his mattress. At first we are indignant, then we laugh; for the miser is an essentially comical being.

And each of us has an anecdote to relate. One tells of the old woman who catches a fly every morning and imprisons it in the sugar bowl, to make sure that the young servant girl, suspected of gluttony, abstracts no lumps therefrom. Another remembers the old man who compelled his horse to wear green glasses, that the poor beast, though having nothing but straw in his manger, might fancy he was eating hay.

We all have a rich collection of stories of this kind, for we have all known niggards and skinflints, and have seen how capable they are of ingenious devices and expedients for the satisfaction of their passion. This nobody can deny. The miser, although sacrificing everything to his abominable propensity and being one of the worst enemies of humanity, especially excites our sense of the ridiculous.

"Economy," Alphonse Karr wittily said, "is the mother of all the vices." Nevertheless, this amusing axiom is open to refutation. The miser generally has all sorts of little virtues. He is punctual, polite, a great observer of forms; for exactness and urbanity cost nothing. He is even obliging, provided the services asked of him are gratuitous. He will place his time and his relations very willingly at your disposition, and with good grace will lend you a helping hand. But if you appeal to his purse, your solicitations suddenly afflict him with an attack of that intermittent deafness with which Balzac has endowed his admirable Père Grandet.

I have sometimes tested this, not without a spirit of mischief, on a grumbler of my acquaintance. He is not only a millionnaire, but a person of considerable influence in high places. When I needed him for another or for myself, I went to see him, and at the outset led him to suspect that I wanted to borrow. At once his face assumed an expression of frightful anxiety. I confess that I did not resist the pleasure of prolonging his torture for a few moments; then, unmasking my battery, I came to the real purpose of my visit, and asked of the man of influence a favor which he could grant with his person simply, a step which would cost him nothing. Straightway recovering his serenity, he complied with all possible haste. By means of this innocent comedy, I have succeeded in being useful to a few comrades.

Not only is the miser obliging to a certain extent, but he has also another virtue, — that of extreme temperance; to him nothing is easier than to go without food.

Chance has thrown in my path a number of curious specimens of the avaricious type. Is this by way of contrast and because my pocket resembles the vases of the Danaides? At any rate they have always greatly interested me. In fact, I cannot avoid a feeling of unwholesome admiration for the order, the prudence, the wisdom, the superior qualities which they display in the preservation — not in the

acquisition, for they are rarely covetous — of this money which is useless to them. In their vice there is something abstract, purely intellectual, that astounds me. What moral energy they must possess in order to deny themselves all the comfort, all the enjoyments which gold represents, and content themselves with its platonic contemplation! To remain poor in presence of an ingot — is not that the height of idealism?

The queerest feature of my observations in this line is the miser's state of mind when he witnesses a variety of parsimony of which he has never dreamed. Then he accuses himself of prodigality, blushes for himself, feels in presence of his rival the same mixture of shame and admiration which would disturb a sinner confronted with a saint.

An old lady whom my parents knew when I was a boy made one day in my presence a remarkable confession.

She was not exactly a person of sordid habits; but in view of her not inconsiderable fortune, she was deservedly looked upon as very close and even a little shabby — a specimen of the grosser bourgeoisie. I can see her now, in her widow's garb, with her buttery complexion, her false teeth, and her great rolls of gray hair, in the style of the reign of Louis Philippe.

One day, when calling on my mother, who was generosity itself, she told the following adventure: —

"Would you imagine," said she with sincere emotion, "that I have just received a lesson in economy, a lesson that I shall never forget. I am still overwhelmed by it. I had business at Saint-Denis. On reaching the station I determined to travel second class. In the third-class carriages one often finds coarse people with their arms full of bundles, and sometimes even people whose odor is offensive. I said to myself: 'I am no longer young, I have enough to live on, — less than people think, but then, enough to live on. I can afford to take my ease.' Besides, the difference in price is only a few sous. But whom should I meet on the platform but Mme. X., who is older, feebler, and three times richer than I. She too was going to Saint-Denis. We greeted each other, and then I saw that she was about to enter a third-class carriage. Well, I was taken completely aback, and I travelled in the same compartment with her. Think of it! Mme. X., who has an income of more than 40,000 francs! No, never would I have dared to confess to her that I had a second-class ticket. I shall not be caught in the same situation again, be sure of it!"

I can still hear the explosion of the family after the good lady's departure. Even now the recollection makes me smile. For in presence of the scrimps and the lick-pennies the best way, after all, is to follow indulgent tradition and make sport of their voluntary misery.

Only we must not at the same time recall the other, the true misery — that which is sustained and perpetuated by the hardheartedness of the evil-minded rich. For then one becomes serious, terribly serious. One thinks of the miser's useless and criminal treasure.

And the shout of laughter ends in a curse.

ANGUISH.

THE UNDOING OF DANSYL.

BY H. H. WITHINGTON.

DANSYL took an unholy delight in tantalizing Mussen. He had his own peculiar way of doing it. Long practice had perfected it, and three quarters of Mussen's existence was wasted in laying elaborate plans to get square. But somehow they always took an unexpected turn, and Mussen generally got his shore leave curtailed in consequence. Then Lun Ding, the sly, fat-faced Mongolian steerage steward, would weep tears of salt and red pepper, and assure Mussen, in wretched jargon, that if he had the pull with the department which his brother-in-law's third cousin had with the great god Joss, Dansyl would ere this have been seeking an apprenticeship to a navy-yard blacksmith, and he, Mussen, would be the first on the register for the rank of commodore.

Dansyl had an exasperating habit of giving mock orders, under his breath, from his station in the fore-top, across the smokestack to Mussen in the maintop. When these mock orders were accompanied by gestures of an imperative nature and a tantalizing grin, Mussen lost his temper and said things derogatory to the dignity of the occasion and the service. Coming to the ears of the executive, Mussen was forced to explain away these things on the quarter-deck, in the ingenious mode of the steerage, which was humiliating, to say the least.

After a while Mussen and Dansyl met and ate and smoked in silence, and saluted each other in the gangway with the profoundest formality. When on duty they exchanged orders with the air of vain and pompous rear-admirals. Then Dansyl spoiled a tragedy, and the service lost a midshipman who might have been depended upon to do strange things in battle.

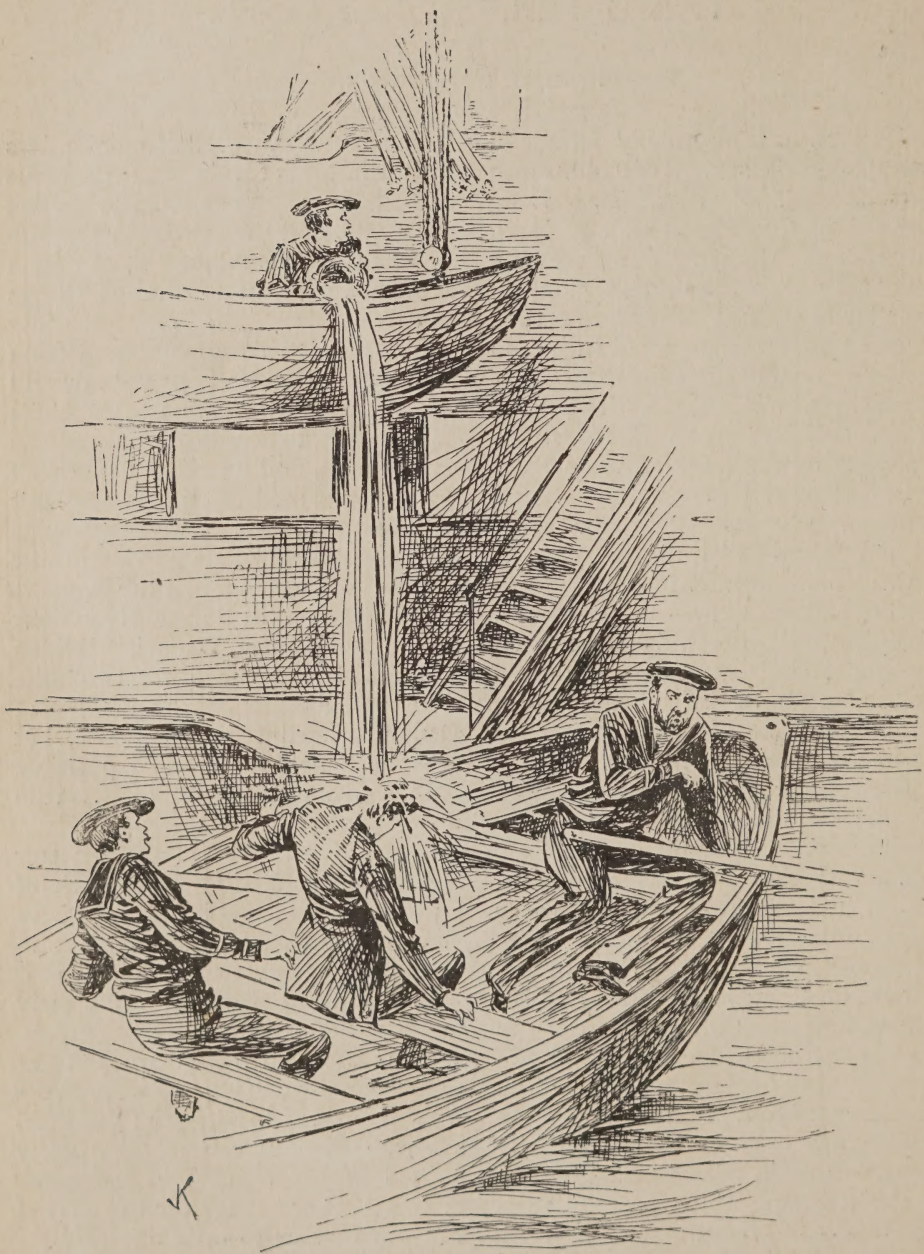
Mussen got his appointment from Missouri. He was long and raw and awkward. Two years at Annapolis had failed to eradicate a natural bashfulness, and he came to our old sloop-of-war modest and retiring, but with some blundering ways that made him unpopular with a portion of the officers, and won for him the everlasting ridicule of his dudish New York fellow-midshipman, Dansyl. Belden and Whitefield, the other two midshipmen, frowned on the manner of Dansyl toward their messmate, but took no active part in opposition. And so Dansyl ran on to his ruin unrestrained.

To have a heavy ten-oared cutter lowered on your head isn't much of a joke. Mussen said it wasn't, with many wicked exclamations. But in addition to that, to have your best white uniform streaked with dirty water, in the presence of your friends, at a moment when you are anxious to appear at your best — well, that's what happened to Mussen; and Dansyl, who was the cause of it, wisely paused in his ridicule of his messmate just long enough for the edge of Mussen's wrath to wear off.

Mussen invited some friends aboard one day, when the ship lay in the North River. They were new to ships, as ships were new to them, and

they smiled at the ship's tailor, who rattled his needle up under the fore-

forward, and acted generally as landsmen do, who think sailors ought to sit



"Mussen got the benefit of it all over his showy uniform."

stay, and at the ship's barber, whetting his razor on the bower chain

like monkeys in a row around the bulwarks, and look pretty for the

benefit of ladies and children. Mussen togged out in his best, and obtained the executive's permission to convey his friends in the third cutter. The crew manned the boat and drew up to the gangway to take them on board. Mussen sprang into the sternsheets to arrange things himself for his friends' reception, when the trim figure of Dansyl appeared in the gangway above.

"Mr. Mussen," he said in an authoritative tone, "will you please to drop your boat down? I wish to lower the second cutter to convey Lieutenant Rivers ashore." Had Dansyl not been in charge of the deck at the time, Mussen would have strangled him and thrown him into the river. But that would be mutiny now. He only gazed helplessly at his waiting friends on the gangway. Then he determined to demand a moment's delay, to take in his friends and shove off; but Dansyl gave the order to the men at the boat's falls to lower away, and she began instantly to fall directly over Mussen's head. There was nothing to do but get out of the way, which Mussen did with as much grace as possible. But a clumsy sailor with a bucket of dirty water got too close to the gunwale of the lowering cutter, capsized it, and Mussen got the benefit of it all over his snowy uniform. Mussen, livid with rage, excused himself to his friends, and sent them ashore alone. Then he nursed his wrath at Dansyl in the steerage, and affected to act good humoredly with everybody except Dansyl.

The next time they spoke was in a ballroom at Halifax. A British frigate's officers gave a ball in honor of the American admiral, and every man above a warrant officer attended. The ship's boats were busy all the afternoon carrying the wealth and fashion and beauty of the town on board. The quarter deck was screened with gay bunting, and the white planks were waxed for the dance. Mussen drank champagne with a British midshipman, who found him a partner and insisted on his dancing. Dansyl grew giddy under the effects of the wine, found a partner himself, and began a rather uncertain dance. Fate brought him close to Mussen and his partner, Dansyl stumbled stupidly, and there was a collision. The ladies, in great confusion, stammered a request to be excused, and Dansyl, turning savagely to Mussen, said: "You fool, you'll hear of this again."

Mussen could scarcely restrain himself as he answered, "Yes, you shall hear from me."

When they returned to their own ship, Mussen overtook Dansyl on the after companion ladder. "Mr. Dansyl," he said, "you shall give me satisfaction for this insult."

"You shall have it," said Dansyl, with the bravado inspired by champagne.

"At Key West, then, I shall expect you to keep your promise."

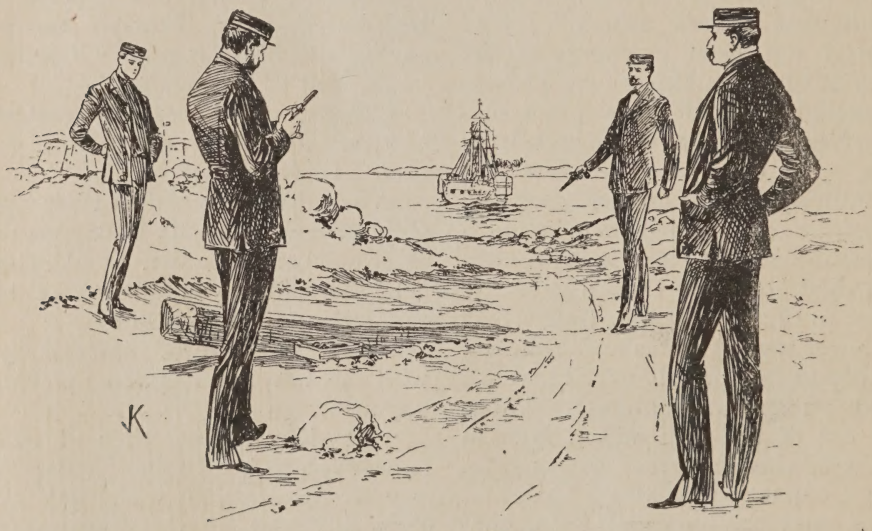
"Wherever you wish it," said Dansyl. And the next morning the ship sailed for Key West.

Dansyl took Belden and Whitefield into his confidence, and affected to believe that he had the biggest joke of the season on hand. He wanted a duel with Mussen, but he didn't want to get shot. So he suggested that Belden and Whitefield act as seconds, and that when the meeting came they should see that nothing more deadly than blank cartridges were placed in the weapons. Belden and Whitefield agreed to this as the best way to escape a fatal issue; they knew the mood of Mussen. So all the preliminaries

were arranged. Mussen agreed to the seconds, and, of course, was ignorant of the blank-cartridge programme. Then everybody swore silence and waited for Key West.

The second day after coming to anchor, four cutters were lowered from the davits into the blue water of Key West Bay. Four midshipmen, each in charge of a cutter, directed the course. They had orders from the executive to see that every inch of the boats was scrubbed thoroughly with sand upon the beach. The boats took the beach around past the old stone fort, out of sight of the ship. A dozen men thronged about each boat, and were soon busy at the work. The four midshipmen sauntered off in a careless way down the beach.

Out of sight of the boats, Belden and Whitefield quickly measured off the regulation fifteen paces. Then they placed the principals in their respective positions, Dansyl with an evident display of bravado, and Mussen grave and determined looking. Whitefield and Belden then ceremoniously drew out two huge navy revolvers from beneath their blouses, and affected to examine them very carefully. Dansyl almost betrayed the situation by smiling, as he thought how beautifully his joke was coming on. Then the seconds advanced, each with a pistol for his principal. Dansyl grasped his confidently; but Mussen, with a queer look, demanded, "Are those pistols loaded?"



"Are those pistols loaded?"

"They are," the seconds responded quietly, and Dansyl's red cheeks suddenly grew a shade paler.

"Draw the cartridges," cried Mussen. "I must be sure. This is no joke as far as I am concerned."

"Won't you take the word of a gent?—" Dansyl said eagerly.

"Silence!" interrupted Mussen, as he snatched one of the cartridges from the chamber, examined it, and threw cartridge and pistol far down the beach, to the astonishment of the others. Then he drew from

his breast another pistol. Dansyl blanched and trembled slightly at the sight of it, but, recovering himself, he turned and ran. Mussen, in the excitement of the moment, fired a shot after the fleeing figure, the rising smoke of which was detected by the eagle eye of the officer of the deck on board. But he never discovered the cause of that smoke, whether by threats or other means. The four midshipmen's lips were sealed.

Neither did he nor the rest of the ship's company, officers or men, discover why Dansyl suddenly resigned from the service and went home in the steamer.

A DREAM OF PEACE.

BY AUDLEY.

THE moon was shedding her soft light upon the white tombstones and upon the newly made grave covered with lilies. The trees were sighing, and their leaves cast weird shadows on the narrow path.

The iron gate, old and rusty, creaked upon its hinges; it opened, and down the narrow path, stealing in the shadows of the sighing trees, crept a figure. It was the figure of a boy, a beautiful boy, slight and delicate in form. He hurried past the white tombstones and sank down among the lilies on the newly made grave. He raised his eyes and looked towards the sky. They were filled with tears and his mouth quivered with pain. He dropped his head again upon the lilies, and wept. His sobs grew louder, until they mingled with the moaning of the wind. At last he was weary, and his head fell back and he slept.

While he dreamed, a woman clothed in white approached him. She was tall and queenly, and in her hair there glittered a golden star. She stood beside the boy, and looked long and tenderly on his worn countenance. A great pity filled her soul, and stooping, she placed her hand upon the sleeper's brow, and murmured, "Peace." And the boy slept on.

The moonbeams played across the white tombstones and on the newly made grave covered with lilies, and the trees cast their shadows on the face of the boy.

Then the dawn came, and the moon sank behind the clouds while the sun spread his golden rays across the land. The birds perched on the branches of the shadowy trees, and sang their songs to the breaking day. And the boy still slept.

The moon again shed her soft light upon the white tombstones. The trees sighed, and cast weird shadows upon two newly made graves covered with lilies, and the wind whispered low through the rustling leaves the one word, "Peace."

PAMELA'S TROUSSEAU.

A FAIRY TALE FOR GROWN FOLK.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

OST fairy stories end to the music of wedding bells. This begins with them — which is original so far as it goes.

Pamela was about to be married. She had plighted her troth to a man whom she looked upon as the Bayard of the 19th century, but in whom most people saw only an energetic, good-looking young fellow, poor enough to be happy, yet in dreams and ambitions rich enough to be sure of to-morrow's bread and butter in the little nest he was preparing for his mate. She, on her side, was equally well supplied with excellences. She was pretty — as an American girl under twenty-five can scarce help being; healthy, for she had been brought up amid a houseful of brothers and sisters, under a wise rule which recognized gymnasiums and housework, as well as dancing schools; and happy, as any well-regulated young person should be under the circumstances. She belonged to the best part of society — its honorable middle class. But her principal charm and greatest blessing — though this was known to no one but herself — lay in the possession of a fairy godmother. By her counsels, Pamela was implicitly guided. It was she who had advised cooking — for which the girl had a genuine talent—as an accomplishment, instead of china painting, in which she would have been even a greater bungler than the other girls about her. It was she who afterward suggested the forming of private classes among these same other girls, which had been tremendously successful, because of a fad for small lunches and Welsh rarebits, which was prevalent just then, and which gave Pamela more pocket money and self-respect than she had known before in her irresponsible existence. It was she who had made her a good walker, a healthy reader, a competent housekeeper, and a fine figure without a corset. Finally, it was she who had arranged this delightful marriage, instead of an alliance with a wealthier and loftier suitor, whose blood was so blue that it colored his moods, and whose manner was so polished that his wife would have to live in mortal fear of scratching it. Alas! that there are not more such fairies!

On the morning when we are first to make her acquaintance, Pamela was sitting in her own room, with a queer little pucker of blended pleasure and anxiety contracting her smooth brow, studying the vexed problem of a trousseau. How many gowns; whether there could be an opera wrap, besides the fur trimmed coat and the satin-lined mantle; if the evening shoes should be made to match the evening dresses or to contrast with them; what would be best — the exquisiteness of silk or the durability of nainsook for her

dainty lingerie, and how to make it all come within the limits of the $500 her father had so generously given for the purpose. It was more than he could well afford, and she had hesitated before accepting it; yet even with the aid of her own capable fingers to moderate the expense of tailors and modistes, there would be a great deal of management needed. Suddenly came the thought of the fairy godmother; and as suddenly answering it, appeared the little lady herself.

"I'm so glad you are come, godmother," said Pamela, kissing her. "Now you'll tell me just what to do."

"About what, my dear?" asked the fairy, as if she did not very well know already.

"About my trousseau, you darling. There are so many things to be done, and only three months and $500 for the doing. That isn't much."

"Isn't it, indeed? I never knew you to spend a fifth of either the time or money before on your winter outfit."

"Why, of course not," laughed the girl: "I was never before going to be married. Circumstances alter cases."

"I can't for the life of me tell why. Have you not always been fresh, pretty, and attractive? Is more expected of you now? And why should not the same means that accomplished it before do so again? Is your life going to change to such a degree that all your customs and habits must change with it? Suppose, for a moment, you were not going to be married."

"I'd rather not entertain the supposition."

"Nonsense! What would you have considered then a fair addition to your present wardrobe, in order to make you pleasing and presentable? You have always been looked upon as a well-dressed young woman, who knew her own good points well enough to make the best of them, instead of sacrificing them to the whims of a fashion plate. So I do you the simple justice of believing that you are not utterly destitute of clothes, to begin. That is a very pretty morning gown you are wearing."

"Yes, I made it myself, and it cost just $5. But this is all foolishness. You can never mean that I should get married without a trousseau?"

"My dear little girl, we won't quarrel over words. If a trousseau means simply hats and gowns and mantles, stockings and shoes and laces, handkerchiefs and gloves and so on, why should a girl who has always had enough of these want more because she is about to be married? Is she afraid her husband cannot afford to give her anything new for some years to come? Does she intend to so burden herself with cares or dissipations that she can no longer look after her belongings? Is she about to be buried in the wilds of some far-away country district, where she can never again procure either dressmaker or milliner?"

"But, godmother—"

"But me no buts! Answer my questions. Is there any reason why her wardrobes and closets should be any more full now than since she had become a full-fledged member of society? Take yourself as an example. Your last winter's tailor-made suit is as good as ever. At least two of the summer gowns are pretty and fresh enough for afternoons at home or a friend's tea-table. There are a couple of evening dresses, or frocks, as you prefer to

call them, perfectly fit for use and beauty another season, with the few touches you know so well how to add to them. I met you on the street last week in a becoming and serviceable walking-costume, that will be in trim until next May at least. Here is this dainty negligée; and I am mistaken if there be not a breakfast jacket or two to make you irresistible for Jack in the morning. Your busy fingers are apt to fashion some such prettiness, now especially, when silk and lace are to be had almost for the choosing. Except a wedding gown, which every wife should have and hold, to recall the romance of her life for her children, what else do you require for appearance or comfort?"

"But to marry without any special outfit! Why, even my mother —"

"Your mother married under different circumstances. Thirty years ago there was no such deluge of ready-made outer and inner clothing as there is to-day. The era of the sewing machine had scarce opened. To replenish a wardrobe meant time and labor, which could not always be obtained. Now you can send an order to the nearest warehouse, and be folding away your perfectly made finery three hours later. Thirty years before, when your grandmother left her father's house, the trousseau, as you call it, was absolutely necessary; every stitch had to be set in hand work; it was hard to get help, even when help was most needed; the young wife was plunged at once into the happy but engrossing cares of housekeeping and motherhood. For some time, at least, she must be kept free from the worry of making and mending. Besides, she was morally sure that the dresses in her wedding outfit would be still respectable and well fashioned ten years later,— if they lasted so long. There was very good reason for stocking her store closets and bureaus. Tell me now —"

"But, godmother —"

"I thought I had trained you too well to interrupt, and too sensibly to care for 'what people would say,' — which is what you were about to ask. I have not been a fairy for nothing! Tell me now about the conditions under which you are to begin. You will have an apartment with every patent appliance for keeping things in order, and a good servant to keep them going. Try as you will, there is only chance for playing instead of working at housekeeping for two years to come. Jack has a salary sufficient for your needs, but with small margin for luxuries. You are both well supplied with all and more than is necessary for comfort and happiness. When another season comes, it will be pleasant employment of your abundant leisure to choose, among new things, what you prefer for a fresh outfit, instead of renewing half-used garments, or looking uncomfortable in gigot sleeves and crinolined petticoats, when, perhaps, fashion has frowned upon both. In place of spending $500 recklessly upon superfluous clothes, you will have a most welcome private fund in which to dip from time to time for real luxuries. It will give you and Jack symphony tickets, for which I trust you won't pay a premium, and concert courses. It will take you for a flying trip to mountain or seashore, when such an outing would make too formidable a hole in the regular income. It will buy the set of Ruskin you have coveted for years, to make your small library rich; or that etching of the Burgos Cathedral, to be the crown of your little

drawing-room's splendor. Being a woman, it will give an opportunity to revel in imagination amid countless perspectives of choosing and buying, even if you do neither, which is a perfectly healthy and delightful pastime. It will make you able to mark your household anniversaries with a gift for Jack, or a feast, or a festival, without poisoning your own pleasure by having to go to him first for money, or leaving a sting in the honey of remembrance in shape of a bill later on. And all these possibilities you would throw away for fear of the harmless chatter of a few silly people! Decidedly, I have spoiled you."

"Really, godmother, you are so surprising! What you say is so —"

"Absurd, you mean, although you you ought to say sensible."

"Well, so — peculiar, that I don't know what to think, much less what to do. Of course, what you say is true; but fancy — did any one ever hear of such a strange thing!"

"Perhaps not, my dear; but it is high time to let them begin. Is there really anything to be said against it?"

"In theory, no. But in practice! You know, dear godmother, it is so uncomfortable to be peculiar."

"On the contrary, it is the highest feather in one's cap now to be eccentric. Make your mind easy on that score. Besides, it will make very little stir. You young people have a fashion of thinking the world will stand still, waiting for your decision upon this or that subject. And still, it moves. Your score of girl friends will talk like magpies for 24 hours, and then your whims will be forgotten in watching those of the next bride-elect. Come! have you no better reason to give for following a fashion that is useless, spendthrift, unhealthy —"

"O godmother! Unhealthy! par exemple —"

"Yes, my dear, unhealthy; and at a time when a girl wants all the physical perfection nature and grace can lend her. Can you conceive of living for months in this atmosphere of fitting on and cutting out, frilling and hemming, and felling and seaming, day in and day out, bending over the sewing machine, and then having nerves and muscles in proper order to begin her new life? Surely her husband is deserving of the best in her. But instead of sewing hopes and contentment into those long white seams, she is making for herself fretfulness and weakness, present discomfort, and future suffering. Even if she have it all done for her, she cannot escape the strain of hurry and disappointment that dressmakers seem born to create. Do you think those few months on the threshold of a new existence should be spent in anxieties over the fit of a bodice, or the hang of a skirt, or the ambition to possess a certain number of silken petticoats? Give your time to Jack, dear; and make together the foundation of your future happiness stronger. A better chance will never offer. Wedding bells should ring in a purer atmosphere than that of dressmaking frivolities and art decorations."

"But, suppose — I should dare — do as you say — what would Jack —"

"Jack, my dear little girl, unless he is totally unlike his species, will think his Jill the flower of the universe, if she is only fresh, sweet, and loving, which you cannot help being, whether she be clothed in calico or satin. And let me whisper a secret in your ear: if it be becoming, the man does not breathe who knows the difference between a gown that costs $5 and one that costs $50 — if his wife's face smiles on him above it. Have

the courage of your convictions, for I see you are convinced, and let the trousseau go."

"I declare," said Pamela, "you have been always so good to me, your advice has brought me so much happiness, and the scheme is so deliciously odd that I think—I will."

And she did. If you chance to meet this winter a young couple who have no teiltale bridal finery about them, beyond an unusual content in and devotion to each other; whose modest home is rich in some particular treasures they have allowed themselves; who are planning an extra fortnight at the Adirondacks next summer, in addition to the two weeks of the ordinary young business man's vacation; and who seem, without any more income than their associates, to be better off in divers small ways, you may know that the wife's name is Pamela, and this is what she has chosen instead of a trousseau.

THE WISDOM OF EDUCATION.

BY H. H. W.

She was a young woman of many lovable qualities, and, withal, something of a society favorite. She had a beautiful face, a splendid figure, a majestic carriage, and a captivating way with men. Moreover, she was said to be exceedingly wise, in proof whereof she was wont to exhibit a parchment document, written in Latin, and tied in a mass of many-colored ribbons, which, as the only one who could do so, she was in the habit of translating into English sentences setting forth that she had wrestled successfully with certain philosophical, economic, mathematical, medicinal, legal, and other questions. Wherefore this young woman was much sought after by men, for they argued, "Truly, she must be a woman of unbounded wisdom and common sense."

Now, it came to pass that a celebrated actor came to town, and this young woman, no more eager than a thousand other young women, togged herself out in a dress of many yards in extent, which began at the waist, after the manner of the modern fashion, and with her very hairy poodle, tied up in a huge woollen rug, went to the theatre. She wore a handkerchief over her head in the carriage which took her to the play, and with a rare exhibition of her great common sense, which all admired, she threw a silk shawl over her shoulders, so that if she must shiver she could at least do it in a becoming way.

She rode back from the theatre in the same manner. That night she prayed that Fido might not have taken cold, and four days later they buried her, a victim of pnuemonia.

THOMPSON'S TOMBSTONE.

Told by The Colonel in The Idler.

HE had just dined in the little Parisian restaurant where Americans are in the habit of going in order to obtain those truly French delicacies, pork and beans, buckwheat cakes, corned beef, apple pie, and overgrown oysters. I knew a man from Chicago who dined at this restaurant every day during the entire month spent by him in Paris, and who, at the end of that time, said that he was heartily sick of French cookery. Thus does the profound study of the manners and customs of foreign nations enlighten the mind and ripen the judgment.

The colonel had finished his twelfth buckwheat cake, and had lighted his cigar, when he casually and reprovingly remarked to young Lathrop, who, on principle, was disputing the bill with the waiter, that "he was making more trouble than Thompson's tombstone." Being called upon to explain this dark saying, he stretched his legs to their limit, tipped back his chair, knocked the ashes of his cigar among the remnants of his pork and beans, and launched into his story.

In the town where I was raised — and I'm not going to give away the name of it at present — there were two brothers, James and John Thompson. They were twins, and about forty years old, as I should judge. James was a bachelor, and John he was a widower, and they were both pretty well to do in the world, for those times at least. John was a farmer and James was a waggon-maker, and owned the village hearse besides, which he let out for funerals, generally driving it himself, so that any profit that was to be made out of a melancholy occasion he could make without sharing it with anybody. Both the men were close-fisted, and would look at a dollar until their eyesight began to fail before they could bring themselves to spend it. It was this miserly spirit that brought about the trouble that I'm going to tell you about.

After John Thompson had been a widower so long that the unmarried women had given up calling on him to ask his advice about the best way of raising money for the heathen, and had lost all expectation that any one of them would ever gather him in, he suddenly ups and marries Maria Slocum, who used to keep a candy store next door to the schoolhouse, and had been a confirmed old maid for twenty years. She had a little money though, and folks did say that she could have married James Thompson if she had been willing to take the risk, but the fact that James always had the hearse standing in his carriage house made him unpopular with the ladies. She took John because his views on infant baptism agreed with hers, and he took her because

she had a good reputation for making pies, and was economical and religious.

The Thompson brothers owned burial lots in the new cemetery that were close together. James, of course, had, so far, no use for his lot, but John had begun to settle his by burying his first wife in about the middle of it. The lot was a good-sized one, with accommodation for a reasonably large family without crowding them, and without, at the same time, scattering them in any unsocial way. I don't know how it came about, but no sooner was John married than he took a notion to put up a tombstone over his first wife. He thought that as he was going to incur such an expense, he would manage it so that he wouldn't have to incur it again; and so he got up a design for a combination family tombstone, and had it made and carved and lettered, and set up in his burial lot.

Near the top of the stone was John Thompson's name, the date of his birth, and a blank space for the date of his death. Next came the name of "Sarah Jane, beloved wife of the above," and the date of her birth and death. Then came the name of "Maria, beloved and lamented wife of the above John Thompson," with the date of her birth and a space for the date of her death. You see, John worked in this little compliment about Maria being "lamented" so as to reconcile her to having the date of her birth given away to the public. The lower half of the tombstone was left vacant so as to throw in a few children, should any such contingency arise, and the whole advertisement ended with a verse of a hymn setting forth that the entire Thompson family was united in a better land above.

The cost of the affair was about the same as that of one ordinary tombstone, the maker agreeing to enter the dates of John's death and of his wife's death free of charge whenever the time for so doing might arrive; and also agreeing to enter the names of any children that might appear at a very low rate. The tombstone attracted a great deal of attention, and the summer visitors from the city never failed to go and see it. John was proud of his stroke of economy, and used to say that he wasn't in danger of being bankrupted by any epidemic, as those people were who held that every person must have his separate tombstone. Everybody admitted that the Thompson tombstone gave more general amusement to the public than any other tombstone in the whole cemetery. Every summer night John used to walk over to his lot and smoke his pipe, leaning on the fence, and reading over the inscriptions. And then he would go and take a fresh look at the Rogers's lot, where there were nine different tombstones, and chuckled to think how much they must have cost old man Rogers, who had never thought of a combination family tomb. In the course of about three years the inscriptions had grown, for there had been added the names of Charles Henry and William Everett Thompson, "children of the above John and Maria Thompson," and John calculated that with squeezing he could enter four more children on the same stone, though he didn't really think that he would ever have any call so to do.

Well, a little after the end of the third year John's troubles began. He took up with Second Advent notions, and believed that the end of the world would arrive as per schedule on the 21st of November, at 8.30 A. M. Maria said that this was not

orthodox, and that she wouldn't allow any such talk around her house. Both of them were set in their ways, and what with John expressing his views with his whip handle, and Maria expressing hers with the rolling-pin, they didn't seem to get on very well together, and one day Maria left the house and took the train to Chicago, where she got a divorce, and came back a free and independent woman. That wasn't all. James Thompson now saw his chance. He offered to sell out the hearse business, and after waiting ten months, so as to give no opportunity for scandal, Maria married him.

John didn't seem to mind the loss of his wife very much until it happened to occur to him that his combination family tombstone would have to be altered, now that Maria was not his wife any longer. He was a truthful man, and he felt that he couldn't sleep in peace under a tombstone that was constantly telling such a thumping lie as that Maria was resting in the same burying lot, and that she was his beloved wife, when, in point of fact, she was another man's wife, and would be, at the proper time, lying in that other man's part of the cemetery. So he made up his mind to have the marble-cutter chisel out Maria's name, and the date of her birth. But before this was done he saw that it wouldn't be the square thing so far as Charles Henry and William Everett were concerned. It would be playing it low down on those helpless children to allow that tombstone to assert that they were the children of John Thompson and some unspecified woman called Maria, who, whatever else she may have been, was certainly not John Thompson's wife. Matters would not be improved if the name of Maria were to be cut out of the line which stated the parentage of the children, for in that case it would appear that they had been independently developed by John, without the intervention of any wife, which would be sure to give rise to gossip, and all sorts of suspicions.

Of course, the difficulty could have been settled by erasing from the tombstone all reference to Maria and her two children, but in that case a separate stone for the children would some day become necessary, and, what was of more consequence, John's grand idea of a combination tombstone would have to be completely abandoned. John was not a hasty man, and, after thinking the matter over until the mental struggle turned his hair gray, he decided to compromise the matter by putting a sort of petticoat around the lower half of the tombstone, which would hide all reference to Maria and the children. This was easily done with the aid of an old pillow-case, and the tombstone became more an object of interest to the public than ever, while John, so to speak, sat down to wait for better times.

Now James had been thinking over the tombstone problem, and fancied that he had found a solution of it that would put money in his own pocket and at the same time satisfy his brother. He proposed to John that the inscription should be altered so as to read: "Maria, formerly wife of John, and afterwards of James Thompson," and that a hand should be carved on the stone with an index finger pointing towards James's lot, and a line in small type saying, "See small tombstone." James said that he would pay the cost of putting up a small uninscribed stone in his own lot, over the remains of Maria — waiting, of course, until she should come to be remains — and that John

could pay the cost of altering the inscriptions on the large stone. The two brothers discussed this scheme for months, each of them being secretly satisfied with it, but John maintaining that James should pay all the expenses.

This James would not do, for he reasoned that unless John came to his terms the combination tombstone would be of no good to anybody, and that if he remained firm, John would come round to his proposal in time.

There isn't the least doubt that this would have been the end of the affair, if it had not been that James chuckled over it so much that one day he chuckled a fishbone into his throat, and choked to death on the spot. He was buried in his own lot, with nothing but a wooden headboard to mark the spot. His widow said that if he had been anxious to have a swell marble monument he would have made provision for it in his lifetime, and as he had done nothing of the kind, she could not see that she had any call to waste her money on worldly vanities.

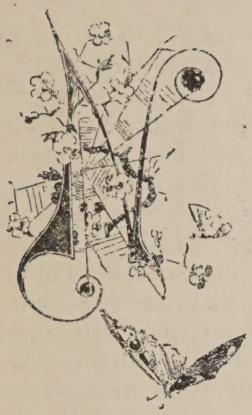
How did this settle the affair of the combination tombstone? I'm just telling you. You see by this time the world had not come to an end, and John, who always hated people who didn't keep their engagements, seeing that the Second Adventists didn't keep theirs, left them, and returned to the regular Baptist fold. When his brother died he went to the funeral, and did what little he could, in an inexpensive way, to comfort the widow. The long and short of it was that they became as friendly as they ever had been, and John finally proposed that Maria should marry him again. "You know, Maria," he said, "that we never disagreed, except about that Second Advent nonsense. You were right about that, and I was wrong, as the event has proved, and now, that we're agreed once more I don't see as there is anything to hinder our getting married again."

Maria said that she had a comfortable support, and she couldn't feel that it was the will of Providence for her to be married so often, considering how many poor women there were who couldn't get a single husband.

"Well," continued John, "there is that there tombstone. It always pleased you, and I was always proud of it. If we don't get married again that tombstone is as good as thrown away, and it seems unchristian to throw away a matter of seventy-five dollars, when the whole thing could be arranged so easy."

The argument was one which Maria felt that she could not resist, and so, after she had mourned James Thompson for a fitting period, she married John a second time, and the tombstone's reputation for veracity was restored. John and Maria often discussed the feasibility of selling James's lot, and burying him where the combination tombstone would take him in, but there was no more room for fresh inscriptions, and besides, John didn't see his way clear to stating in a short and impressive way the facts as to the relationship between James and Maria. So on the whole he judged it best to let James sleep in his own lot, and let the combination tombstone testify only to the virtues of John Thompson and his family. That's the story of Thompson's tombstone, and if you don't believe it, I can show you a photograph of the stone with all the inscriptions. I've got it in my trunk at this very moment, and when we go back to the hotel, if you remind me of it, I'll get it out.

A BIT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.



NOBODY knew where she had come from or anything about her beyond the fact that the stage which brought the weekly mail over the mountain to Rougemont, late on Saturday night, had dropped her and her tiny burden at the door of the little French inn. She wanted a room, she told the old woman who came in answer to her knock — not the best one, she could scarcely afford that, and she shouldn't mind how small it was, so long as she and her baby might have it quite to themselves.

Old Marie mumbled as she hobbled along before: "Mon Dieu, but what a child it is! And so pretty too. Where's her husband?"

Then as she held the door of the room open and the young woman passed in, her sharp old eyes noticed that she wore no wedding ring. Marie shrugged her shoulders significantly, then hurried downstairs to inform her colleagues of the fact. As for the young woman, once the door was closed she laid the baby down upon the bed and walked to the bureau, upon which stood a lighted lamp. She raised her left hand and looked at it closely. Directly below the knuckle of her third finger the flesh had been compressed and reddened, but both the marks and color were now gradually dying away.

"By this time to-morrow every trace of it will have gone. As far as looks go, it will be — exactly as though I never had any ring at all."

The curé called the next day. He was an old man and had seen queer things even in that quiet place, but he believed in her instinctively. "You must take me on trust for a little while," she said to him in her gentle way, when she caught his eyes wandering to her hands. "It doesn't matter what you call me — Brown, Jones, or Robinson — anything. I was married a year ago, but it doesn't matter to whom. That's why I've come here. I wanted to get somewhere where neither my baby nor I need be known by her father's name."

She was English, but she spoke French excellently, and her gentle manners won his sympathy.

As he was leaving he called Marie to one side and pressed a coin into her hand.

"That's for you, Marie — on one condition. You must see to it that that they all call her madame."

"Mais, Monsieur le Curé —"

"Enough, Marie! Do as I bid you now, and say no more about it."

The days went by, but none of the village people came to see her. They never "called" in that vicinity; they were far too primitive for that. But, nevertheless, had things been otherwise than as they supposed, they would have soon shown her, after their own fashion, that she was a welcome guest. One day the curé

came and found her knitting upon a long, white, fleecy cloud.

"Look," she cried, holding it up for him to see. "Isn't it pretty? Tell your people — all of them down in the village there — that if they will pay me I will make them clouds and mittens and all sorts of things far prettier than they have ever seen. I don't ask them to know me; I only want to earn my own living."

So the curé told them of it, and put in a word parenthetically upon the little mother's behalf. "Go and see her," said he. "She can't harm you. It's lonely for her up there all alone, and you older women could help her so much with the baby."

But the good people would have none of her; if she worked well they would pay her well, but with her they would have no fellowship.

One night about two months later, old Marie came hobbling down to the curé's house and told him madame was ill. When he came to her she handed him the envelope in which she kept her slender earnings. On the envelope she had written the name of a well-known pawnbroker in the city, forty miles away. "There's just enough," she said. "I have counted it. Take it to him yourself, or send it by some one whom you can trust and who will lose no time. They will give you a little box with my ring inside it — my wedding-ring, you know. I had to pawn it to pay our fare on the stage the night we came. Even if I'm not here when you get back, you must put it on my finger, and show it to them for baby's sake. My name and the date of my marriage are written inside of it."

The curé waited to hear no more. "I will go myself," he said.

It was snowing that night when he drove away, and all through the day that followed the snow continued to fall. Early the next morning the curé returned. Marie met him at the door, and he saw at once that she had been crying.

"Madame is dead," she said. "She died just a little while after you went away."

She led the way into the room where they had laid her in a plain pine-board coffin. Some of the villagers had gathered there as well as the curé's servant, Paul. "Paul," cried the curé, "ring the church bell, and when they ask you what has happened, tell them that you ring for a marriage, a burial, and a christening all at once. Tell them also that the curé wants them here."

The cracked old bell rang out on the frosty air, and the people, startled by the unusual sound, hurried to the inn. They crowded into the little room, men and women, and stood there in awed silence as the curé took the cover off the little card-board box. A plain gold ring lay inside of it, and he held it up between his finger and thumb, so that all of them might see.

"Look!" he exclaimed, as he read the inscription on the inside of the ring. "Here is her marriage certificate and her Christian name: 'Rosie — September 20th, 1884.' If any of you do not believe me, come and look for yourselves."

There was a dead silence throughout the room as, after waiting for a moment to see if any one would reply, he walked to the coffin, and lifting the little cold white hand, he slipped the ring upon her finger. "See how it fits," he said; "you must all call her madame now."

Presently he spoke to them more in the tone which he was accustomed to use in the pulpit.

"On Sunday the child shall be christened. We will name her Rosie after her mother, and Rougemont after our village. You know best whether you owe anything to her or not," he continued, pointing toward the coffin. "But in case your conscience pricks you, Paul will stand at the church door after the christening to receive what you may wish to give."

And that's how it happens that just at the entrance of the graveyard, where they laid madame, there stands a plain white marble slab. There are only three words on it:—

"ROSIE FUT BONNE."

TIME.

(*An extract.*)

BY LIDA LEWIS WATSON.

. . . TIME, the avenger of all, the
Soother of temporal wounds by the sweet balm,
The foreshadowing of eternal healing; Time,
The pitiful and the forgiving, that
Taketh of itself to give perfection
Unto those its offspring, and that casteth
Over all the dark delinquencies of
Poor, pitiable humanity the
Mantle of oblivion; Time, that bringeth
Light from lamentation, and turneth chants
Of woe to songs of praise upon the lips
Of sorrow; that lays its touch upon the
Aching hearts of care, when courage fails, and
To the fainting child of fortune whispers
"Peace!" Time, that softens hearts impregnable,
And brings white blossoms of regret to lay
Upon the grave of failure.

For Women by Women.

Our Boys at Home.

"Where are your boys, Mrs. R——?" asked the visitor.

"Out in the shed," answered the fretful pretty little woman. "I wish school kept all day. I can't stand them around the house when it's too stormy to go out. They weren't in ten minutes before they tramped on the cat, nearly upset the table, tipped over a dish of water, and tracked the carpet all over with their great, dirty boots."

"And Jimmy poked an eye out of Pet's doll," piped the one girl of the family, nibbling a fancy cracker, and rocking comfortably before the fire.

"Yes," affirmed the mother, "he actually did, and the darling cried so hard I just turned the whole crowd of them out."

"Without dinner?"

"Yes, it will teach them to behave better next time. Of course," noticing the visitor's disapproving look, "I mean to give them something after a while. You can't imagine how they worry me. If I had known that I'd have to sacrifice myself to four great, strong, hearty boys, I never should have married Jim."

"Bad boys," lisped the darling in the rocker.

"She's all the comfort I have," asserted the foolish mother.

"And would you believe it, Jim cares more for the boys."

"Bad papa," sobbed the pet.

"There, there, darling, you mustn't cry; papa does love his little girl, but he's just absurd over the boys, helps them with their lessons, whittles boats for them, and actually wanted to let them keep a dog and pigeons; but I put my foot down firmly on that plan: the boys themselves are bother enough. Perhaps you would like to see them, though I should think you teachers would be tired to death working with so many of them."

In obedience to her call the quartette of troubles came trooping in, and stood in the uneasy attitude assumed by children who are never certain of how they are going to be received.

Pet gathered her dainty skirts and retreated into a corner, as if dreading further violence to her doll, a movement that caused the second boy to make a horrible grimace, and slyly crunch under his foot the little necklace dropped on the carpet. The youngest, a handsome little fellow of five, forgetful of his wrongs, reached out to pick a thread from his mother's gown, but was promptly checked by a sharp "Haven't I told you a dozen times not to put your dirty hands on my dress?"

Blue with cold, hungry, and unappreciated, the four handsome children presented, in person, a strong appeal for boys' rights in the home.

How many mothers respect these rights? The great majority are proud of their boys' athletic exploits, their school successes, and personal appearance, devoted to them in sickness, but hopelessly out of sympathy with them in seeking ways of working off the surplus fund of energy when confined to the house. Wet days are horrible events in such homes, wearing on both mother and children, and bedtime is eagerly looked forward to by both parties.

When the boys get a little older they prefer spending such days in the nearest stable, where profane language and often immoral conversation soon cease to shock them; they even acquire the tone,

and take a certain degree of pride in being considered fast. Smoking, tippling, gambling, and dishonest transactions follow, as a matter of course, and the stamp of the rake is early impressed on many a boy driven to such a life by an indifferent, unwise, or unloving mother.

A sheet spread on the floor, a kit of tools, and some bits of soft wood will keep the little fellows happy and busy for hours. What if the shavings and chips do fly off on the carpet? It's an easy matter to make believe that drift wood has been cast on the shore, and get Charlie and Jack to gather it up and cart it off in their little wagon. The objection may be raised that the noise will wake the baby, but the baby should be trained to sleep regardless of noise. It's very trying on a large family for the elder children to spend their lives tiptoeing around for fear of waking the domestic tyrant. By the time the last baby has had enough sleep the eldest child is generally grown up, with a memory of an almost constant silence in the home.

This is not as it should be; if the baby can't or won't sleep on account of noise, banish it to the farthest room, and give the other children a chance to enjoy their young lives.

Mothers are often remiss in their duties, and fail their boys at what may be a critical moment, perhaps a time when good and bad are equally strong, and a mother's loving counsel would give victory to the right. The little ten-year-old, troubled over a doubtful transaction in rabbits, feels the need of a stronger conscience to guide him, but doesn't know where to seek it. His father is too often an unapproachable potentate invested with awful powers; his mother may be out on a social round, or even down in the city, greedily delving for money that she doesn't need. In such a case it may be that the much abused servant girl comes to the rescue with a favorite tart and the honest advice, "Give it back, my boy; finding a rabbit ain't owning it, if you know who does."

What wonder if, in after years, that homely lesson in honesty helps the young clerk to overcome temptation, or that, as he does so, his grateful thoughts turn backward, not to his mother, but to the warm-hearted, untaught servant, his first spiritual adviser.

Mothers should be strong in patience and mighty in love. Thank God that many of them are so. To such an influence, deep, true, and tender, though now only a memory, do many of us, men and women of to-day, owe under Heaven whatever of good we possess, or whatever bliss the future may bring.

Grief Books and Gift Books.

THERE is a certain morbid sentiment among women which is admired and cultivated by many of us who are otherwise sufficiently strong minded. I mean a fondness for a peculiar type of poetry and those terrible little books which are sent by all one's friends the moment a bereavement or other trouble occurs. I have known a case where seventeen of these little volumes were received by a mourner within two weeks. The donors had drawn heavy pencil marks around all the most harrowing passages, so that by no chance could they be overlooked; and over those books were spent hours and hours of weeping, that certainly did not make the loss any easier to bear.

Nor are mourners the only women who indulge themselves in this way. The very happiest of women will treasure scraps of verses from the newspapers descriptive of the most heart-rending sorrow, and make themselves cry over them with real enjoyment. I knew a husband who sent his wife that most objectionable poem, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, beginning, —

> The hour shall come when one of us shall hearken
> In vain to hear a voice that has gone dumb,
> And morns shall dawn, noons fade, and shadows darken
> While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

She fairly revelled in that during the

six years of her exceptionally happy married life. Her husband carried a copy in his prayer-book, and married again within a year after her death.

What I desire to emphasize is that women do themselves a great deal of harm by indulging this morbid sentiment. It takes the place of wiser, more healthful thoughts and condolence. It is exactly as pernicious as is reading medical books, a study of which will convince nervous persons that they have every disease therein described.

Nothing can be lovelier than certain little year books, prepared by Mrs. Havergal, Mrs. Bottome, and other strong, true women, wherein is a helpful little thought for each morning, something that can be remembered through the day, and thought tenderly of at night. These are helpful because they suggest thoughts, generally practical, earnest ones, and do not attempt to do all the thinking for you.

A book of devotions is comforting, no matter what one's faith may be; but the terrible little volumes of so-called consolation should not be confounded with the former.

There is more comfort in a verse of Scripture, a warm hand clasp, and half an hour's hard work, than in a shelf full of the morbid little volumes. As for the verses, instead of reading and crying over them, men and women would better be laying in a good stock of happy, wholesome ideas and thoughts, to help them bear the troubles when they actually do come.

It may not be apropos here, but why do people give one another prayer-books for presents? Ninety-nine people in every hundred have had their prayer-books from childhood, or certainly from confirmation. The book has tender and solemn associations, for which they love it. It opens of itself in the right place, and nobody wants to put it away and carry a new one. There are sure to be around a house at least two prayer-books that nobody wants, and which get moved about from one spot to another till they drift behind the other books on the shelf, to lie there forgotten in the dust, and that does not seem right or respectful.

J. M. B.

Feminine Philosophy.

THERE is only one thing we can conscientiously be satisfied with in our own conduct; that is, what we unhesitatingly praise in some one else.

THE two clearest marks by which the true followers of any system can be known are patience and perseverance. There may not be much brilliancy or dash about them, and they may be overlooked at first; but as time goes on, they will be found steadfast in their place, with the clear stars of patience and perseverance shining on their foreheads, guiding and encouraging those who would walk the same road.

HAPPINESS is like a flashlight: when it shines on us its intense brilliance shuts out everything else; while the interval before it gets round to us again, is darker for the remembrance of what was, and the watching for what is to come.

THE only unhappy love is that which can render no service to the beloved object, for love is service. It feeds and grows upon rendering services which would under other circumstances be distasteful and often abhorrent. The most impassioned woman has something maternal in her feeling for the man she loves, and what is mother love but the essence of self-sacrifice and devoted service?

THERE was a whole life history in a hyacinth in my window. It was kept a long time in the dark, and then brought to the sunshine to mature. Sunshine and water were given in abundance, and the green leaves grew fast, so fast and strong that I hoped for great things. More sunshine, more

water, every favorable condition, but still only green leaves. Parting them one day, I saw, close down by the root, a little faded blighted flower, that had never been strong enough to force its way up to the light. I cut away the green leaves, but it was too late.

If man had the ruling of the universe, we would be permitted to look into the future. Is not that alone enough to make us thankful that God reigns?

Those men and women who forgive most faults in others, are the most unsparing of their own, and vice versa.

The ignorant man flatters. It takes wisdom and discrimination to praise.

It is not always advisable to form one's conduct on the experience of even the wisest: so few lives run in the same groove, are spent under the same conditions, that there is but one chance in a dozen of your nearest neighbor's experience benefiting you; for experience, after all, sheds its light backwards, not ahead.

There is no use in repining. If an evil can be bettered, repining wastes valuable time. If it cannot, better spend the time in becoming reconciled to the inevitable.

After a course of life has been decided upon, after the decisive step has been taken, there comes to the steadfast man or woman a peace and comfort of which outsiders have no idea. There may be an apparent struggle against opposition, but the firmly taken resolve is like a breakwater, against which the waves spend themselves, powerless to disturb the calm inside.

How curiously happiness is mixed up with the greatest trials. Take, for instance, separation from a dear one. Is it not infinitely sweeter to have him away, and longing to be with you, than with you and feeling that he ought to be somewhere else?

The reason why the "seven other devils" entered into that man was because his place (heart) was "swept and garnished" and — empty. If your heart and mind are kept full, there will be no room for the devils. It may take a strong effort at first, but it is in every one's power to set his mind to work on some good or pleasant thought when the devils are crowding round; and when they see the place occupied, they are not as persistent as one fears.

It is a curious and (for the lords of creation) fortunate phase of woman's nature, that she is never so happy as when she is suffering for some man, so long as she can keep him from finding it out.

The comfort of clean beginnings over again is denied to no woman. If she cannot have all new things she can at least tear things to pieces and clean house; and if she does not find it easier to believe in the providence of God with shining windows and nicely wiped down walls, there is very little hope for her.

J. M. B.

His Favorite Dish.

A knowledge of cooking is an essential part of every woman's education. That the importance of this fact is being generally admitted, is made evident by the formation of clubs and opening of schools for the purpose of giving systematic instruction in the homemaker's art. The era of sour bread, indigestible paste, and other unpalatable food will, with its victims, soon be part of history. Women have at last awakened to a full knowledge of their awful responsibility, and the ever-alert feminine conscience is urging the need of reform.

A woman may be pretty, pleasing in manner, and possessed of many

accomplishments, but there are times when a cup of good coffee, a well-broiled steak, and crisp brown toast will give more pleasure than the exercise of all her charms.

It may be derogatory to the dignity of man to make such a statement as this, but even the wisest philosophers the world has known have borne witness to its truth. It is futile for our sex to seek to disclaim it; the time spent in controversy would be better employed in acquiring culinary skill.

To give impetus to such a movement, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE wishes to collect tried receipts of favorite dishes, and thus enable every woman reader to prepare for her family a nutritious, palatable diet.

We wish to arouse enthusiasm, to create a general interest, and lend the aid of experience to the great majority of young housekeepers wrestling with the difficulties of amateur cooking.

Many notable homemakers have already responded to our request, but there are hundreds still to be heard from. No doubt the accumulation of work due to the holiday season has deterred many from entering the contest, and to meet this difficulty we have decided to extend the time of closing to March 12, instead of Feb. 1, as announced in the January number.

For the benefit of those who may not have seen the announcement in the previous number, we reprint in this the prize offer and conditions to be observed by competitors.

We want each one to send us her favorite receipt, with instructions in full for making it. There are no rules or conditions to be observed beyond stating quantities and entire cost of production, and mailing your communication before March 12, on which date the contest closes. Competent judges will decide upon the merits of the receipts submitted, and a handsome dinner set will be awarded to the competitor sending in the best receipt for his favorite dish. Address: Cooking Contest, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

VALENTINES.

1863.

A PAIR of lovers clasping hands
Behind a thin lace-paper screen;
An arrow pierced heart below,
And verses, sugar sweet, between.

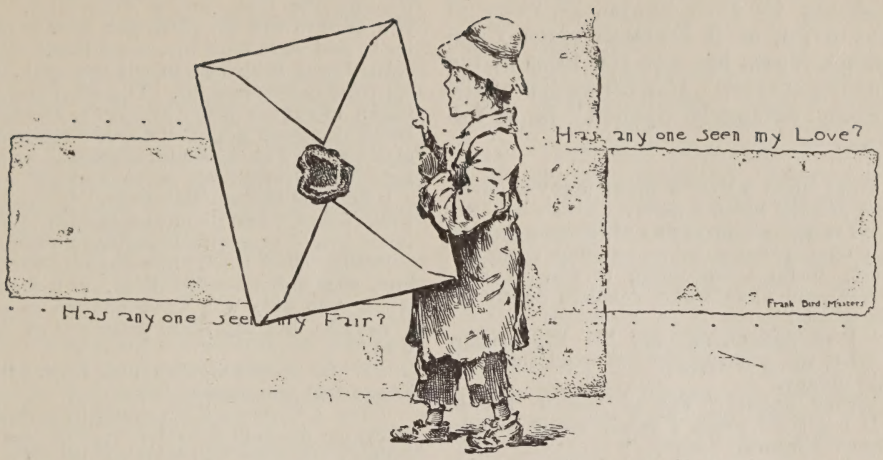
A valentine of days gone by,
When bright-eyed boys, our mothers say,
Would slip them 'neath the girls' front door,
And ring the bell, and run away.

1893.

THE whistling postman handed me
A square envelope, perfumed, fine.
The good old Saint lives yet, I thought,
And here I have a valentine.

"Dear Madam," were the words I saw,
As hurriedly I opened it,
"Our books are closing for the month,
Enclosed find statement; please remit."

J. M B.



HOPE OF OUR HOMES.

St. Valentine's Day.

How many of our young people know why this day is celebrated in Christian countries?

In the lives of the Saints, we are told that Valentine was a holy priest in Rome. He lived in the time of Claudius II. and, refusing to renounce his faith, was cruelly beaten with clubs and afterwards beheaded. Feb. 14, 278, Pope Julius I. honored his memory by building a church, and his relics are still venerated in the church of St. Praxedes.

The heathens had a superstitious custom of honoring their goddess Februata Juno, boys drawing the names of girls; but through the efforts of some holy men the pagan practice was changed and the names of saints substituted in billets given on this day.

These saints were specially honored and their virtues imitated. St. Francis de Sales was particularly active in instituting this pious practice among young people.

It is much to be regretted that the boys and girls of to-day imitate the pagan form rather than the Christian. Of course there are many thoughtful children with cultivated taste who find no pleasure in the vulgar prints so freely displayed in store windows, but there are many more who buy them to mail to friends, slip under doors, or leave on the teacher's desk. Sometimes they serve as a means of gratifying a petty spite, and sometimes mere mischief prompts their purchase and use.

If you consider the matter seriously you will decide that there is little wit and less sense in spending money on highly colored caricatures, with more or less doggerel attached.

There are many beautiful tokens of affection within the reach of all, the boys and girls who can draw and paint being especially fortunate; and even those who have neither money to spend nor talent to work out a design, can select a beautiful sentiment, write it out carefully, and send to mother, sister, or friend. It will surely be appreciated.

Remember the reason why this day is set apart, and let every message to friends, old or young, be one of love. This is the lesson of St. Valentine's Day.

The Spelling Contest.

ALICE G. FITZGERALD, 10 years of age, living at 8 Emmons place, Cambridge, Mass., has won the prize in the spelling contest. Her correction of the "Story Strangely Spelled" is as follows: —

Once upon a time a great many children were talking about a prize.

"I saw it in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE," said a boy who always stood on one foot when excited, "and I am going to try. A five-dollar gold piece would come in handy for Christmas."

"Five dollars," gasped his little sister. "Why, you could buy lots of articles with all that money."

"Five dollars," echoed cousin Frank. "If I got the prize, I would buy a mouthpiece for Johnnie"—

"And presents for me," pleaded little Kate. "I would like a pair of mittens and a scholar's companion."

"Do not be greedy," advised another girl. "I should think you would rather get your mamma a pretty pin cushion and some cambric handkerchiefs."

"So do I," said a boy whose hair bristled on end.

"Mother promised me a double runner if I would brush my hair, and talk more slowly." (Slower.)

"I would like some new clothes," confessed a quiet little chap; "these are all torn climbing (shinning) up telegraph poles after Collins' cat."

"I knew it was you chased our cat," cried Susie Collins; "and I just hope that you will not get any presents."

"Softly, Susie," cooed the peacemaker. "That is not the right spirit for Christmas."

"I hope we will all get presents."

"You can pretty nearly guess," laughed a little girl, "what you will find in your stocking. I delight in having dolls, and I would like to have a fur collar to keep me warm."

"A rubber eraser with two tips is what I want," said Connie Ray, who drew horses with four tails and dogs with three paws. "If I had that I could make straight lines."

"I do not care for such amusements," acknowledged serious Mary Carson. "I would like an interesting book, a thimble, and some crocheted trimming."

"What is the good of splitting a dollar?" asked Teddy Brown. "If I had to buy presents for a family of five, I would make them all chip together and get something among them."

"A pretty present for a Catholic child would be a pearl rosary," said little Clara Dawson. "I am hoping papa will give me one."

"The magazine recommends writing right off," asserted noisy Fred Forrest, rapping the table with a drum-stick. "If you want to win the prize you have to work for it, and work hard too, mind that."

Fred was chairman of a boy's club, and his word carried weight. The other children began to get out paper and pens, and timid Nellie Lomond asked, "Are we allowed to give ages? I have two brothers and a sister aged respectively nine, seven, and ten"—

"Tell the rest to the editor," interrupted Fred rudely, "and do not begin with, 'Your much prized magazine contained an offer.'"

"What shall we say?" demanded another boy, annoyed at noisy Fred. "I know a fellow who does not know enough to wear a necktie, but can scare girls out of their wits."

"Which means me," shouted Fred. "If I just caught you outside"—

"The Choctaw's Club would be without a chairman five minutes after," interrupted his enemy; "but we will wait till the girls get through."

"Do not be angry, please," pleaded the peacemaker, "and Christmas time too."

So the boys shook hands and were friends again, and all the children went to work with a will, even down to little Johnnie Jenkins, who printed (wrote) all over a page, "The things I can get for a dollar are as follows:"

This really clever Alice wasted no time in sending in her copy. It was received in Boston at 2 P. M., Jan. 1, and examination proved that the little girl had done her work both promptly and thoroughly.

Another competitor, Agnes Smith, New Haven, received her magazine at 10 o'clock, and mailed her copy at the same time as the Cambridge contestant. Agnes deserves honorable mention for her prompt action and good spelling. Every word was correctly spelled, but her copy was not as carefully prepared as that sent in by little Alice; so after much comparison the judge decided that the prize should be awarded to the most painstaking competitor.

Daniel J. Sullivan was the first boy to report at the office, but the girls got there three hours earlier. Daniel's work was carefully done, neatly written, and carefully corrected — all but one little word, such an insignificant stumbling block that a great many of my young people tripped over it. It was "to" for "too."

It was really too bad that so many pretty manuscripts had to be placed on the wrong side just on account of that little word.

I wonder why so many young people thought that "scholar's companion" should be spelled with capitals, or that "sodi" meant "sodd." "Wrapping" sent down nearly 40 competitors, and "recommends" was often as strangely spelled as the story.

Evelyn L. Mangan and Katie Mahoney sent in carefully prepared copies, and enjoy the distinction of being the only competitors to substitute the word "among" for "between." A dollar may be divided between two, but among more than that number.

The St. Mary's Parochial School girls arrived promptly, and by the force of example brought a boy with them; they will be pleased to see his name in the correct list, thus showing that he has done credit to his teaching.

Three careless young people forgot to give their names, and therefore, although entitled to places on the correct list, cannot be given credit for their really good work.

The Novel Spelling Match was a great success, and brought the boys out in greater numbers than did any other contest. Having made their bow, it is to be hoped they will appear again when the Children's Department of DONAHOE'S holds its next grand rally. Congratulations to our Cambridge contestant.

Correct answers were received from Mary Garvy, Chicago; Agnes Smith, New Haven; Kitty Boland, Cambridge; Lizzie Geraghty, Milwaukee; Joseph A. Taaffe, New Rochelle; Agnes Frawley, Cambridgeport; Alice R. Warren, Lowell; Kate O'Connor, Blockton; Evelyn N. Mangan, Lynn; Abbie Manning, Chicago; Mary M. Finn, Roxbury; Nellie Donahoe, Lowell; Lily Garvey Chicago; W. A. McLaughlin, Cambridgeport; M. Luella Cassidy, Syracuse; Alice G. Fitzgerald, Cambridge; John Sexton, Pottsville, Penn.; William Tierney, Shelton; Katie Mahoney, Folsom, Cal.

Other contestants were Louisa McCarthy, Bangor; Mary Meyer, Roxbury; Frances Meeker, Birmingham; Mary Cravagan, Birmingham; Catherine Coffey, Shelton; Katie Poole, Shelton; Blanche R. Peters, Troy, N. Y.; Annie L. Griffin, South Boston; Estelle Green, Lowell; Bessie Power, Decorah, Ia.; Alice Finnegan, Stoneham; Katherine Doherty, Vermont; Teresa Corcoran, Troy; Nellie McLaughlin, Woburn; Lizzie Foley, Roxbury; Mary A. Shanby, Lowell; Nellie Tecfey, Illinois; Katherine Conlon,

When We Were Boys!

Grand Rapids; Teresa Callahan, Andover; Helen Crowley, Plattsburg; Grace F. Walsh, Chicago; Thomas F. Driscol, Salem; Michael Malley, Roxbury; Joseph W. Murphy, Canton; Mary Sheehan, Springfield; Mary O'Callaghan, Wallingford; Anna C. Cummings, Roslindale; Katie A. O'Neill, Oakland; F. J. Carney, Salem; Mary O'Keefe, Salem; Alice B. Higgins, Mansfield; Anna H. Ring, Norwich; Sadie E. Withington, Canton; Amelia Sheehan, Woburn; Nora A. Coyne, North Andover; Bessie M. Sheehan Sabattus; Edith Congdon, Cambridge; Patrick Cahill, Watertown; Etta Conway, Woburn; Netta Hitchcock, Fairbank; Mary Keeley, Texas; Joseph A. Dooly, Albany; Daniel J. Sullivan, South Boston; Mamie Gleeson, New Haven; Catherine Kane, Pittsburg; Mary Shea, Dorchester; Josie Scanlan, Halifax, N. S.; John W. Hooley, South Boston; Columbus D. Behan, Denver; William P. Ponet, Los Angeles; Clara Peters, Montana; James Gillan, Staten Island; Joseph Fox, Athol, Mass.; Patrick Hickey, Staten Island; E. J. Farron, Staten Island; Nellie Connors, East Weymouth; Maggie Downey, Sharon, Mass.

A Story for Little People.

It was a nice large nursery, and at a little table on one side sat Willy, and at a little table on the other side sat Lily, while not far from them sat nurse in her rocking-chair knitting socks for her two children. On each table there were four plates and a cup and saucer and a small jug of milk. On the plates were half an orange, half a currant bun, and half an apple.

"And now," said nurse to the children, "you can have your feast; and as you have both exactly the same on your plates, there will be no quarrelling."

Willy began to peel his orange, and then he put it down. Lily poured some milk into her cup and drank a very little, and then pushed the cup away.

"Is it not good?" asked nurse.

Willy took a bite of his piece of orange, and Lily tried to do the same,

"Kiss and be friends."

but instead of eating it she began to cry, and when Willy heard her he began to cry too.

"Why, what is the matter?" said nurse.

"Shall we never play together again?" sobbed Willy. "Shall we always have to eat by ourselves?" sobbed Lily. "Yes," said the nurse, "as long as you quarrel you must be kept away from each other."

"I will not quarrel again," said Willy.

"I will not quarrel," said Lily.

"Kiss and be friends," said Willy, jumping up.

Dolly's Hat.

Cut the crown out of your old felt, a steeple crown if you have it, and slash the lower edge, back and front, an inch or two deep, according to the size of rim wanted. Roll the edge up, catch the back with tiny velvet rosettes, trim with ribbon bows, and bring a

feather or wing through the front opening, with a little bow to rest on Dolly's fluffy bang. Two or three quills from Dickie's wing make a jaunty finish, or a cluster of prettily shaded hen's feathers will add much to the style of the little lady's hat.

Another way to make a hat is to cut a circle out of cloth, pinch into folds from the middle, to make a pretty crinkled edge, make a hat-band to fit dolly's head, and sew to the underside of the cloth circle. You now have a fashionable plaque, and may trim with bows and rosettes, and a velvet twist around the crown piece.

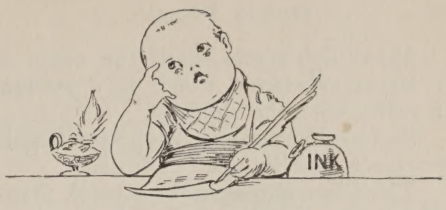
Some small violets drooping from the back give a springlike air and are much admired in the dressy doll world.

Bright red, myrtle green, and true blue are very desirable colors, and easily obtained, as nearly every house has left-over scraps of children's dresses.

An old yellow kid glove will make very dainty boots or low shoes, and gaiters may be fashioned from bits of cloth.

Riddle.

From night until morning, from morning till night,
My dress varies not, 'tis the purest of white;
But how shall I add what must injure my song —
That I'm plump as a dumpling, not round but oblong.
Moreover, my station I take on the head
Of a creature large, strong, and true quadruped,
But so gentle and quiet that children may dare
To mount on his back and sit fearlessly there.
I said that my form was not sylph-like nor slender,
No matter for that, since my feelings are tender;
But a caution I have for the young and the gay,
Shun my company ever by break of the day,
Or the roses of health that now bloom on your face
Will ere long to the hue of the lily give place.
And now, if there's one who my name has not guessed,
I'll venture 'tis that one who loves me the best.



"TO MY BES DIRL."

Oh, is she Lily or dainty Rose?
Come, tell me, little lover!
But he rolls his eyes, and looks very wise
As he lisps "Nefer one or the uvver."

Then is she Fanny, or pretty Nell?
Come, answer, little lover!
There's a smile in his eyes, as he
Quaintly replies,
"My very bes' dirl is Muvver."

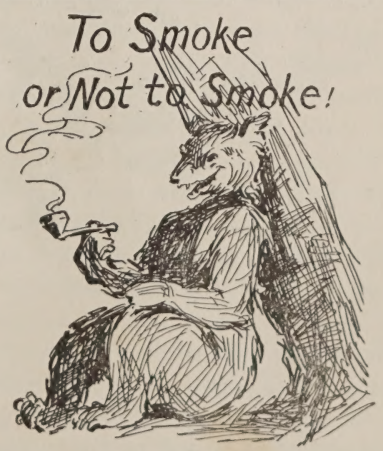
M. B. O'S.

Fashion Notes.

The Polar Bears up at the Zoo
Are wearing furs this fall.
The handsome Boxing Kangaroo
Goes walking in the Mall
With a long tail to his cover coat,
And the shoulders made quite small.

The Leopards, still conservative,
Are wearing polka dots —
No matter what the fashions are,
They will not change their spots;
While the Flying Foxes wear their tails
Done up in Psyche knots.

The Elephant wears his trousers loose,
And baggy at the knees;
And the Bison wears long whiskers
To protect him from the breeze;
And Monkeys still have their tails cut long
For convenience when climbing trees.



Bottle Puzzle.

First line across spells the name of a sweet substance which is a general favorite with the children.

Second line across gives a sweet table preserve usually made of fruit.

Third line across spells a black utensil used for cooking in the kitchen.

Fourth line across spells a nice domestic pet.

Fifth line across spells a shell animal much used for broth and for eating in the half-shell.

Sixth line across spells glass utensils used for holding wine, etc.

Seventh line across spells articles for fastening and tying shoes.

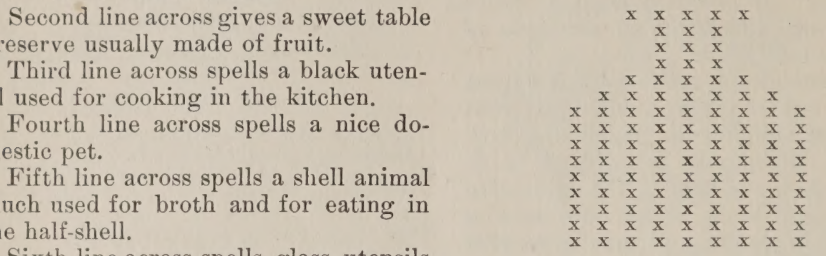
Eighth line across spells pieces of bedroom furniture quite necessary for repose.

Ninth line across gives the name of huge animals in a circus procession.

Tenth line across spells the man who trains lions and makes them tame for circus use.

Eleventh line across gives a sweet-smelling liquid used by ladies for scenting their handkerchiefs.

Twelfth line across spells a substance used for caramels, candy, soda-water and for a luncheon drink.



Thirteenth line across gives an article of bedroom furniture necessary for cleanliness.

Fourteenth line across spells a kind of nut, rough on the outside and gathered in the fall.

Fifteenth line across spells large nuts, grown in tropical countries, containing milk and sweetmeat.

The initial letters to these words are C, J, P, D, C, B, S, B, E, L, P, C, W, B, C.

Guess the words that make the bottle.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

It is a noteworthy fact that although the gospel of Peace has been proclaimed throughout every nook and corner of Europe for nearly 2,000 years, that continent is to-day an armed camp, from the British Islands to the Caucasus, and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. Truly, it may be said that "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." How many more centuries must elapse before the race — and not the mere gentlemen of light and leading — shall have learned "to move upward, working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die?"

There are, however, signs of better things. Bavaria is a country more advanced in music than in politics, yet its people are beginning to think that "the men who make the quarrel should be the only ones to fight." It is only a few days since Prince Lowenstein declared, in the lower house of the Diet of Munich, that he could see no remedy for the disease of militarism in Europe except through a court of international arbitration, to which the war minister promptly replied that a strong army is the only security. It is natural that the bull-dog should believe in fighting. What is he here for?

Donahoe's Magazine has a scheme for abolishing war, which it would like to submit to the careful consideration of its readers. Charles Lamb said that there are only two classes of people in the world — borrowers and lenders. This is fair enough as a financial division, but finance is a subject with which so few persons are seriously concerned that one must think the gentle Elia was only making fun. "Charles," said Coleridge, of the mild and magnificent eye, "did you ever hear me preach?" "De-de-de-did I ever hear you de-de-do anything else!" calmly stuttered the little man.

This will do for a beginning. Lamb and Coleridge represented the two real and not factitious divisions of society. Lamb persistently practised most of the high virtues which go to the making of human happiness. Poor Coleridge persistently preached them. Lamb always had the guinea in his purse when a friend required it; only too frequently the poet was "the friend." Lamb was long on practice and shot on precept, while Coleridge changed the adjectives. The world is divided into men who preach and men who practise.

From the first Christmas Day until the latest one, and upon every Sabbath in the year, Christian people have been repeating the words first heard by Syrian shepherds, "Peace on earth." This is Christian precept. Now for Christian practice. There is scarcely a male child born whose first present — after the rattle and the rubber doll — is not a drum, a sword, or a gun. The gun is seldom loaded, — which is good enough, — and the sword is made of wood, but the smallest child soon knows that these things are meant to kill something or somebody, and he hopes to do something in that line when he becomes a big man.

The Frenchman said he never saw Englishmen in good humor unless when they were going to kill something. Many of the most popular sports would not live for a month if the element of a possible "killing" were altogether eliminated; hence the admitted propriety, over all the world, of teaching the young idea how to shoot. But the supreme sport of all is found in the brave squares of war, in the noble art of killing men. "The long-coat bully in his boots, who hides the march of men from us" is, after all, the popular hero. The man who saves men is only a martyr — and after he dies.

There has been preaching enough, through 20 centuries, on the beauty and holiness of peace. If precept could have abolished war, it should have done so long ago, but precept alone will not enable a carpenter's apprentice to make a table or turn the leg of a chair, and the practical application of moral rules is at least as difficult as carpentering. Before a man can learn to make a table he must have a brain and an eye and a hand. These must work in harmony, by means of that beautiful coördination and adaptability which become the more wonderful as we pause to consider them.

Before a man becomes virtuous, he must have a brain and a trained conscience and a cultivated will power which shall enable him to carry into practice the lessons of the intellect and the promptings of his conscience. There is a superabundance of intellect in the world, largely devoted to sinister ends. There is a very large supply of will power, mostly misdirected. And it must be admitted that the markets do not overflow with cultivated conscience. The first lesson impressed on every boy is to "get ahead" of his fellows, and he is not taught to be particularly careful as to the means. This is not cultivating conscience, and yet conscience is the divine element in man.

There can be very little hope for any great moral and social reformation until we have a more enlightened conscience, and until that conscience dictates individual and national conduct. Its cultivation must begin in the cradle and continue through the nursery, upward through the school, and on to the university. If a child in its high-chair and its play-yard be taught to practise truth, justice, self-denial, temperance, charity, generosity, and mercy, it will be supplied with a bundle of good habits. These habits should be strengthened by any system of advanced education worthy of the name, and good habits are the best outfit for the steep and thorny pathway of life.

It is the active habit of doing the right thing, and not the passive impression of how the right thing ought to be done, that constitutes worthy living and virtuous conduct. So far as precept makes men or children think, it is like the carpenter's instruction to his apprentice; but when children reduce the precept to performance and actively practise virtuous conduct for themselves, then only can they be said to proceed after the fashion of the carpenter's boy who goes to work to make his own table. There will be plenty of mistakes, but blunders are the beginning of wisdom. Skill in virtue or carpentering does not spring,

like Pallas Athene, fully equipped from the brain of Zeus.

And when this new conscience comes — well, what then? Many good things will appear which have hitherto been suppressed by the heavy weight of selfishness and animalism. Among other things this will happen. When children are trained from the cradle to respect the rights and feelings of others, they will not be eager when they become men to go out and kill other men whom they have never seen, and who have never done them injury. This is a slow process; but all the great movements of nature are slow, — without haste and without rest. But this is the way to the stars, and the ladder to the highest heaven must have its lowest rung close to mother earth.

Literary fustian is the order of the day. Time was that when the brains were out, the man would die, but now it seems it is only when the intellect is gone that a writer begins to make money. It is better, of course, never to have had any brains, so that the accumulative process may begin right away from the first-reader period. Here are some of the important questions which successful writers are now turning into "copy" and ducats: What frame of mind were you in when you conceived your story of The Gentleman and the Rat? Were you smoking a cigarette or a clay pipe when the inspiration came? Was it before or after your attack of measles? Did you use snuff at the time, and if so, what snuff? Did you find it a great strain on your moral nature to live up to your favorite brand?

The safe road to literary fame is to have a capacity for asking or answering such questions. The scheme is epoch-making as well as money-making. It is like charity or the gentle rain from Heaven: it is twice blessed. It blesseth him that puts the query and him fourfold who replies.

Every schoolboy with a big head, who has mastered the intricacies of the alphabet, may reasonably hope, if his ambition lies that way, to blossom into a littérateur. He will begin as an errand boy to a publisher, and will keep his ear to the keyhole when authors are submitting their manuscripts. The boy will, of course, keep a note-book in which he thumbs carefully down the length of every writer's nose, the color of his hair, and the size of his shoes. He will underline such marvels as gaiters, gloves, and plug hats, and every sneeze will serve for a paragraph. From this the direction is straight on to composing letters to all the authors in the two hemispheres and Australia, asking them what they think of America, of marriage, suicide, or the royal game of poker.

Armed with the replies, which are mostly contemptuous snubs, the growing boy will claim each of his correspondents as an intimate personal friend. "My friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer, informs me that he does not divide his hair in the middle, but he is good enough to add that he will speak to Walter Pater and Sir John Lubbock upon the subject, and let me have the results of his conversation at an early date. Your readers will do well to bear this in mind, as they may expect some vastly interesting revelations."

When this youth becomes a young

man, he will issue his canons of literature. First and last: It is a serious disadvantage for a writer to know anything, or to have a single tradition of the gentleman, student, or scholar. Knowledge, critical sense, and cultivated taste sound the death knell of originality. Hustling is the thing and the only thing that means money in literature, and the wise man is "always out after the stuff." Nothing like it on this earth. The people want "guff" and plenty of it. "Give it to 'em in wagon loads. That's business, and business is literature; and as Matthew Arnold said once upon a time, 'Literature is the criticism of life.' I don't know at all what that means, but it sounds good, helps to fill up a paragraph, and what more do you want?"

Do you know that next to having DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in all Catholic homes our dearest hope is that it may find its way to many Protestant firesides? Its work has to do with all people. You are a Catholic. You have Protestant friends. They are honest, unselfish, and they mean to be perfectly fair to you. Yet, somehow, in speaking of religious matters, they often hurt your feelings unconsciously. They do not appreciate the beauty of your faith. They cannot feel how helpful are to you the little devotions practised daily by Catholics. They have an idea that ignorance or hypocrisy or thoughtlessness must play a part in your spiritual life somewhere, — though, of course, they are not sufficiently coarse fibred to tell you so.

Is not this supposed case a fact in many of our readers' lives? We think so, and we think that to efface these misunderstandings is a duty owed to friendship and to man, as well as to religion and to God. You can't fulfil this duty with the club of controversy. Your good life will help to do it, and a word of kindly explanation will help, too. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is now able to add its aid in the work. We hope worthily to do our part.

Many people use the words "cheek" and "nerve," of every-day vernacular, as if they were synonymous and interchangeable. A bright friend called our attention to this the other day by making a very nice distinction between them. "It's idiotic," said he, "to use the words 'cheek' and 'nerve' as if they meant the same. Cheek is no more nerve than beauty is brain. A man may have both, but it's not usual. Cheek is active. Nerve is passive. Cheek needs a mouth. Nerve very seldom uses one, and then only to shut it. Cheek talks and acts. Nerve thinks, waits, and achieves. Cheek is sometimes admirable in its ends, but is usually offensive in its means. Nerve is never offensive. Don't ever think a man necessarily lacks nerve just because he doesn't ask for what he wants. His forbearance may be the best proof of his nerve. A cheeky man compares with a nervy one as a sprinter of a hundred yards' dash compares with a twenty-mile go-as-you-please runner. Cheek is sometimes a blessing and sometimes a curse. Nerve is always a blessing. In these days, when 'faking' is a fine art, cheek has a better chance to win financial success than nerve has, I think. But, though nerve dies poor it probably dies happy."

Why not send DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for this year to the best friend

you have? That will be killing three birds with one stone: you will help us, please him, and make for yourself a better friend.

THE most beautiful animal known to this world of ours is the "Under-dog." Without him there would be no progress. He is the fulcrum of every lever extended to lift humanity. His bark has raised the sleeping consciences of nations to a sense of justice and of liberty through the years of human history. We salute the "Under-dog." We welcome him; and we hope he will get up on his hind legs everywhere and make himself heard. The following letter isn't a bark of pain. It is simply a staccato outburst of gratitude. The "Bachelor" dog shall have his growl in our March number. Why the "Book-agent" terrier got in his protest first we do not know. But, come to think of it, who in this world ever got ahead of a good book agent?

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—Arrange your "Dogs" in order. The "Book Agent" is well enough in his way, but I contend that as an object of persecution he is not entitled to the first place in the series. That should have been awarded to me, the self-appointed advocate of the Single Men of America—the most worried pack of "Under Dogs" that ever showed their teeth.

If you are a married man, you have no personal grievance to redress, no injuries to avenge, but your position empowers you to mitigate the woes of your fellow-men guilty of no offence save single blessedness. I do not ask you to exercise your privilege; as man to man to man I demand it. Hear us howl!

Yours respectfully,
NARCISSUS EDWARD SMYTH.

In Mr. C. W. Ernst's article last month, on "What Powers Should Cities Have?" he deprecated the fact that many of our so-called best citizens preferred to ignore their local city government, and to go to their state legislature for the presentation of grievances that more properly should be heard and remedied by the city officials. Men who deplore the growing apathy in political matters among those whose influence, if exerted, would be for good, should lend their aid to Mr. Ernst's contention. If legislatures would not interfere in city affairs, men who now seek their intervention would be compelled to take interest in their city's politics. Local pride would be stimulated by this, a keener public spirit fostered, and purer politics secured.

The growth of thought among the common people is shown by the freedom with which men now take issue in matters of opinion with their favorite newspaper. The fellows that "you can fool all of the time," as President Lincoln is reported to have said, seem to be growing fewer. Labels on the outside of bottles are not going to count so much as the taste of the fluid inside, it seems to us, in the future. We respectfully refer this thought to the consideration of the pooh-bahs of the present. They might investigate it a little for their own safety, if not for the general good.

The discussion on the question of direct legislation by the people, or the initiative and referendum, as it is generally termed, is progressing in all parts of the country. A bill which embodies the chief features of the Swiss system has been laid before the legislature of the state of New Jersey and of the state of Washington; and as the referendum was adopted into the platform of each

of the political parties in Massachusetts at the last election, it may reasonably be expected that appropriate legislation will place it on the statute book of the Bay State during the present year. This is an encouraging and healthy sign in the body politic. The people must assert their right to direct and control legislation. Syndicates and corporations direct and control the most important legislation now. They must be ousted or our representative form of government will go from bad to worse. This can be effectually done through the initiative and referendum. Let the good work go on — spread the light.

Though the "wrath of God" be slow, it may soon overtake the "acts of congress," at the present gait of legislation.

The announcement of the conversion to Catholicity of Mrs. Frank B. Clarke, one of the leading women of Minnesota, who represented her state on the World's Fair Commission, is interesting news. In excellent judgment and taste, is the comment upon it by the American Citizen, the able Catholic newspaper that first printed the paragraph. It said: —

> The Citizen publishes this interesting item, not as a matter of social gossip, or because it is disposed to make the private lives or affairs of individuals matters of consideration or discussion in its columns, but because the circumstance is one of significance. When an American Protestant lady of such passing intellectual attainments, highly accomplished, high in social position, and of splendid family antecedents, decides to seek spiritual solace in the bosom of Mother Church, that fact should be made generally known for the moral effect it is bound to produce, no matter what considerations urged its suppression.

The salutary effect such events produce is to suggest to other Protestants a calm, unbiassed examination of our Church. Who of fair mind among followers of Christianity can, if he honestly seeks truth, prefer Protestantism, the man-made, to Catholicity, the Christ-laid? As we Catholics grow to practise more fully what we are taught and what we believe, and as Protestants get to look at us through their own eyes, unblurred by the misrepresentation of leaders that are passing, there ought to be grand triumphs for religion and humanity.

You have met him, we have all met him, and we shall never cease to meet him — the man who knows everybody, or at least pretends he does. There is no public or well-known man of Irish birth who did not attend the same school or go to the same church with him. At least so he avers. As Ireland is not so very large, compared with this country, there is a far greater chance for people there to become acquainted with each other. This is especially true because of the natural friendliness which exists among the Irish people of Ireland, and their habit of making frequent journeys in a leisurely manner from one county to another. Notwithstanding this fact, there is no excuse for one's claiming relationship or acquaintanceship with every Irishman who makes a name for himself in this country. When you hear a person talking about this or that famous man, and boasting that he is a relative or friend, you can generally be assured that he is really unacquainted with him.

The readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are people who want to know. They will not accept any man's "say so," unless it squares with known facts or conditions. We warn dark-lantern logicians to keep off the premises.

For the benefit of any of our subscribers to whom the conditions of our prize contest regarding the number of advertisements to be printed in our March number may seem obscure and hard to understand, we beg to reiterate them again here. A prize o 250 in cash will be given to the person who makes the closest estimate of the number of advertisements that the March issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will contain; and the other prizes will be given, to the number of over 1,000, to those who make close estimates — in the order of their closeness. Count the advertisements in this number, and then send in your estimates for March. See that your subscription is p next July, in order that you may be eligible to the guessing contest. Five hundred dollars in cash and $1,000 in etchings depend on the result. Somebody asks, "Do the lines at the bottom of some of the advertising pages, 'When answering advertisements, mention DONAHOE'S', count as advertisements?" Certainly not. The estimates thus far received range from 50 to 500 advertisements for our March number. We would like to reach the latter figure. It would be profitable. But anyhow, send in your own estimate right away.

We commend to the attention of our subscribers west of the Alleghany Mountains — and their numbers increase every day — the name of our Western Manager, Mr. Patrick J. O'Leary, formerly of Boston, now of Chicago. His office is in the Monadnock Building, in the latter city.

When DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE started out, a little over a year ago, to meet and equal the secular magazines upon their own ground, there were plenty of people to throw doubts in the way. We did not blame them then; and we know they will not blame us now when we tell them they were wrong. "The Catholic people will not support a great magazine," never can be said again, with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders and a doleful shake of the head. The Catholic people will; the Catholic people are supporting DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. And we will try to go on deserving more and more their confidence, interest, and support. DONAHOE'S is to-day a success. Its success is a matter of pride to all thinking Catholics, as its failure would have been a reproach and a regret.

THE Toilers' Friend has a head and heart worthy of its name. It gives its opinion of DONAHOE'S in these words: —

> To say that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a fearless and able advocate of human rights, is putting it mildly. It discusses the great questions of the day in a manner that no reformer can fail to appreciate; and if it receives the support its efforts merit, it will become a power for good.

FATHER CUMMINS' CONCERT.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 4, a concert will be given in aid of the building fund of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, Mass., Rev. John F. Cummins, pastor, at the Grand Opera House, Boston. Eminent talent, professional and amateur, will assist. Father Cummins' pretty little edifice is heavily in debt; and as this is the first public appeal his parishioners have made, the Catholics of Boston and vicinity are sure to respond generously. The event, coming as it does on the Sunday just prior to the opening of the Lenten season, ought to attract a great audience.

For God and Humanity.

THE Catholic Women's National League of America was organized in October, 1893. A constitution was adopted and officers were elected for the ensuing year.

This league has for its object the federation into a united body of all societies of Catholic women, as well as individuals, doing any kind of helpful work along philanthropic, educational, or benevolent lines.

In every city throughout the country are found local organizations of Catholic women doing excellent charitable and humanitarian work. Their work and methods are often not known beyond their own city, and in many cases not beyond their own parish. In the belief that a national federation of these local societies will promote the best interests of humanity, make known and extend the work, and advance the interests of the Church and of Catholic women all over the country, the Catholic Women's National League of America has been organized. This league does not seek to control or direct the affiliating societies, but to make known the work of such societies where none now exist, and to lay before those already in existence the plans, methods, and experience of their sister workers for mutual help and encouragement.

To this end, many prominent journals and magazines have offered to act as national organs of the league, and to publish reports of its work and progress. Each affiliating organization is asked to furnish, from time to time, a statement of its work, numbers, methods, etc., the same to be compiled by the national secretary into monthly reports, to be published simultaneously all over the country.

The Catholic Women's National League of America already numbers many thousand members. Among these are ladies' aid societies, total abstinence unions, literary clubs, societies supporting day nurseries, free kindergartens, night shelters, newsboys' homes, beneficiary societies, societies for correspondence with invalids, ladies' auxiliary, St. Vincent de Paul, reading circles, etc.

The general officers are: President, Mrs. Alice T. Toomy, Post Office, San Francisco, Cal.; vice-president-at-large, Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, 1204 South 18th street, St. Louis, Mo.; treasurer, Mrs. Francis A. Stace, 161 Lagrave street, Grand Rapids, Mich.; secretary, Miss Lily A. Toomy, Post Office, San Francisco, Cal.

All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Miss Lily A. Toomy, who will furnish any further information, leaflets, etc., upon application.

The Woodbury Dermatological Institute.

THE John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute was founded in 1870 by John H. Woodbury, whose life had been spent in treating skin diseases and removing blemishes.

It is now the largest establishment in the world making a specialty of treating all forms of facial imperfections and skin and scalp diseases.

A corps of skilled specialists is constantly employed, and they have at their command, not only the special bands, springs, and appliances of which patents are held by John H. Woodbury, but are constantly, by travel and study, kept in touch with the latest and best means of cure known to the world.

There is no known form of skin disease or anomaly that has not at some time been treated; and while no claim is made to perform wonders, there is nothing that can be done for humanity's skin that cannot be accomplished there.

Persons afflicted with any imperfection or disease on, in, or under the skin, or any irregularity of the nose, ears, or mouth, can visit this Institute with the assurance that they will get the best treatment, attention, and advice on the cure and care of the skin known to the world.

THOUGHTS OF THE TIME.

How It Looks in Europe.

RUSSIA wants Constantinople, and is preparing to take it. Russia cannot succeed in accomplishing this desire without first fighting Austria. She cannot fight Austria without fighting Germany at the same time.

Russia wants the mouth of the Danube — a desire as strange as if France should wish to reoccupy Louisiana. Russia, therefore, has one enemy particularly in mind,— that is, Germany,— and in this hatred of Germany was born the comical friendship between Russia and France, for France means to get back Alsace-Lorraine.

The gravity of the present outlook is not so much in the fact that Russia and France individually dislike Germany, but in the fact that they are united in a hatred that absorbs every other passion. That France is thirsting for war, admits of scant doubt to those who saw the delirious behavior of the French people in welcoming the Russian sailors at Toulon and Paris, nor is there any doubt that she is now better fitted for war than she has ever been.

Russia sounded France, and was well satisfied with the result. When war is declared the two are one, army and navy.

The Russian government has now massed all its active army west of Moscow and the great bulk in Poland. It is persecuting the German language and the Lutheran religion in the Baltic provinces, and is fanning rather than allaying the prevailing hatred for Germany. An editor in Poland was recently threatened with transportation to Siberia because he ventured to reprint an impartial article from The Century on the emperor of Germany. The editor was told that in Russia the people do not need to have the German ruler praised.

Russia has been observing great secrecy of late with regard to movements on her railways. Sometimes several days have passed when all traffic on the roads has been stopped save that of the government. Oddly enough, the money she has been spending upon forts and stores has nearly all been expended against the German frontier. She knows that she must settle with Germany before she can get the Bosphorus.

The German emperor, meanwhile, is awake, and knows what is passing about him, but he knows, also, that he has much to lose and little to gain by a successful campaign. German men of business feel this too, and that the next war will be largely devoted to pulling chestnuts out of the fire for England.

The Kaiser knows that in a war with Russia he will be fighting the battle of all civilized countries against a power representing commerical stagnation, political barbarism, and religious intolerance. — *Poultney Bigelow.*

Where Science Fails.

SCIENCE speaks to the mind, awakens the reason, and develops the brain. Religion, while not disdaining the intellect, appeals to the heart and speaks in the language of love to the soul. Science without religion leaves man partial and one sided. While the intellect soars aloft the heart remains cold. While the reason takes wing the soul is bereft of hope and comfort; science, with its practical eye, feels no sympathy when the heart bursts in anguish. It speaks no word of relief when tears gush forth and sorrow sears the soul. It extends no helping hand when misfortunes smite and the blows of adversity fall thick and fast. Coldly it glances at the grave where all that is dear to man lies hidden forever, and silently pursues its path of knowledge. In your darkest hour, when all joy seems drained from your life, and despair flaps her cheerless wing as you place in the cold earth all that gave to life its charm and its sunlight, go to the scientist then, and he will take your tear and analyze it into its component parts, and for your comfort he will explain the law that with unswerving regularity does its fatal work. Does that satisfy you? Can you still the turbulent emotions or feed the hungering soul with scientific apparatus and a demonstration of rules and laws? As well might the child's weak voice attempt to outroar the storm's furious raging.

But out of the bosom of religion flows the refreshing stream of comfort. Though the heavens be never so black, the star of hope shines with unfading lustre for the religious soul. Religion is a garb of love; lays its hand upon the shoulder bent with suffering, and points upward to that celestial realm, where sorrow enters not and tears never fall. The clouds give way, and amid a glorious brightness there resounds a tender voice exclaiming in accents of pity and love, "Fear not, for I am with thee."— *Rev. John Thein in the Catholic Reading Circle Review.*

A Humorous Defence of Injustice.

IT is high time that the American people should begin to repudiate the false and dishonest pretension of human equality. Everybody realizes its falsehood and absurdity, and it is nothing less than a national disgrace that we should continue to inculcate and perpetuate the falsehood. In that respect we have always made ourselves the laughing

stock for more sensible and more truthful nations. If our forefathers were so silly as to really believe that all people are equal, it is no reason why we should reiterate their blunder; and if they were now here they would be ashamed of their declaration of 1776.

On these principles of human inequality — natural, innate, inevitable inequality — I maintain that there are and should be classes recognized and regulated by law in every country. We are going, theoretically, upon the supremely silly doctrine that everybody is first class in this country, and all know it to be a monstrous lie. It must be right and justifiable, therefore, that the naturally low and servile classes should contribute to the support and elevation of the superior strata of society.

It is not wrong, but right — so long as the vulgar masses are incapable or indisposed to elevate themselves — that they should yield up a portion of what their labor produces, to the end that the classes who will cultivate their intellect and devote themselves to human advancement, shall have the means of doing so. I do not see that this can be accomplished in any other way, under our civilization, than by classifying the people into producers, wage slaves, chattel slaves, or the servile class on the one hand, and the elite, the aristocratic, the enlightened, the master, or managing classes on the other.

Slavery, serfdom, peasantry, are right and natural enough, but there should be humane laws for their regulation; and education and elevation should be encouraged and assisted by stringent laws, for the benefit of such as aspire to the higher ranks. But the grovelling, sensual, stupid, lazy, improvident, vicious classes do not deserve to be fostered, perpetuated, propagated, and pandered to and allowed to go on filling the earth with their miserable kind, merely because they are willing to be slaves and vassals and flattered they are equal to the highest of the race.

Human society should be organized, not upon principles of fancied equality, but upon the universally recognized and patent fact of their inequality. Justice does not require equality, but the meed of opportunity which nature has fitted one for. If all were rich, who would work for wages? If all were generals and officers, who would there be to be governed? A nation of sovereigns is an absurdity. One might as well speak of a nation of lords or kings. The natural law is classification, and that justifies aristocracy, the nobler class, the privileged, or ruling class.— *Emory F. Boyd in Twentieth Century.*

Why the Unemployed Should Refuse Charity.

THE demand of the unemployed, that the provision for them shall take the form of work, not charity, opportunity and not alms, is right. We rejoice in their unanimity on this point, and counsel them by all means to stick to it. When you consent to receive anything from a person or persons, from an individual or a collective body as charity or alms, that is to say, as a free gift, you admit that you have no claim or not a sufficient claim to the thing received as a matter of right. Now just this is the reason why the unemployed, as a body, do right in demanding work and refusing charity. They have, as against the state, a right to work, a birthright, a conclusive claim of justice, and even the pressure of bitter hunger should not tempt them (as in the Bible story it tempted Esau) to sell their birthright for a mess of charity pottage to any sleek-tongued Jacob of them all.

But how and why have men and women a right to demand work and a living by work from the state? Simply because the state, by its laws, its police, its courts and militia, maintains and enforces a property system, an industrial system, a land system, and a general plan of distribution of capital, that is to say, of the means of employment and maintenance, which cuts the poor off from the possibility of self-maintenance and compels them to seek employment from the rich. When, for whatever reason, the rich, that is, the employing class, fail to give this employment, it is the business and duty of the state to make good the deficiency of the system it insists by force upon maintaining.

We therefore counsel the unemployed everywhere to stand firm on this point of demanding work of the state as a right, and refusing to accept charity, or work that is merely disguised charity.

But, it may be said, the unanimous pressure of this claim of right by the unemployed would seriously embarrass the governments of the cities and states of the nation. Undoubtedly it would, and it is high time that they were embarrassed on this subject. It is high time the people who support these governments were forced by the pressure on them to consider whether they can afford to sustain an industrial system which by its so frequent break-downs and constant inefficiency brings such a pressure to bear. It is high time the people at large were forced, by a pressure on their tax rates, to consider what we nationalists have been for a long time considering — whether it is not time a more efficient as well as a more humane and Christian system of industry were established.

Therefore we most earnestly and emphatically appeal to all who speak for the unemployed to refuse charity and demand work. Demand it not of individuals who are not responsible for the present industrial system, but of the state (that is, the people collectively), which is responsible and the only responsible party.— *The New Nation.*

HEALTHY FLESH

is a storehouse of latent vital strength which comes to the rescue in time of need. Losing flesh shows that there is a demand made for vital energy. Something is wrong.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, gives the system the nourishment it requires, and thus restores a normal condition. Thin, angular women need it. *Physicians,* **the world over, endorse it.**

Coughs and Colds,

Throat and Lung Troubles, Blood Diseases and Emaciation—all give way to Scott's Emulsion.

Don't be Deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New-York City. Druggists sell it.

Woman's Influence in Politics.

DE TOCQUEVILLE, the author of "Democracy in America," says on this subject: "Nothing has struck me more in my seemingly long experience in public affairs than the influence exercised by women, an influence the greater, perhaps, for being indirect. I believe that women give to each nation its characteristic, particular moral temperament which is manifested in politics." I could quote a great many instances which would corroborate this assertion. Hundreds of times I have seen a weak man display true public firmness, simply because by his side stood a woman who had sustained him in the right path, not by advising this or that course of conduct in particular cases, but by wielding an ennobling influence through her manner in estimating duty or even ambition. I must confess I have seen still more often the silent influence of the domestic hearth transform a man naturally noble and generous into a vulgar, selfish individual, who could see in the affairs of his country nothing beyond their reference to his personal interest. How had this change taken place? By the daily intercourse with a woman who had every appearance of being a faithful wife and a devoted mother, but in whom the true notion of duty in its highest sense had always been not fought against, but completely ignored. — *Caroline de Maupassant in Twentieth Century.*

The Dreary Waste of Books.

IN the field of book literature there appears a marked tendency toward the reproduction of standard authors, a tendency which may be hailed as a wholesome symptom of the public taste and of the judgment of publishers which cater to it. In general terms it may be said that this is an age of compilation rather than of creation. The multitude of single volumes and of libraries containing selections from the great masters of prose and verse is literally without end; no great original works in the field of imaginative literature have recently appeared. It is gratifying to find, amid the immense and hitherto unexampled fertility of production in the publishing world, that books which may properly be termed classics are still demanded and are still read. The day is far distant when such poets as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, such historians as Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Prescott, and Parkman, and such novelists as Sir Walter Scott, Balzac, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, will cease to be perused.

Of the publications of any period how many ever arrive at the honor of republication? How many are found worthy of a reprint by the generation immediately succeeding? And will any one learned in the history of literature tell us how many, out of all the candidates for immortality, ever reach it by the suffrage of succeeding centuries calling for new editions? Is it not the fate of at least ninety-nine in a hundred writers to find a place among the myriads of forgotten volumes that slumber upon the shelves of the great libraries of the world! It is the melancholy fate of most writers to survive their own literary reputation. Not the least among the evils of that eagerness to be seen in print which afflicts so many writers is the utter unconsciousness of its subjects as to the worthless and ephemeral character of their productions. A moderate acquaintance with the literature of the past might spare these unsophisticated authorlings the trouble of putting pen to paper. Works that stand the test of criticism and secure the verdict of the ages are not made in a day.—*The Forum.*

New Music.

FROM Oliver Ditson Company: For piano — "America's Fair Women Waltzes," R. A. Keiser; "Watermelon Shuffle," R. M. Stults; "Reign of Cupid Waltz," T. H. Rollinson. Vocal — "If I Had Known You," F. S. Sommers; "There is No Such Thing as Luck," "Rosie Murphy," "Patsey, Come Home," and "When I Was a Single Man," Felix McGlennon; "As Rosebuds Will, You Know," "When My Beloved is By," and "Fair Venice Sleeps," E. B. Felton; "Trusting in Thee," Robert Coverley; "Wake from Thy Slumbers," A. Stanley-Moore.

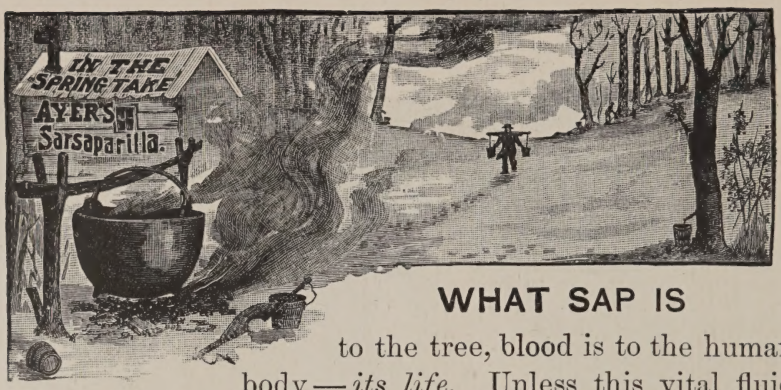
For piano — "Louise Waltzes," W. E. Owen; "Orient Mazurka," S. G. Cook; "Knabe Grand March," E. Hesselberg; "Grand Galop Caprice," E. Hoffman. Vocal — "Wifie Mine," "Before Your Face," "The Quakeress," and "My Idol," Felix McGlennon; "When I was with Dear Allie" and "Young Lochinvar," M. Osgood; "I Think of You," R. Ferber; "In Praise of Her," H. Ellis; "In the Palace of the King" and "There are Other Eyes in Spain," John Wiegand; "Law in the Troubled West," John A. O'Shea; "My Love is Like a Rosebud," Richard Goerdeler; "A Song of David," Jules Jordan; "Cheer up, Sweetheart," R. M. Stults.

For piano — "Fleurette," Paul Wachs; "Gavotte," "Staccato Mermet," "Chit-Chat," "Masquerade," and "Early Morn," P. Lanciani; "The Winds That Waft My Sighs to Thee," W. V. Wallace; "Dance de la Midway Plaisance," M. Arnold; "An Old Folks' Dance," G. Bachman. Vocal — "To Land of Dreams," E. B. Felton; "Lovely Maggie Sullivan" and "Enjoy the Present," C. F. Webber.

From White-Smith Company: For piano — "Cadet March," C. E. S. Coates; "Continental Guards," J. C. Chandler; "Song Without Words," Ed Hoffman; "Jean Missud's March," W. R. Hosmer. Vocal — "Visions," R. Coverley; "The Flower and the Maid," Adam Geibel.

Half-tone by Suffolk Engraving Company.

MORNING REVERIE.



WHAT SAP IS

to the tree, blood is to the human body — *its life*. Unless this vital fluid is in good condition, any weakness, infirmity, or ailment, at this season, is liable to develop into a settled malady. The best protection from disease, therefore, is pure, vigorous blood, and **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla the best medicine to insure the same. This well-known, standard preparation was the only Sarsaparilla which was considered, by the **World's-Fair** Directors, all that could be asked for in a standard family medicine, and therefore the only one admitted at the Exposition. It is the medicine for **March, April, May.** It removes that tired feeling. It makes the weak strong. It is the kind you need, and can have no substitute.

AYER'S The Only SARSAPARILLA

Admitted at

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

UNEQUALED for the cure of colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs — is the universal testimony in regard to **Ayer's** Cherry Pectoral. A dose or two of this wonderful medicine promptly relieves even the most distressing symptoms of pulmonary consumption.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The only Cough-cure at the World's Fair

Prompt to act, sure to cure

CEDAR AVENUE.

See "The Land of the Lily and the Rose," page 253.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE LAND OF THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE BERMUDAS.

BY REV. JAMES FOGARTY.

COMPARATIVELY few New Englanders are aware that within 700 miles of New York, and directly opposite South Carolina, at a distance of about 600 miles, lie the Bermudas, an assemblage of coral islands which in the near future must surely become a favorite winter resort for Americans. Fewer still have had the singular experience of visiting these islands, which, by the way, are of those colonies of the New World which have remained in the possession of England. Situated about midway between Canada, to the North, and the West Indies, to the South, they are of incalculable advantage in times of peace to merchantmen plying between the Northern and Southern colonies, and in times of war they can be said to rival Malta or Gibraltar, first because of their formidable fortifications, and secondly because of the dangerous reefs by which they are surrounded.

Although these islands number about 365, they occupy but a very small portion of the Atlantic, in length measuring not more than 25 miles, while in breadth they vary between a mile or less and six miles. The most considerable are connected

Royal Palms.

by bridges or causeways, so that one can travel by carriage the extent of the mainland within three days, and thus gain a good idea of their position, outlines, and general features.

Since the colonization of these

islands by the English, in 1612, they have continued contentedly submissive to the mother country across the sea; nor have they at any period given to the world any of those giants of civilization that startle and attract. At peace with themselves and the outside world, their part in the world's theatre of affairs has been in most respects obscure and monotonous. Like the modest maiden whose greatest attraction is her beauty, they have depended solely upon their natural charms for a share of human favor, and it is in these charms that is found their greatest distinction.

Easter Lily Field.

Among the many elements of attractiveness that may be noted and which command the unlimited admiration of the stranger, is their mild, genial, consistent climate. Throughout the year they remain safely between those extremes of heat and cold, from which we in our climate suffer so commonly; and what is still more interesting, unusual, and delightful is the fact that in our winter months they know neither snow, ice, cold, nor frost. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in the months of December, January, and February, when New Englanders are exposed to a temperature of sudden and various changes, as well as to all the miseries of cold and snow; when we are sneezing and coughing amid the inclemencies of our disagreeable winter weather, Bermudans, with a mercury never descending below 50, may sit upon their verandas, under a warm, nourishing sun, and look out upon a scene teeming with a wealth of nature's choicest vegetation. While our farmers are close by their hearth-fires, awaiting in dogged patience the departure of winter, the farmers of Bermuda are busiest in their fields, raising the onion and potato, which early in March are in the New York market. The

native lily, widely known as the Easter Lily, is then budding and blooming. Rose vines that bedeck the cosey homesteads are giving forth their rich perfumes. Oranges, lemons, bananas, and other tropical fruit are hanging invitingly from the trees. Gardens are verdant, radiant, with a variety of shrubs and flowers which if not impossible in these parts are at least the choice rareties of the greenhouse. Vegetation is almost universally clothed in her garment of green, and birds of singular beauty are flitting about and singing their happy songs. Not the slightest sign of winter, although it is December or January or February — everything, everywhere suggestive of the early part of our New England summer. To feel the warmth and comfort of this genial clime and to view the numerous features of nature's best mood, which at this time greet the eye on every side, is something that must be experienced to be understood, — a revelation to Northerners which the most enthusiastic fancy cannot paint.

Another element of interest and attractiveness which produces the most pleasurable sensations is the rare beauty of scenery. When from the steamer's deck the traveller catches his first good view of the islands, varying in size and form,— the white coral rock forming their base glistening in the sunshine and capped by a luxuriant growth of verdure, — all set in water of a peculiar light blue of extraordinary transparency, the sight is indeed charming, and one would imagine that some of these green islets were bouquets held in the hand of some fair mermaid.

St. George's Park.

But when one makes a landing the

Two Natives.

charm increases, for wherever the eye may turn there are new sights to rivet the attention: cottages constructed of the coral rock and of immaculate whiteness, shrouded in the prevailing green, garlanded in running rose-vines, nestling in the midst of flowers, and peeping out of their beauteous surroundings as temples in some fairy scene; streets wide, level, regular, and of generous breadth, kept clean and pure by frequent night rains, lined and canopied by the Pride of India or the evergreen cedar; stately palms, slender bamboos, spreading palmettoes, and numerous other trees and plants peculiar to warm climates, all adding to the variety and beauty of hill and vale; boats darting over curly waters, now disappearing as if by magic, again suddenly appearing between the cedar groves which deck the smaller islets; Bermudans and tourists leisurely strolling about in summer raiment.

The Quarry.

> You'd think that nature lavish'd here
> Her purest wave, her softest skies,
> To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
> For bards to live and saints to die in.

Besides the climate and scenery of these islands, so much in contrast with the countries of the North, there is an ease, quiet, and content everywhere so pronounced as to put the busy American ill at ease until after a few days' sojourn he, too, drops gracefully into the pervading conservatism of the place. No railroads, no trolleys, no factories, to disfigure, obstruct, or endanger. None of the hustle or bustle or toil of our progressive States. Bermu-

dans do not know what it is to fret or hurry. There is time and plenty for everything. It is early to begin business at nine, and at dusk or night there is no need of shopping. "He that riseth late must trot all day" is all very well in our country, but in Bermuda, "He that riseth early gets nowhere."

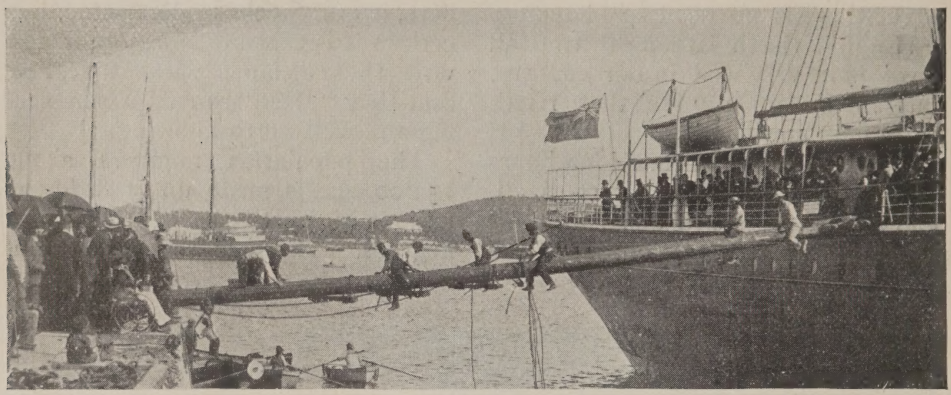
Few hours of labor and long hours of rest is the motto that rules all, and the negroes are quite in their element. Here the ambitions of the busiest minds must subside and bewildering distraction must give way to a restful sans souci. Nor is there here any of that abject poverty and misery which is so nakedly and painfully manifest among the poorest of our States. With a climate at all times pleasant, a soil capable of rendering three crops annually, and surrounding waters alive with a wondrous variety of fish, the very poorest have always a "sufficient for the day." Whether it is these elements of natural advantage or the moral influence of the churches, found in every considerable settlement, that go so far to settle one's nerves and make life as a day-dream here, it is difficult to determine, but certain it is that no Northerner can visit these islands without feeling that they indeed are well worth seeing and well worth knowing.

The population numbers about 15,000, and is made up of different nationalities. Sixty per cent are negroes. Those of the most affluence and influence are English and Scotch. Some few Irish families have settled and prospered on these islands. There is also a good number of Portuguese and some few Americans — all mingling in peaceful enjoyment of their happy lot. The voyage from New York to the islands would try the strongest constitution and the saltiest tar, while very few travellers can escape that terrible mal de mer. But when the trip is over one feels as if he had gone through a purgatory and

Walsingham, the Home of Tom Moore while visiting the Islands in 1803.

attained thereby a heaven upon earth.

If you are sick, kind reader, and nature's best gifts, visit "The Bermudas." You may not inevitably find a renewal of the vital forces, but



The Bridge.

can travel; if you are worn by the perplexities of an exacting business; if you are anxious to view some of you will certainly find everything inviting and worthy of the pleasantest place in memory.

THE BAHAMAS.

NASSAU AND ITS CATHOLIC COLORED SCHOOLS.

BY REV. BERNARD J. REILLY.

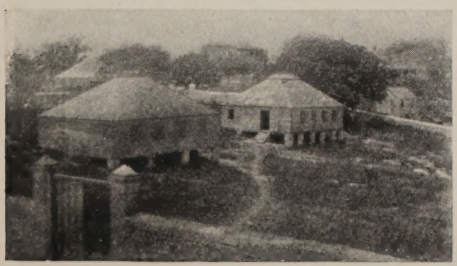
THE Bahamas are not the Bermudas, any more than Simla, in the hill country, is the Valley of Cashmere. But most men are not cognizant of this; only children who are studying geography know that there is a stretch of sea of some hundreds of miles between them. About seven years ago an Englishman was appointed by his government to act as circuit judge in the Bahamas. He tells, in a book which he afterwards wrote, that when he received his commission he began to inquire in what quarter of the globe the Bahamas were to be found. He spoke to many friends who had grown gray in the colonial service, but none of them could give him the needed information. Then he sauntered down to the Colonial Office, whence he had received his appointment, and it was only "after many days" that he discovered where Nassau, the capital of the Bahama Islands, was situated.

The knowledge of the Bahamas is more widespread in the United States than in England. This, of

A Street in Grantstown, New Providence.

course, is natural enough when we remember their geographical position. They are but a short distance from the Florida coast.

It was only a few years ago that Mr. Labouchère, in the House of Commons, asked why the government wanted to bother itself with such barren rocks as the Bahama Islands and their ilk, which brought no revenue, but were rather a drain upon the exchequer. This unfeeling remark of the editor of Truth caused a little commotion in the Bahamas. The Nassau Guardian, the leading newspaper, printed a threatening article, the tone of which was that, if England did not want them, there was a nation near at hand which would be glad to gather them under her wing. This was, however, but a passing anger, much like the pouting of an injured child. The Bahamians are nearly all loyal to the mother country, and they look on a Londoner as about equal to an angel. It is singular, the position conceded to a man born in London town. By common consent it seems agreed upon that he is made of different clay from other men, and carte blanche is given him to call all the works of Providence "beastly."



Sisters' School for Colored Children.

The Bahamas are famous, not only because one of their number is the island on which Columbus first landed, but also on account of Bi-

mini Island, to which an old woman led Ponce de Leon when he went on his foolish quest for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. The irony of that famous incident is, that it was an old woman who knew where bubbled the rejuvenating elixir.

Hurricanes are another thing for which the Bahamas, as part of the West Indies, are noted. One would suppose from newspaper reports that hurricanes are as common in these islands as cyclones in the Western States, where, we are told, they hitch them to ploughs and railway trains. I always found it refreshing, when in Nassau, to read an old copy of an American newspaper in which warning was given of a hurricane raging in the Bahamas, and to have remembered that at that very time we had been praying for some kind of a storm to come along and blow the white hot sun out of the heavens.

A Bit of Grantstown, New Providence.

The months of August and September are the only time of the year when hurricanes are dreaded. Small boats then keep in shelter, sponging expeditions cease, and "out-islanders" remain at home. In those days nobody asks, "Is it hot enough for you?" but, "How is the barometer?" which latter phrase is not near so trying as the former. It is taken for granted, it would seem, that it is sufficiently warm for everybody. If the barometer falls, be it ever so little, the news quickly

Phosphorescent Lake, Waterloo, near Nassau.

Avenue of Spanish Laurel, near the Public Library, Nassau.

travels all over the town, and men watch the horizon for portents of a coming "blow." There are a few ruins bleaching in the warm sunlight, reminders of a dreadful hurricane which swept the islands about the year 1867.

The principal island of the Bahama group is New Providence, on which is situated Nassau, the seat of government. The appointments to positions are made by the Colonial Office in London, or, as they say, "in Downing street." The governor, the colonial secretary, and the chief justice are the three principal officials. Until recently a division of the First West India Regiment was stationed there. The colonel of this regiment was also a power. Being responsible only to the War Office, he was quite independent of the local civil authorities. A short time ago this detachment was removed from Nassau because the home government wished to strengthen the forces engaged in the protection of the coaling-stations at St. Lucia and several other islands lying farther to the South.

Four of the Four Hundred

Small as it is, Nassau enjoys a privy council and a parliament. Whenever a man gives considerable trouble to the government they appoint him to the privy council or to some government position. After

that his eyes can see nothing "rotten in the state of Denmark," or, at least, his tongue cannot give utterance to the thoughts which arise in him.

The city of Nassau, though not favored with trolley cars and electric lights, still has sufficient advantages to make a man contented and happy. There is a good hotel for the accommodation of American visitors, and a market where one may buy fresh fruits and vegetables from the out-islands, and good beef from Cuba. Then there are a hospital, a poor-house, and a prison that is never full, partly because of the inoffensive spirit of the citizens, white and black, but principally because of its immense proportions. Last of all, there is a good library. You pay £1 a year to become a member, and you have the privilege of taking out five books at a time. Attached to the library is a reading-room well supplied with the leading English and American newspapers and magazines.

The Bahamas had their palmiest days during our late Civil War. Schooners which ran the blockade at that time with cargoes of cotton, were safe once they entered the harbor of the island of New Providence. There were Norwegian, German, and Portuguese sailors in Nassau who made money fast and lived riotously. Bay street, the principal thoroughfare, was lined in those days with restaurants and grog-shops, and men, instead of gambling with pennies, staked golden eagles. Every little while a new schooner would come racing into the harbor with a United States man-of-war in hot pursuit. Once a vessel was just entering safely when a shell, thrown by a man-of-war several miles out at sea, struck and sank her near a stretch of sandy beach enclosing the inlet. Money was plenty in those days, but not since.

Silk Cotton Tree, Nassau.

Let us glance at the progress of the Catholic Church in the Bahamas. The mission work in Nassau did not really begin until a few years ago, when the sisters opened their schools. As far back as old residents can remember, different Catholic priests visited the island from time to time. There was an Irish regiment in Nassau over 20 years ago, with a resident chaplain, who not only said mass in the barracks, but also afterwards in a private house for the people. Sir John Pope Hennessy, when governor, sent a sailing vessel to Charleston to bring a priest to his wife when he feared that she was dying. Fathers Nelligan and O'Schachte both resided temporarily, at different times, in Nassau and took care of the mission. Monsignor Quigley, the vicar-general of the Charleston diocese and the late Monsignor Corcoran, of Philadelphia, went on a visit to the Bahamas by way of Cuba; and after waiting two weeks for a sailing vessel at a Cuban port, they succeeded finally in reaching their destination. After this experience Monsignor Quigley thought it time that the archdiocese of New York should supply the needs of the Bahamas, as there was direct communication between these islands and New York by steamer. He wrote about the matter to the Propaganda, and Rome placed the Bahama islands under the care of Archbishop Corrigan. Father Ryan was then sent to Nassau, and remained there for a while.

On a Country Road.

Base of Silk Cotton Tree.

The next resident priest was Rev. C. G. O'Keefe, the present rector of Highland Falls on the Hudson. Under his régime a church was built at the west end of the town, adjoining the grounds of the old military hospital. Father O'Keefe left the Bahamas in 1889, and in September of the same year Rev. Denis Paul O'Flynn, now rector of St. Joseph's Church, New York City, and four Sisters of Charity, from Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, arrived in Nassau, and the schools for the colored children, and also an academy were opened. The present writer was in charge during the interregnum between Father O'Flynn and Father Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., who is now the rector. Since the advent of Father Chrysostom four more sisters have been sent to Nassau, the military hospital has been bought for a rectory, and a new hall built to serve as a kindergarten for small colored children. There are now nearly 300 children

attending the schools. Within a few months a new school has also been opened at the eastern end of the town.

Father Chrysostom has not confined his work to Nassau, but has in addition purchased land at Salvador Point, Andros Island, and has erected a building there which is used both as a chapel and a school. A good layman from Brooklyn, N. Y., has kindly volunteered his services; he lives there and teaches the colored children, of whom there are about 50. The sisters have lately built a valuable addition to their convent, which will serve as an academy, and also as a sanatorium for a few boarders or convalescents, who may wish to visit Nassau during the winter months. Perhaps no bishop has a part of his diocese so far removed from his place of residence as the Bahamas are from the home of the Archbishop of New York. Yet, for all that, His Grace has managed to visit the mission three times since it came under his care.

What contributed not a little to spread the knowledge of the Catholic Church in Nassau was the advent of an Italian organ grinder. His organ was a complex affair. Besides playing tunes with a hundred trills and variations, there was attached to it a panorama, into which one might look, on the payment of a half-penny. Every colored child got a half-penny from its grandma, and viewed the panorama and listened to the learned lecture by the organ grinder. The effect of the Italian's visit was that each child constructed out of a small box, with the help of some pictures, a panorama of his own. At night you would see dodging about on the streets dozens of these boxes lit up with small pieces of candle. The

Non-Commissioned Officers in the Barracks of a West India Regiment.

lecture, as delivered by a black boy, was certainly interesting. After paying your half-penny — in advance — he would request you to put your eye to the hole in the box, which was poised on the woolly head of his travelling companion. Then he began :—

"In the middle of the picture"— (these words were pronounced clearly) — "you see a chair ; it is all flecked with gold. Sitting on the chair you behold Popey Leoney de Tirteen ; he is one greata man. Cast your eye to the right, and you will see the statue of the greata Santa Pietro. The statue is all silver, and the crown on the hade is made out of precious stones. . . . Now, if you look through the open window on the left, you will see one granda fountain witha mucha wat'."

You would look in vain for this last feature of the panorama,— the fountain,— and when you had protested that you did not see it, the dusky little showman would coolly remark :—

"Ah, I forgot! the window on the left is closed!"

Then the little pickaninny who carried the panorama would shake with laughter at this oft-repeated joke, and the two boys would go off together, — in search of another half-penny. So it came to pass, thanks to the organ grinder, that every colored child in Nassau knew that the visible head of the Catholic Church was "Popey Leoney de Tirteen."

The sisters found the work with the colored children rather difficult in the beginning, but their success has been, as might be expected, wonderful. When the sisters arrived they opened their convent for all the children who wished to come. It was necessary, on account of limited space, to teach the colored boys and girls in the same room. Those were hard times. About every half-hour a boy would hurt the feelings (either by word of mouth or by a pinch with his fingers) of a colored girl, and then would be let loose the dogs of war. The sisters succeeded, after a while, in putting an end to this barbarity in the class-room, but such scenes continued for some time to be enacted when school was dismissed. The only refreshing thing about quarrels between colored boys and girls is that in nearly every case the girl does the punishing, and the boy the blubbering. If you ever see a small black boy, sitting in the shade of an old wall, crying, you may be sure that he has run foul of a girl of tender years.

How often have I witnessed this scene : a little, inoffensive-looking girl, dressed in a flaming red jersey and a white skirt starched stiff as a board, is quietly walking home from school, conning her lesson for the morrow as she goes along. A small boy, who has not taken kindly to books, meets her and sarcastically remarks, "Some people's tryin' to show off dey can read!" The girl looks at him ; her eyes flash, but she says nothing. Again the boy comes to the fore : "Some people thinks a good deal of herself 'cause she's got on her Sunday clothes." The girl breaks at this remark. She drops her books, forgets that she is apparelled in new garments, and the castigation that she administers to that rude child is "wondrous pitiful."

The sisters succeeded splendidly in softening the children who came to them, and free fights were soon, under their rule, only memories of the past. The instruction they imparted to the children was acknowledged to be of the very best. Of

course, colored children do not learn so quickly, nor do they retain so surely, as white children, but still they do remarkably well.

If there is one thing to which they take more kindly than to anything else, it is a spelling-bee. The sister allows the two best spellers to choose, alternately, from among the rest of the scholars. She then gives a word to each in turn, or else permits each one to propose words to his opponent. I remember one very interesting match which took place in the boys' school. Each boy was allowed to propound a word to the one ranged opposite to him, and the struggle was a hard one. The smallest boy of them all made the most desperate effort. He was given the word "separate" to spell. He scratched his head for a moment, grew nervous, and then came at it with a rush: "S-e-p-e-r-a-t-e!" "Wrong!" said the sister. "Sit down, Master Shipley." "Sister marm!" ("Sister" without the "marm" seems too familiar to the colored people.) "Sister marm! — s-u-p-e r-a-t-e." "No," said the sister again, "you're wrong. You'll have to sit down." Still not satisfied, the child gathered himself for a last frantic effort. He waved his hands over his head to attract the sister's attention. The black pupils of his eyes seemed drowned in a rolling whiteness, the veins stood out on his forehead, the perspiration made little muddy streaks down his face, and he screamed at the top of his voice, "S-u-p p e-r-r-e-t-e!"

There was a wild burst of derisive laughter from the others, and the poor little fellow was crushed. He dropped into a seat, his head fell on his arms, and his sobs were painful.

The sister interrupted the spelling-match for a few moments, and, going down to the vanquished one, whispered something in his ear. The little black head slowly came up from the desk smilingly, as a drooping pansy lifts its purple black face to the sun after a passing thunderstorm. I noticed, however, that the boy who had missed got no sympathy from the others. Indeed, one little Philistine was trying to lean over the desk to tell him that he ought to be over in the girls' school.

After this interruption the spelling-bee proceeded, and finally all missed their words except one bright boy. To me fell the task of flooring him. I gave him several words, and he spelled them easily, while his face was wreathed in a patronizing smile, which one would not need to possess much psychological insight to know meant "Give me something hard."

I tried to recall a few difficult words, and finally I remembered me of one that had been a great test word some years ago when the rage for spelling bees swept over the land. So I said, "Spell phthisic." And he immediately spelled it correctly. I was so completely surprised that I had not the courage to go any further, and I handed him over to the sister, who, knowing his weak points, soon disposed of him.

After the other lessons were over, I sought him where he sat, and asked, "How did you ever learn to spell that last word I gave you?"

He smiled at me again, that same superior smile, struck his chest, coughed once, and then answered: "Well, Fadder, I've not bin sick wif de phthisic dese tree years gone widout knowin' how to spell it!"

The colored children take kindly to music. The one great difficulty in teaching them a song is that they all drop into harmony and no one holds the air. They have been

taught by the sisters to sing a number of Latin and English hymns. The Latin ones are preferred, as it gives them a greater pleasure to chant in a foreign tongue.

A rather amusing incident happened shortly after the children had been taught to sing the Ave Maris Stella. One little colored boy, when he had mastered the hymn, went home and, standing in front of his mother, recited the whole of it to her. It had never entered into her wildest dreams that she should bring up a child who would be able to talk to her in an unknown tongue. That day she was so completely overcome that she could only sit in an arm-chair, under a mango tree in the garden, and murmur to herself, "Deary me, deary me!"

The next morning early, on her way to the market, she chanced upon the woman who did the cooking at the convent. After a friendly greeting she said to her: "Bless me! but dose nuns is powurful good teachers!" "How's that?" asked the cook. "Why," she answered, "my boy ain't bin to de nuns' school mor'n two weeks, and now he kin speak de Latin langwidge better dan his own."

Great honor, no doubt, will come in after years to those colored children in their own country, on account of their knowledge of Latin. I knew one colored minister who had quite a reputation for learning because in his sermons he used alternately the phrases "ipse dixit" and "ex nihilo nihil fit." Indeed, by an accident, I became a witness of the power of his erudition.

To the eastward of Nassau there was an old-fashioned building that echoed during the week to a carpenter's hammer, and on Sundays to the voice of a colored preacher. It was but a step up from the road near a lane which led to the next street. One Sunday evening while walking with a friend along by the sea wall, we were attracted by the unusually strong voice of the minister, who was leading his congregation in singing a hymn. So we left the music of the waves to listen to the melody of man. When the hymn was finished we still remained standing in the lane. From over a garden wall came the fragrance of jasmine and orange blossoms. There were only a few colored people sitting on the rough benches. Three kerosene lamps lit up the meeting-house, but they were a wasteful and ridiculous excess, as there was a flood of moonlight pouring into the room. A stunted banana tree and a Spanish bayonet, crowding through an open window, made a pretty background for the minister. His text was, "I am the resurrection and the life"; and though we remained standing some distance down the lane, his words easily reached us. I do not plead guilty to taking part in an heretical service, since we were on the queen's highway and at a safe distance.

The minister began by a leaf from the book of his own experiences. He said that once, when he was travelling in South America, he came to a graveyard, and was scandalized by a quarrel he there witnessed taking place between two factions of colored people standing over an open grave. Each party had brought with them a corpse, and they were disputing as to which had the right to bury their deceased friend on the top. The preacher went on to say: —

"I listened to the arguments of both sides, and then I broke in! Are you people Christians, and don't

know that when the Angel Gabriel shall come to call the dead to judgment it won't matter who's on the top, and who's on the bottom, but that the mostest just man will rise the first to glory? Therefore, my brethren, quarrel not over trifles; for there are some people who are buried on the tiptest top who will be 'bliged to wait till the very last, and will have the greatest trouble gettin' there at all."

I noticed that whenever any of his congregation showed signs of losing interest in his discourse, or an inclination to slumber, he would throw out at them a long, hooked forefinger, and exclaim: "How do I know this, do you ask? Because, 'ipse dixit!'" If that would not bring them to their senses, he would let his chest swell, stretch both arms to their full length, and cry, "Ex nihilo nihil fit!" Then eyes would bulge as if about to start from their sockets, mouths open indefinitely, and the congregation would stare and wonder how "one small head could carry all he knew." Cicero, with his elegant Latin, never made so profound an impression. But the glory of this minister will be quenched by the rising generation, who will be able to sprinkle their ordinary conversation with three or four Latin verses.

There was one thing which always amused me in the colored children, and that was their sense of humor. They used to sit and rest on the steps of the little house in which I lived, and trade jokes; and certainly if you except the precocious small boy of our larger cities, they are quicker, I imagine, to see the funny side of life than are white children. Their remarks, at times, are really most droll and old fashioned.

On some points colored children are apt to be more particular than our own, but this is principally when they do not understand. I suppose that if a sister who was teaching a class of white girls were to ask one of them to sweep out the class-room there would be a stampede for the broom. It was not that way in Nassau, in the beginning. The sister one day told a girl to take the broom and sweep out some scraps of paper which had been thrown on the floor. The girl made no attempt to do so, but began to pout, and finally to cry. Then the sister ordered another girl to the task, and she acted in like manner. Immediately the good sister saw what was the trouble, and, taking the broom, did the sweeping herself. The next day every girl in the school wanted the broom. They had at first an idea that to sweep the floor savored of coercion and slavery. Among themselves they have an expression which explains this sensitiveness. When requested to do certain things they say: "No, I'm not your nigger," which word "nigger," so used, is equivalent to "slave."

In many ways the good work begun in the schools has already borne fruit. The sisters are like the "light that works without sound." The knowledge they instil is greatly changing for the better the ideas of the rising generation in regard to the Catholic Church. Even now I do not think that any of the colored boys or girls have such mistaken notions of Catholics as they had a few years ago. Some of these notions were amusing. I once overheard a dialogue between two ragged urchins who were hanging over the churchyard wall. One of them, who stuttered slightly, asked the other, "Who-o-o be dose Roman Catholics?" and his more enlightened

companion answered, "Dey be people what ain't 'lowed to eat ham."

On another occasion, while walking along a road called "Petticoat Lane," I chanced to hear an interesting conversation between two little girls. It seems they had been to vespers at the Catholic Church the Sunday previous. They themselves "favored" the Zion Baptist Chapel, and therefore were accustomed to baptisms by immersion. We had, as is usual, at the door of the church a small iron fountain containing holy water, and it seems that one of the girls mistook this for the place where baptisms were administered. When I overheard her she was saying to her friend: "You better bless de Lor', chile, dat you weren't born a Roman Catholic." "Why," asked the other, "ain't dey rich?" "Well, yes," the first one answered, "my pa thinks they're 'bout de richest people in de whole worl'; but still you ought to bless de Lor' you never was a Roman Catholic baby." "'Cause why?" "Well, you know dat white iron box by de door of de church wif de water in it? Well, when de priest wants to baptize a poor lil' Catholic baby he just stands it up, head fust in dat lil' box till de baby's mos' drown, so I tell you youse a lucky chile your pa and ma goes to Zion."

It is easy to see that with such odds against them, it has not been all sunshine for the sisters. However, there is a bright side to the picture. The ideas of nearly all the children have undergone a change for the better. The names of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph are now familiar to both boys and girls.

Four hundred years ago the Bahama islands echoed with the sweet name of the Mother of God, when Columbus and his crew assembled on the deck of the Santa Maria and sang the "Salve, Regina" as the sun went down into the sea. After a lapse of many years the silence has again been broken. One evening while sauntering in a side path of the settlement of Grantstown, where the colored people live, my attention was attracted by a familiar melody. I followed in the direction of the sound, and came to a little house a short distance back from the road. The windows and doors were tightly barred to keep out "speerits" that might be travelling around by night, but the shrill voices of several children singing, found a way through the barricaded domicile, and there fell like a benediction on the summer air, clear with moonlight and sweet with the odor of June roses, the words, "Hail, Heavenly Queen." Then I knew that the "Nuns' school" had begun to do the work of the Lord.

CO-OPERATION AND HUMAN NATURE.

BY MASON A. GREEN.

ECONOMIC equality under civil law, which is that form of socialism specifically called nationalism, commands public attention in direct ratio to popular distress caused by economic inequalities. There are not wanting students enough who do not mind giving an academic assent to the principles of nationalism as an ideal condition of society, but who at the same time oppose any practical step in that direction by asking, as though it were a clincher, "How can nationalism succeed while human nature remains as it is?"

If the issue were to be settled by questions, it would be proper to ask, by way of retort, "How can competition in business succeed while human nature remains as it is?" Certainly the century is drawing to a close with alarming proofs that competition is a radically unsound economic principle.

But let the question be squarely put: "Must human nature be changed before a nationalistic order of society can be considered practicable?" In other words, are men naturally more fitted for competitive than for coöperative methods? If science or common consciousness or history count for anything, the social instincts of the race are beyond dispute.

The very natural history of human beings points to an environment of coöperation as a prime and determining factor in the process of evolution. The power of personal heredity is now considered by men of science to be comparatively weak, and the power of social heredity — that is, the heredity of the community in its organized capacity — is considered to be comparatively strong.

It cannot be found that the construction of the brain has changed since ancient times in a way to indicate increased intellectual power. Rob a first-century tomb, substituting a nineteenth-century skull, and science could not detect the exchange; and yet a first-century community is distinguished from a nineteenth-century community by many marks of superior collective wisdom on the part of the latter.

A person of distinguished refinement and virtue does not transmit to his or her child refined and virtuous traits, that are proof against a gross and rude environment. Upon the other hand, the children of very low grade people, morally speaking, have become admirable citizens when the conditions of education were right. What we call force of character is not transmitted by personal heredity to any marked degree at the present stage of human development There is no scientific reason why

under certain circumstances, the son of a philanthropist may not become a miser; there is no scientific reason why, under certain circumstances, the son of a miser may not become a philanthropist. But no nation of philanthropists ever produced a generation of misers. The power of social heredity is stronger than that of personal heredity. A good institution is of slower growth than a good man or a good family, but when once established, it is generally proof against passing disturbances and influences.

The development of the race is largely through the civic conscience, the civic wisdom, and the civic powers. Science therefore gives this "tip" to reformers: agitate for a better environment. The wisdom of one man may be buried with his bones; the wisdom of a community goes down from generation to generation. This is human nature, and is an argument for nationalism.

To the testimony of science as to the social traits of human nature, may be added the testimony of common consciousness. A father in providing for his family does not assist the strongest member first, nor does the strongest member either expect or desire it. Every respectable man is a nationalist in his own home and a good deal of a brute in business. His congenital traits are superior to his business traits. God made his nature at the fireside; man made his nature on exchange. He is so constituted, however, that he will do more for his family than he will for himself; he will do more for his country than he will for his family; and if he did but know it, he does best by himself who does best by his family, and he does best by his family who does best by his country. Human nature is made for socialized and nationalized activities, according to the testimony of common consciousness.

A third witness as to human nature is history itself. We are told that upon a certain occasion while Christ was still speaking to His followers, a messenger approached and said, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren." Christ asked, "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?" Then turning to His followers He added, "Behold my mother and my brethren." Christ did not turn away from His mother when He turned toward His followers. He taught for all mothers when He taught for the race. The primitive Christians exhibited the social instinct, and were equal to the economic test of the brotherhood of the race when they from the start "held all things in common."

The annals of pagan history make plain enough the laws of human nature. When Pizarro conquered Peru, he discovered in that country a people and an empire as completely socialized as was practicable under a monarchical form of government among Indians. The function of producing the necessities of life was so systematized by coöperation that poverty was out of the question. The Inca in power at the time was made a prisoner by Pizarro, and while in captivity, he first learned about the art of writing, and was quick to appreciate its importance. He asked his Spanish guard one day to write the name of the Deity upon his thumb nail. When Pizarro visited his prison, the Inca held up his thumb for the Spaniard to read. Pizarro's face was blank, as he could neither read nor write. Here were two men, reared in two radically different environments. The one, in his selfishness, had mastered only

those tools required for gaining gold and personal glory. The other, in his ambition for Peru, thought no instrument mean that strengthened the Peruvians as a race. In Spain the Inca might have become a Pizarro; in Peru Pizarro might have become an Inca. At all events, human nature as it grew wild in the heart of the Andes in those days was drawn toward the principle of national coöperation, not away from it. It therefore must be admitted that the evidence tends to show that human nature is better fitted for altruistic than "laissez faire" conditions. Nationalism is a political economy based upon the principle of the brotherhood of the race, and the practical workings of such a system of business do not run counter to the workings of the human heart.

LOVE'S LINK.

BY AGNES LEE.

A SAD procession sought the church at noon of day,
A weeping girl along the winding summer way
Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.

Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band.
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart, and grand
With all the solemn joy of Love's still wonderland.

White-garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!
Dark-robed, like night o'ercast that sees no star arise!
They met, they paused, they look into each other's eyes.

And then, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside —
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

An English bishop of the type terrene,
A social leader, keen for great men's crumbs,
Who oft relieved the purple's dull routine
With glimpses of gay dance and kettle-drums,

Meeting, upon his visitation round,
A country vicar who was said to be
A famous shot, — fonder of horse and hound
Than of the duties of his ministry, —

Was minded to rebuke this gray-hair'd sport,
Just come from bagging game on mount and moor:
"Twere more becoming to his cloth to court
His desk and books, his pulpit and his poor."

"Ah! well, my lord!" the parson made reply:
"These are the sole diversions of my life.
I'm never seen at teas or dinners;
I don't even go to dances with my wife!"

The Bishop's ears grew red. "If you allude,"
He stiffly said, "to Lady Tynsel's ball,
The gossips were at fault. I only viewed
The dance from th' adjoining supper-hall!"

"Just so, your lordship!" laughed the vicar bold.
"With growing years, some joys we all must yield.
Since my good horse and I are waxing old,
I merely watch 'the death' from the next field!"

WHAT IS GAMBLING?

BY REV. T. A. HENDRICK.

THIS is one of the most familiar of topics. Clergymen speak of it from the pulpit with zeal and earnestness, with great lack of precision, and always in vigorous condemnation of the act and practice. Even learned judges on the bench find it hard to define it, and not infrequently decide to be gambling that which is not, and omit to recognize that which might be properly judged as coming within the statutes. If such be the condition of the minds of men whose duty it is to know, and to be exact as to what they are talking about, common people, with minds untrained, may be pardoned for loose language about a most important and often recurring influence among men, and may be excused if they are unable to determine sharply the boundary line between the rights of man and his trespasses.

Much of this confusion of thought and expression is caused by ignoring the fundamental principles of property and ownership. If merely speculative questions were discussed in this illogical and unscientific manner, no great harm might be done, and they might be properly classed with such topics as amuse the idle or exercise the mind without great profit or loss; but when important and practical questions are thus disposed of, and when men's consciences are formed upon the positive but erroneous statements and teachings of those who speak without that knowledge and correct judgment, a false conscience is created and made to take the place of one correctly formed, a grave wrong is done, and a grave responsibility rests upon those answerable for such a condition.

The writer will not attempt to give such a definition as may be regarded as a universal rule; for different nations have different notions on this matter, and even the same people have changing notions at different periods in their history. The principles of right are the same, and have been the same from the beginning, but their application is governed to a very large degree by the peculiar conditions under which different peoples have been formed. Thus it is apparent that the descendants of the Puritans would make a different application of the same principles from that made by the children of St. Patrick or the people of Spain.

Assuming that there is no dispute as to what is property, we ask what is the relation which man bears to property, and how he may act, according to right, in the exercise of his proprietary powers. And, first of all, what do we mean by ownership?

According to the Justinian code, ownership is defined to be the right to use and abuse one's own thing, as far as the observance of law permits. (Jus utendi et abutendi re sua quatenus juris ratio patitur.) An owner is he who possesses this right. Bouvier's Law Dictionary and the American and English Encyclopedia of Law give this definition: "The owner is he who has dominion of a thing real or personal, corporeal or incorporeal, which he has a right to do with as he pleases, even to spoil or destroy it, as far as the law permits, unless he be prevented by some agreement or covenant which restrains his right."

The extreme exercise of the right of ownership is in destruction, and the right to exercise ownership in this way is admitted as undisputed, and asserted both in the tribunal of conscience and

of civil law. A less extreme and more common exercise of ownership is in the transfer of property to others. It may be transferred by gift, by vending, or by absolute or conditional contracts of various kinds.

The kind of contract which will receive our attention here is that which is commonly called a wager. It is defined by Anson in his Law of Contracts, to be "a promise to pay money or transfer property upon the determination of an uncertain event." Abbott's Law Dictionary defines a wager to be "an engagement to pay money, transfer property, perform services, etc., dependent on some event which is uncertain or unknown to the parties, and in which they have no interest." The Court of Appeals of the state of New York, in an opinion written by Judge Folger (Harris et al. vs. White, XXXVI. N. Y. Reports), says that a "bet or wager is ordinarily an agreement between two or more that a sum of money or some valuable thing, in contributing which all agreeing take part, shall become the property of one of them on the happening in the future of an event at the present uncertain, and thus the stake is the money or thing that put into the purse."

It will be noticed that these definitions, with which the definitions of moral theology as set forth by the authorities agree, say that a bet or wager is a contract, the essential features of which are:

(a) That two or more persons agree

(b) that a sum of money or some valuable thing

(c) shall become the property of one of the parties to the contract

(d) upon the ascertainment of some future

(e) and, to the parties contracting, uncertain event.

Are wager contracts lawful? Most assuredly. They are approved by the law of nature, for their possibility is asserted by the very notion of ownership. They are approved by the divine positive law. In the Book of Proverbs xvi. 33, we are told that, "Lots are cast into the lap, but they are disposed of by the Lord." In the Book of Numbers, xxvi. 55, 56, Moses is commanded to divide the lands, "yet so that by lot the land be divided to the tribes and families. Whatsoever shall fall by lot that shall be taken by the more or the fewer." Josue xviii. 8, "And when the men were risen up, to go to mark out the land, Josue commanded them, saying: Go round the land and mark it out, and return to me; so that I may cast lots for you before the Lord in Silo." Josue 10: "And he cast lots before the Lord in Silo, and divided the land to the children of Israel into seven parts."

Lewis in his Book "Law Relating to Stocks, Bonds, and Other Securities in the United States," says in Chapter VI.:

"A wager at common law was valid, and could be enforced. . . . An exception is made to this general rule whenever such contracts were made as were contrary to public policy. . . . In a few of the states the common law rule is still adhered to, and all wagers enforced. This is the case in California, Texas, Delaware, and perhaps in some others."

Certain forms of wagers are approved at the present day universally, by statute law. The most familiar forms are fire and life insurance. It is perhaps of interest to note here that these forms of wager, now so common and so universally approved, came into popular use slowly, against a strong current of disapproval, upon the ground that they were immoral. As late as 1803, in the state of Pennsylvania, life-insurance policies in which the assured had no interest were held to be void. There is no form of contract which comes nearer to the essential features of a wager than fire insurance. What does a person buy for the premium which he pays? No certain return, only this: that in the remotely possible event that the building insured shall be burned, then the insurer agrees to make good the loss, up to the amount of the policy. The amount of premium bears the same ratio to the sum guaranteed as the

chance of burning does to the chance of not burning.

Words are but the sign or expression of an idea, and names are not things, but represent things. They are familiar acquaintances of our childhood days who "would not steal, but would be plaguy nimmers." By a poet we are reminded that "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It has been my aim thus far to try to show that wagering, as such, involves necessarily no element inconsistent with the best citizenship or the most exalted sanctity. It makes no difference to the essential features of the act whether it is done by Moses or Josue in the distribution of the Promised Land, by a modern board of Church trustees in providing against the chances of loss by fire, or, to go a little farther, by a professional gambler who sells pools on a race. The essential features are always the same. Hence it would seem that in a generic sense gambling or wagering or betting, or by whatever name the transaction be called, is any transaction in which a valuable "thing" is staked, to become the property of a party to the contract on the determination of a future and uncertain event.

But usage, in this our day and generation, and with the people among whom we live and move and have our being, has attached to the word "gambling" a different sense from that which it had in the beginning. "Gambling" specifically represents not only the idea of disposing of property by wager contract, but also the additional idea of excess. It calls up the idea of thriftlessness, of vice, of ruin of the moral character.

Lacordaire in his conference on the "Life of the Passions," says: "Beyond all created substance, in the ideal region of the abstract, lies a power cold, impassible, inexorable, which is, in regard to the things of the material order, what the destiny of antiquity was for the moral order; it is the mathematical law, the law of number, extent, force, which governs the arrangement of the inanimate world, and sustains with its immutable sanction that which has neither sentiment, will, liberty, nor life. Who would have said that even there at the cold hearth of calculation, man would find another element of joy and ecstasy to quench his thirst for happiness? Yet he has done so. Amongst those certain rules of number and movement he has discovered combinations which engender chances without engendering certainties; and chance has appeared to him as the sovereign god of a phase of happiness, for chance responded to one of his greatest wants, the dramatic want of his nature. That same man, who loves rèpose and seeks it in intoxication, wills also, because he is living and free, to create an action for himself, an action which rouses him by a great interest, holds him in suspense by a tie independent of his will, and, in fine, elevates or crushes him by a sudden turn of fortune. Every other drama is foreign to him. If he witness the scenes of Sophocles or Corneille, it is not himself who is the victim or the hero; he weeps over distant misfortunes which art has raised up in order to move him; but here it is himself, when he wills, as he wills in the measure that pleases him. Chance and cupidity blended together make for him of gambling a drama, personal, terrible, and joyous, wherein hope, fear, joy, and sadness succeed one another, or rather become confounded almost at the same moment, and hold him panting under a fever which rises even to madness; for if we say the passion of wine, we say the frenzy of gambling."

Gambling, in the popular sense, is an outrage of the law of nature, the law of ownership, the law of property. The possession of property has attached to it, not only the power to exercise certain rights, but also the obligation of performing certain duties. It is the constant, the wicked, the mad denial of these obligations which changes the character of an act in itself good, and makes gambling immoral. That action which commences to exist in the form and character of a harmless pastime, within the confines of one's rights, assumes by frequent repetition a gravity which makes it an intrusion on the rights

of our neighbor. That which started out within the limits of right and the law, grows into an infraction of the right and law, and hence beyond the limitations of the rights of ownership. The banker commences to gamble with his own money; he ends with that of his clients. The father commences with that which he may lawfully devote to his own recreation; he ends by denying food and clothing to his wife and children. No age or condition of life is free from the influence which, by a sort of madness, converts trustworthy persons into thieves, no years of experience and honesty guarantee permanence to him who enters the whirlpool of speculation; all are drawn to destruction by one common force.

Since it is not the province of the civil law to make men internally moral, but rather to safeguard the security of his social rights; since it cannot effectually appeal to his conscience but can shake the lash over his head, we have a condition which prevents a man from exercising his rights. This condition is called Public Policy. The law does not argue that it is morally wrong to gamble, but it can and does say that gambling acts shall be punished or not, as they oppose public policy or not. Whether gambling is immoral or not, is not to be answered by yes or no. The doing of acts prohibited by the state is immoral, the gravity of the offence to be determined by the circumstances of each act. It may be moral for John Doe to gamble, whereas it would be immoral for Richard Roe. No one will pretend that the day laborer whose dollar represents food and clothing to his family has the same right to squander his dollar that a millionnaire might have. Neither is excess in gambling to be judged by a different moral canon from excess in any other form. If two millionnaires should meet and gamble away $1,000, it would be less of an offence against public policy than if a poor man were to spend 10 cents.

It is not in the province of this paper to show the folly and dreadful evils of gambling as commonly practised. The disturbance of social order, the disturbance of credit, the foundation of all well regulated business, the awful degradation and ruin which everywhere confront us warrant all the laws that are on the statute books for its repression, and more. Even were all the conditions present which would make wagering lawful, gambling as an industry would still be an economic folly. But for the most part the poor dupe, the poor idiot who imagines he is gambling, is simply offering himself up to be robbed. He simply has no chance to win, the element of chance being eliminated and certain robbery substituted. This is not even gambling to excess, but is theft.

AMONG THE ACADIANS.

BY REV. ALPHONSUS B. PARKER.

T a distance of only a few hours' sail from Boston — and that sail surrounded by all the luxuries of modern steamboat travel — lies a land of historic interest and of romantic associations, where the idler or the literary worker, the artist or the poet, the sportsman or the invalid, can each and all find a delightful habitat — an ideal vacation-land. The peninsula of Nova Scotia is becoming so well known to the summer tourist, that it were idle for me to dwell at length upon its varied and agreeable features for the relaxation and leisure-time of those seeking a summer-home.

Rather would I bring before the reader some sketches of the lives and habits of Evangeline's co-patriots — of the descendants of those brave men and women who were exiled because of their love of God and country. They still inhabit Acadia; by the shores of the "mournful and misty Atlantic" they have built their homes, not the rude hut of the fisher, living by the uncertain product of the sea alone, but the comfortable and commodious house of the farmer and fisherman combined, where a decent plenty reigns the whole year round, and where by every fireside is kept alive the flame of the Faith, burning with an intensity and strength which perforce surprises the casual visitor or doubting critic.

Two counties of western Nova Scotia (Yarmouth and Digby) contain the largest number of French-Acadians to be found in the diocese of Halifax. In Digby county especially, by force of numbers as well as by the positions attained by several of the younger generation, the French-Acadian population is politically and socially an important factor in public life, while the rapid spread of educational facilities has effected a marked change for the better in demeanor and tendencies within the memory of a generation.

It is, however, of the Acadian people as looked at from a religious point of view that I would especially direct the attention of my readers. Premising that I have only reference to the Acadians of those above-named counties of western Nova Scotia, I would ask the reader's opinion of the faith and zeal, of the generosity and unselfishness, which have prompted them, a handful, comparatively speaking, of 17,000 or 18,000 souls in the two counties, to construct within the last ten years nine or ten new churches, some of them veritable city temples in their beauty, all creditable from every standpoint; to maintain and embellish the three or four remaining from a past generation; to build and equip four or five new presbyteries; to construct, as the crowning work of their lives, the magnificent College of St. Ann's, where throughout years to come the torch of learning will be kept burning as a beacon for their race.

All this and the acquisition of lands for cemetery and other church purposes, while maintaining their clergy with a liberality only equalled, if exceeded, by their Irish brothers in the Faith, has been the material side of the religious work and progress of our Acadians during the last ten years. Naturally, there has been a guiding hand at the helm — there has been one who has directed all those movements, whose spirit has been in part communicated to the pastors under his care. He is the chief shepherd of the diocese, the illustrious Archbishop of Halifax. The monuments of his zeal are on every side, and they need no spokesman to mark them out. Perhaps it would not be saying too much were we to affirm, after years of experience, that nowhere is there a more lively and genuine faith to be found than among the French-Acadian people. Do not mistake names. We are not speaking here of French-Canadians; those latter may be and doubtless are excellent children of Mother Church, but their docility and generosity, their intelligent belief, and the manly discharge of their religious duties are widely different from the Acadian. Whether at home or in the United States, this difference is apparent to the impartial observer, whatever may be its reason or foundation.

A little more than 100 years ago the ancestors of our Acadians were creeping back from the inhospitable shores of New England and elsewhere — really a few miserable peasants. To-day they are once again a pacific power in the land of their forefathers. Undying attachment to Peter's See and to those who through it have secured the commission of feeding the flock, ever characterizes them. The doctor of their bodies, in many cases, as of their souls, they would make of their priests, if those latter had wished to accept the position. As of yore, the sick were laid where the shadow of the passing apostle could fall upon them, so, from their beds of suffering, will the sick Acadians rise to ask, not as a favor, but as a right, that the priest should cure their infirmity.

No sectional feeling nor petty national (or so-called national) sentiment ever prevails with their Catholic hearts when it is a question of receiving a new pastor. Irishmen and Irish-Americans, as well as those of Scotch descent, with a very few French priests, have ministered to their spiritual wants for generations; and it is round the names and memories of those former, if dead, that their affections yet cling, while to their successors of the same tongue and race they are ever the most faithful and devoted parishioners.

The language of "La Belle France" is still the medium through which they address their God in prayer, as it is the graceful and melodious vehicle for conveying their thoughts and hopes in the class-room, as well as around the family hearth. Many English words are to be found interspersed with their French phrases and expressions; but although many words are obsolete and quaint, still they are classical and correct French of an epoch, 'tis true, far distant; while the very smallest children follow with a correct understanding all that is spoken or read to them in the purest and most modern of French idioms.

Here, then, is a people at the very doors of the modern Athens of whom less is known, perhaps, by the dwellers in our great cities, than of any other race on the continent. Romance and history are both united

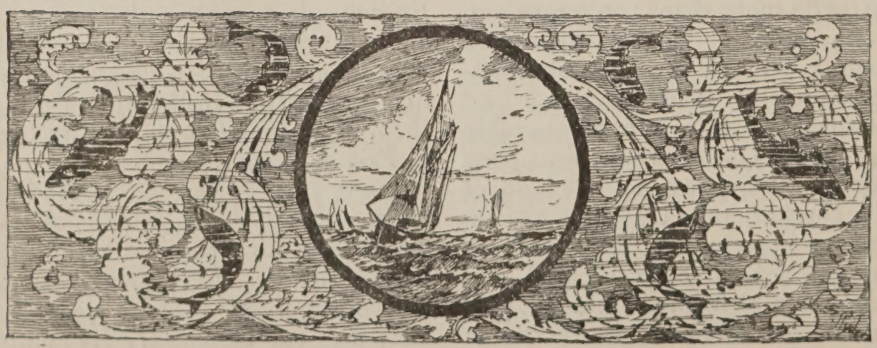
in the story of their exile and of their return; every headland and cape along their rocky shore speaks of poetry and tells of wrong and sorrow. Longfellow has done much, but much yet remains to be done; and when the story in all its harrowing and yet picturesque details is given to the world, it will hold entranced all who read it; while the recital of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, of a people will be of an interest unexcelled and unapproached.

THE LIGHT THAT CHEERS MY SOUL.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

I KNOW not how thy beauty falls
So softly on my sight,
I know not how mine eyes can dwell
On such a flood of light.
There's surely magic in the beams,
And love has toned the ray,
Else were mine eyes in blindness cast,
Or turned in pain away.

The light that glorifies thy face
And lives in thy sweet eyes
Was never basely born of earth,
But comes from Paradise.
From Paradise it comes, my love,
To lift my heart from woe,
And warm my soul with purer life
Within its loving glow.



AN HOUR WITH MY BOOKS.

BY T. C. M.

I.— PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

THE printing presses of the world are each year pouring forth an endless number of books, some good, more bad, most of them indifferent. Few of them ever reach a second edition, and to the vast majority of mankind they are as if they never had been. Yet in almost every book there is something worth reading, some passages which deserve a better fate than oblivion. Unfortunately, in the struggle for existence most men have little leisure for reading, and whatever little they have is devoted to the newspaper.

It is therefore the purpose of this and subsequent papers to cull from various books their best thoughts on definite topics. Our busiest readers may here enjoy morsels of the choicest literature, and with a minimum expenditure of time be enabled to commune "with that mighty brotherhood of the noblest of all generations; the wisest, tenderest, bravest, purest, sunniest, divinest, who have turned away from outside glare and bustle, to hold golden discourse with all who seek them, through all ages."

In the first hour we turn naturally to great thoughts on religious subjects, for there is nothing nearer to the human heart than religion. Every man in his most serious moments craves for knowledge about the unseen world. What am I? Whither am I going? What is life's supreme purpose? These questions are asked everywhere and at all times. What answer does the Christian faith give to them? Christianity asserts as its fundamental doctrine that there is above all the Creator of all, an infinitely wise God; that nothing happens by chance, but all is guided by His wisdom. What are the proofs of God's existence? Volumes have been written on this subject, but listen, reader, to this argument of a celebrated English divine: —

For the vast majority of mankind two phenomena have been in all ages, and I believe will be to the end — the all-sufficient proof that there is a God. One is the Universe, the other is the Conscience. One is the starry heaven above, the other is the moral law within. You may make men defiant, you may make them indifferent, you may drug and stupefy their intellects by the fumes of their own corrupt pride, you may bewitch them by the fatal sorcery of their own depraved passions, you may bribe them by the hope of unlawful gratifications, you may drown the still, small voice of religion in the yelling tumult of anarchy and license; but until you can destroy the Universe, and calcine these tablets of the heart, which cannot be shattered like the tablets of Sinai, and whereon God's own finger has inscribed His own law, — till you can do this, which will never be until the sun itself has burst into destroying conflagration, I take it that you will not make atheists of mankind.

"It is all very well, but who made all these?" So asked the young Napoleon, raising his hands to the stars of midnight when, on the deck of the vessel which was bearing him to Egypt, the French had proved to their own satisfaction that there was no God. We take up a book — the poems of Homer or the Vedas of Hindostan; they were written many centuries ago. The hands have long been unmortised from the wrists of them that wrote them, and they themselves have become but a legend or a name or not even a name. Yet you might as well try to persuade us that the material constituents of those books — vellum and ink and glue and paper — had sprung into

existence by the accidental conflux of chance atoms, and that the letters had danced into accidental agglomeration and shaped themselves into philosophy and song, as to teach us, with the atheist, that the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the wide seas, and the everlasting hills, the air we breathe, the liquid crystal that we drink, the blue sky over our heads, and the white clouds which rest upon it, the trees in the illimitable forests, and the birds and beasts that live in their shadow, and man with his wide thoughts and holy prayers, — all these things, with all their beauty and beneficence, with all the pomp and prodigality of their wonder and their power, — that all these things made themselves, or, which is the same thing in other words, that they were the work of eddying atoms, dead forces, impersonal laws. Why, from the great sun in the heavens to the little wayside flower, freaked with crimson and purple or adorned with the delicate network of tender lines; from the star Sirius, rushing from us into unknown spaces, down to the tiny, roseate shell upon the sands; from the galaxy to the feather of a bird, the stalks of a wheat ear, the smallest of the 34,000 eyes of the dragon-fly, — the whole universe in its dread magnificence is telling us, in language voiceless but never ceasing, of —

The unambiguous footsteps of a God,
Who gives its luster to the insect's wing,
And wheels His chariot on the rolling worlds.

And if we be blind to these sights, deaf to these voices, dull and dead to these infinite appeals, if our every outward sense is locked up, we have, if we drown it not, a voice within us, still and small, yet louder than the thunder. To every good and true man Conscience not only tells of the God above him, but of the God within him. It is the categoric imperative which says to him direct from heaven, "I ought and I must." "It is," as Newman said, "the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas." "It is," as Kant called it, "the wondrous power which works neither by insinuation, flattery, nor threat, but merely by holding up the naked law in the soul, extorts for itself reverence, if not always obedience, and before which, however secretly they may rebel, all appetites are dumb."

Christianity then leads us another step on the way to truth. Since there is a God of infinite wisdom, He must have given to the human soul some positive knowledge of the end of its creation; He must have answered the questions which it forever asks; there must be a revelation of God to His creatures.

There are, says Bishop Keane, certain great questions which in our best moments sound forth from the depths of our nature and demand an answer. What am I? Whence have I come? Whither am I going? What is above me? What is before me? What is expected of me? What have I to expect? What is the way, what the means of its attainment? These are the questions which, in a thousand tones, ring out in the minds and the hearts of men. And once they have been heard they keep echoing on through all our life, haunting us with their whisper or their shout, whenever a lull in the busy hum around us permits us to listen; and they will not be still till they are answered and reason is satisfied.

Thus it is with us. Thus it has been, as history shows, with all the generations before us. These questions and the attempts to answer them are the meaning of all the philosophies that have ever existed. From these facts, two conclusions follow with inexorable logic. The first is, that, since the human mind so universally, imperiously, with yearning and need beyond aught else, demands an answer to these problems, an answer there must be within its reach. The second is, that, since unaided reason does not suffice for its attainment, man's Creator must have given him, for that end, some aids to reason, some additional light, some helpful information; in a word, what is usually called divine revelation.

Let us look at these two conclusions, and see whether there is any reasonable escape from them. The universality of law, the general harmony and fitness of things, forbids us to suppose that man is the one exception whose being is a contradiction. His whole nature cries out that it is not self-sufficing, and that the things around it are powerless to fill the abysses of its cravings and its aspirations. Whenever it is not consciously thoughtless or foolish, it reaches outward and upward by the very necessity of its be-

ing. Reason shows us why this is so. Herbert Spencer, among others, has demonstrated that the finite, the transient, the conditional, not only could not exist, but is inconceivable, unless there existed the Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute. His writings show that, like those of whom Cicero wrote, he knows not what manner of God to have; but he has at any rate made it perfectly clear that there must be a God.

This being so, it requires no great stretch of reasoning to see that He must be both the author and the object of our nature's aspirations. But to suppose the He so fashioned our nature only that it might writhe helplessly in self-torture, that our mind and our heart should forever, like Tantalus, agonize for the true and the good, and never reach it, — this would be to imagine Him the most impossible of monsters.

The leading advocate of unbelief in our country has drawn a picture of man's condition as he understands it, which is to the purpose. Man, he says, stands upon the bleak pinnacle of existence, between the two dark abysses of the past and of the future, knowing not whence he comes nor whither he goes; and if, in his agony, he asks Whence? or Whither? he is only mocked by the echo of his own cry! This is horrible. It tramples on the order and harmony of things, and throws intellect, the highest realm of nature, into chaos. Nature, intellect, all things cry out: It is not true. Human nature is not, cannot be, an illusion, a mockery, an anomaly, and contradiction in the symmetry of things. Its fitnesses have their purpose; its aspirations have their object; its questions have their answer. And if, for the attainment of this, the unaided powers of human nature do not suffice, it is because noble though nature is, it is made for something nobler than itself — for relations with the infinite Creator, which only He can make known to it, to whose attainment only He can help it up. This is not to the disparagement of nature, but to its honor. It is no limit or hindrance put upon reason, but help and elevation bestowed upon it.

Thus the testimony of reason, of human nature, in ourselves and in all history, proves, with the unimpeachable logic of facts, that there must have been made, that there must exist somewhere in the world, a revelation by the Creator of those things which the creature essentially needs to know, a light to guide us to our destiny.

Christianity teaches that Jesus of Nazareth is that voice of God speaking to humanity, and revealing the secrets of God's nature and man's destiny. It believes in Christ because He asserted that He was the son of God, proved His mission by His miracles, and particularly by His life. Christ's character is the most eloquent proof of His divinity.

It is strange and touching to see how this character, with the winning love of its irresistible tenderness, by the moral sorcery of its infinite self-sacrifice, pervades, astonishes, overwhelms, subdues. Like the armed band who came to seize Him in the garden, His very enemies seem to fall in admiration before His feet, and even the metaphysicians who explain away the divinity of His being see in Him the best and truest symbol of heavenly wisdom, or of ideal perfection, or of the union between the human and the divine. And so far has the many-sidedness and richness of His character transcended the thoughtful analysis of the closest observers, that scarcely any man, or section of men, has been able to appreciate more than one of its purely human aspects. The knights of old saw in Him the mirror of all chivalry; the monks, the pattern of all asceticism; the philosophers, the enlightener in all truth. To a Fenelon he has seemed the most rapt of mystics; to a Vincent de Paul, the most practical of philanthropists. A sceptical historian, accidentally taking up the New Testament, suddenly finds in Christ the explanation of all history. A fiery demagogue tells a nation, crushed by long oppression, that He was a child of the people. A victorious emperor, the last great man of secular history, contrasting his own utter evanescence with Christ's eternal rule, declares that he understands and recognizes men, and that Jesus Christ was not a man. A prophet of anarchy and naturalism, in the confession of his faith, suddenly bursts into eloquent admiration, and with a hand as firm as that of a martyr writes that "if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

Yes, the life of Christ is indeed an example, over which the loveliest of saints' lives have been but faintly traced; a glory, of which all that is bright among

Christians has been but "a pale image and faint reflection." Beautiful, indeed, has been the life of the saints of God, and one has been full of charity, and one of purity, and one of zeal; but this life is not a type of any one excellence, but a radiation of them all; not virtuous, but Virtue; not truthfulness, but Truth. What mind, even of saint or martyr, has been large enough, lofty enough, noble enough to comprehend its glorious contraditions, — its clinging friendship and sublime independence, its tender patriotism and humanitarian breadth, its passionate emotion and perfect peace, its unapproachable majesty and childlike sweetness,— the meekness of the Lion of Judah and the wrath of the Lamb that was slain?

Even His enemies bore witness to His sinlessness. The Toldoth Jeschu is filled with blasphemies against Him, and yet dares charge Him with no sin save His claim to be the son of God. "Have thou nothing to do with that just man," said the Roman lady. "I find no fault in this man," witnessed the blood-stained Pilate. "This man hath done nothing amiss!" exclaimed the dying malefactor. "I have shed innocent blood," shrieked the miserable Judas. His most eager accusers stammered into self-refuting lies; the witnesses of His uttermost humiliation as they returned smote upon their breasts with despairing agony and assented to the cry of the heathen centurion, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

Christ is God, the revelation of the Most High. Where shall we find His teaching? Where He told us to find it. He established a church to bear it down through the ages, a church dowered with infallibility, and with authority to bind, in matters of faith and morals, the consciences of men. He established a church against which the gates of hell should never prevail, which, like the rock upon which it was built, would withstand the tempests of every age. Christ established only one church, taught only one truth, and history compels us to admit that the society which He founded is the Roman Catholic Church. She has been in the world since the first Pentecost, and she will be here until the end of time.

REAL ESTATE, THE IDEAL ASSET.

BY WILLIAM E. HARMON.

FTER all is said and done, the most serious question with the average American of to-day is, How to make money. The most serious study is the way in which the savings, or surplusage over the cost of living, can be invested so as to yield the largest and surest return.

The well-known and much-worn assertion that most of the fortunes of this generation have been based upon investments in real estate, may seem to many of us to have become an axiom. Yet it can never be such absolutely, as it frequently lacks one very essential element of "a self-evident truth," in that it is not always "truth"; nor does it detract from the verity of the proposition that "real estate is the ideal asset" to admit that it is sometimes very far from being such.

While many of the notable fortunes of this generation have been begun and developed in realty, there have been thousands of investments in the same line that have only proven an annoyance and a loss; and the purpose of this article is not simply to show that real estate is perhaps the safest form of security, therefore the ideal one, but is more especially to point out the difficulties and dangers that beset those who go into it without a careful study and a thorough understanding of its various phases of activity and dulness, of inflation and depression; to show that the losses which come to unfortunate investors have been too often laid at the door of the investment, when responsibility properly rests upon the indifference with which the purchasers have examined into the conditions that governed and built up its so-called value.

It would be unsafe to accept the history of the vast accumulations of the Astors in New York, Marshall Field in Chicago, and Nicholas Longworth in Cincinnati as representative or as proper ones on which to base hopes of even a much less profit through realty investment; for in neither case can the results be credited in any great measure to the far-sightedness of the investors. Peculiar conditions came into existence in the localities where these holdings chanced to be situated — conditions, in fact, which could not have been foreseen, but which brought enormous increase, far beyond that of other investments made with equal discrimination and judgment.

Without attempting to enter upon a discussion of the value of real estate as an investment to be held through a long period of time, or from one generation to another,— which would lead us into an entirely different field of investigation,— we will confine ourselves to the study of the problem from the standpoint of reasonable security, and the probable return within a period of from ten to twenty years or less. This is as long as most of us hope to retain an interest in a particular investment, and an examination into the characteristics and possibilities of real estate from this point of view will fairly cover the field of interest to the average reader.

The most prominent quality or characteristic of real estate — that wherein lies its greatest danger to the average investor, its greatest possibility to the

competent one — is its tendency to increase in value apparently independent of the growth of the locality in which it is situated. In reckoning over a long series of years it will be found, without a doubt, that the value of property and the increase of population keep fair pace with each other; but the appreciation in the value of land is not regular and continuous; it can be likened to a pendulum swinging over and attached to a steadily advancing body. The pendulum of value swings forward and backward, now ahead of its support, again behind, but always moving in the direction of growth. Purchased at the furthermost point of its arc, it is an investment of great risk and most doubtful promise; at its nethermost, one containing untold possibilities for profit; at or near the average of its swing, safe and profitable — from the progress of its support, from the growth of our country in wealth and population. As a security, it is independent of many of the influences attending other securities, and which destroy much of the nation's wealth — the machinations of dishonest men, manipulations of pools, stock watering, and mismanagement; and backed by a nation's progress, it is ever advancing in the line of increased demand and steady appreciation.

There are four principal forms of real estate. First, farm land; second, improved business property; third, improved residential property; fourth, unimproved land in either business or residential districts.

The tendency of our country's development has been during the last 20 years largely toward the centres of population. The prices of agricultural products have been low, while the opportunity for employment in the cities has constantly been growing greater. This, coupled with the many advantages for enjoyment and better living which the city affords, has drawn largely from all the rural sections; and as a consequence there has been a slow but continuous and very general depreciation of farming lands throughout the country. It is a serious question whether our cities are not overpopulated as compared with the agricultural districts from whence they receive their market, and many students of these matters are advancing the theory that this department of realty will feel the effect of the necessary reaction in the trend of population, and again resume progress along the lines that all other forms of realty have been following the past. Be this so or not, it will at least be some time before farm lands will offer an attractive field for the investing of moderate means.

Improved business property is usually beyond the means of the average bank account; and as there are so many conditions governing its value, the discussion of which would exceed the limitations of our present paper, it had better be left to the favored few whose pocket-books are sufficiently long to enable them to make the purchase, and whose leisure permits extended study of its advantages and disadvantages.

Residential property is, however, open to the consideration of nearly all of us. The facilities for obtaining money from savings and coöperative banks have put within the reach of the smallest wage earner the opportunity of owning this form of "the ideal asset," and to the home owner it does indeed become the ideal way in which to place one's savings. The educational influences of the home, the subjective growth that comes from the necessary application of savings toward its payment, need not be elaborated. From that point of view there can be no question of its worth in the quickening of our better consciousness and the development of our manhood and womanhood.

In considering it, however, from a money-making point of view, care should be taken in its selection. Locality and the prospective development of that portion of the city or town in which it is situated, should be carefully studied. Money invested in our best securities earns from four per cent to five per cent; therefore no one is jus-

tified in investing in the form of realty we are now considering, with its necessary concomitant of risk, without a reasonable assurance of an equal yield; and this income should be exclusive of a sinking fund, to be set aside to take care of the depreciation of buildings and other incidental expenses. When one contemplates the purchase of a house, its rentable income should be at least nine per cent of its cost per annum. Of this amount, two per cent will be expended in taxes and insurance, two per cent should be set aside for depreciation, leaving a net income of five per cent. When localities are selected with reasonable care and in the line of general improvement, the increase in the value of land will usually be enough to make this asset a thoroughly satisfactory one; and the comfortable sense of security an owner feels when his surplus is invested in really good, improved property makes it very easy to grant this the title of "the ideal asset."

It is hazardous to take the advice of any one who informs you that while a certain property is yielding a gross income of only five per cent, yet the growth of the neighborhood will more than compensate for the loss of income, for if it is not possible to make a purchase upon the basis above described, a thorough examination will prove that some part of the valuation is too high; and judging from the experience of many years, the taking of any chances on such a basis by those who have little or no technical acquaintance with the subject cannot be advised — it is the most frequent source of loss and disappointment in real-estate investments.

The last form, and the department of realty that interests most widely the general public, is unimproved land. While the most precarious, it offers by far the largest prospect of return. Unimproved land has usually no earning capacity, or at best but an insignificant one; its entire prospective profit comes from the appreciation of its value by the growth of its surroundings, and in its consideration we will see most fully exemplified that swing of the pendulum earlier referred to. Bought at the right time, unimproved land, from the rapid and continuous growth of American cities, constitutes the very best form of investment in the country to-day. The disadvantage principally lies in the fact that it is attractive to but few people until its possibilities are known to nearly all. Then it is too late to reap a very great harvest. Bargains in real estate are not usually much talked of until they have already ceased to be bargains. It is, however, a too-frequent weakness of human nature to give little attention to the intrinsic value of a thing, but to take hold with avidity of something which another has made money in, never realizing that each profit taken brings the article nearer a point of value beyond which it has no legitimate place.

New England cities have for 30 years been most sadly neglected by their own people in the appreciation of their growth and development. The East has permitted her resources to be drawn upon by the West to the exclusion of her own interests. Land here has only had that call upon it that occupancy demanded. Little attention has been paid to it even as a basis for investment. There has been practically no speculation or active development. The attention of the world has been upon the West. The wonderful appreciation of value has excited the cupidity of capital. In the eager race for wealth great expectations have been based and great realizations figured on the possibilities, while the probabilities have received little attention, and the certainties that represent the elements of future value have been entirely lost sight of; so that improved property to-day in any western city can be duplicated in New England in cities of like size and growth, and with infinitely better prospects, at considerably less than one half the price.

It will be apparent to any one who studies the matter carefully, and includes in the study the conditions existing over the entire country, that

our general values in the East have advanced very much more slowly in the past 20 years than the growth of the cities themselves; but the trouble is there are very few close students of the question, and the disposition to "go with the herd" is so great that few have the courage to break away from conventionalized ideas, start out ahead, and find the watering-places.

As stated at the outset, it is not the purpose of this article to advise the purchase of realty in any form, but rather to explain the conditions that compass an investment of this character — to direct attention to the dangers and perhaps also to show the channels through which an investigation of the subject can be most safely made. "Real Estate, the Ideal Asset," was the subject assigned. The easiest line to follow would have been the attempt to present the ideal side without discussing the dangers; but both the reader and the subject will probably be most benefited by the endeavor to point out the obstacles in the way of success, making it really "ideal" by decreasing the instances in which the theory would prove a delusion.

The situation beyond all dispute points to the East as the hope of successful real-estate operations for several years to come. Careful comparisons have definitely proven the remarkable difference existing between the level of eastern and western values; and any number of actual instances might easily be given, did space permit, that would conclusively prove the fact. The great and increasing accumulations of capital in New England will in a measure probably seek different fields of occupation from those so favored in the past. The unhappy terminations of many industrial and railroad investments are forcing men to utilize their surplus in other channels. No former security has stood as well nor made such splendid showings as eastern realty. The statement is fairly within the limit of moderation that there have been no losses of any consequence in operations in this commodity, while in the very large proportion of cases the investments have yielded satisfactory returns.

This record alone, amid the depression and stagnation in other lines and the general anxiety in all business circles, must create a new interest, a new activity, in land and its accessories. It may be necessary to wait a year or two before this activity becomes general, but it is not far off. The time is surely coming. The signs of the times cannot be misunderstood, and the most experienced believe that there is not an acre of land within the suburban districts of our strong and growing New England cities that will not, within the next five years, prove to its possessor truly and in the highest sense an "ideal asset."

EASTER LILIES.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

THE crisp gray dawn flushed with color; the sun crept slowly above the horizon, then remembering its Easter mission flung off the trailing cloud robes and mounted swiftly upward, a globular mass of splendor, luminous and golden.

The distant city became visible, an incongruous study of brick and mortar, hopelessly out of perspective against the gold and gray background of eastern sky. The big brick factory on the marsh emerged from obscurity and drew attention to a stretch of country sweeping down to a thread-like creek, a living, pulsing thing, guarding from intrusion a hill-side grouping of nameless mounds, marble crosses, and monumental columns.

Down in the lowly quarter, where lay the nameless dead, a yawning hollow sought to imprison the mellow light, but it quivered away from the frozen earth and glanced searchingly in at the factory windows as if seeking there a tenant for the open grave. The great looms stood idle with the unfinished cloth firm in their grasp, one snowy web was flecked with crimson stains, and a broken strand hung loose, strangely suggestive of a life cut short.

The print of a woman's hand was tracked in the dust of the frame, and a scrap of womanly gear — a little knot of ribbon — lay trampled on the floor.

The golden rays recoiled from the empty silence and darted cityward, gilding the plumage of the twittering birds nesting alike in church towers and tenement eaves; projecting gables interposed their bulky shadows, and forbidding walls glowered darkly; but cleverly outwitting such surly foes the persistent rays slanted into a narrow court, and passed through an attic window, to shine upon a face ineffably beautiful in its holy calm. The small, toil-worn hands, clasped on the pulseless breast, were filled with Easter lilies, and rest, eternal, God-given rest, possessed the lifeless figure.

As the sunlight invaded the darkened retreat, an inert form crouched in the shadowy corner, roused into feeble, senile life. With shuffling, uncertain gait an old man crossed the floor and stood beside the bed, the dishevelled tufts of silvery hair above his temples adding to the indescribable pathos of an aged face furrowed by tears. His gaze wandered vacantly from a little willow rocker to a flowering window garden, then back again to the bed.

Memory was strangely at fault; the expression of immutable calm on the young face troubled him vaguely; her mother had looked like that — suddenly the truth forced itself home, the father knew himself bereft, and laying his head down beside his child entered a passionate protest against the divine ruling: "A' mighty God, she was all I had: I'm desolate, desolate."

A great beam of light, flecked with wavering shadows from the flowering plants, grew decorously

EASTER LILIES.

sombre in the deeper oblong shadow that lay like a pall in its golden path. Some kindly rays intent on warming a heart numbed by sorrow quivered across the bed, and drew the mourner's misty vision to the little hands filled with Easter lilies.

"'They must bloom fer Easter, father,'" he whispered softly; "how she kep' a sayin' that: 'my lilies mus' bloom fer Easter.' Mebbe she knowed as they'd be needed to deck the dead."

Tenderly loosening a flower from the little fingers, he stroked the petals lovingly.

"They airn't unlike yerself, my girl, pure ez a new-blown drift, and a heart of gold; it aint no wonder 'at you loved 'em. A most hate 'em," he added savagely. "Seems ez if they helped along thet onairthly look in her great shinin' eyes. Old hearts hev sorrow to thole when young hearts turn to Heaven. I was allers fer others conformin' to the Lord's will, but I rassled agen it when it teched on giving up my girl. I tried hard to carcumvent Him, but it wa'n't no use, she jes' kep' dwinin' away, workin' to the las'. 'Poor folks mustn't be finicky, father,' she'd say, 'ith her pretty little laugh 'at will make my old heart ache forever. So death found her at her loom, the thread an' her life jes' snapped together. They laid her down an' brung me, her stricken old father. I lifted her bonny head to my breast, and after a bit she began to talk, soft-like, to herself, an' jes' at the end she smiled up at me an' sez 'Good-by, father;' her little hands fluttered up to my neck but fell back suddent like birds shot on the wing, an' there I was too dazed an' stoopid to know 'at it was me sittin' there agen the loom, the machinery whirrin' like mad, and the lint driftin' down like snow on the desolate old man 'ith his one bairn dead in his arms. Aye, the lilies bloomed fer Easter."

The evening shadows found him lying across the bed, no longer desolate. The message of the resurrection had freed his weary spirit, and passed it on beyond the source of the golden glory still lingering above the Easter lilies.

CUPID'S RETURN

AT EASTER.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE GREATEST MAN OF IRISH BLOOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN.

IRELAND'S sons have contributed royally to the lustre of American honor in every sphere of national achievement; but around no individual name is there such a radiance of distinction as that which makes immortal the fame of General James Shields, whose statue has within a few months been added to the memorial treasures of the Nation's Walhalla at Washington. The hero of two wars, and a man upon whom three great states of the Union esteemed it a privilege to confer senatorial honors, his career is without a parallel in the annals of adopted citizenship.

General Shields was the embodiment of the soldier, fearless of personal danger, and with that magnificent spirit and dash that is the personification of valor. As a commander he was prompt to conceive the best disposition of his troops, invincible in the devotion and confidence he inspired in his command, and overwhelming in the skill, impetuosity, and brilliancy of his movements in the field.

As a statesman he was broad, progressive, and humane, a noble and striking figure in the United States senate at a time when that body was honored with the presence of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, and other legislative giants, and among whom Shields took high rank by the sheer force of his intellectual merit. Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri in turn sent him to the senate — a threefold recognition of the greatness of the man, that is a tribute unique in the history of the country.

By his record, therefore, the laurel-crowned hero of two wars and the honored senator of three great states, he stands the most conspicuous of

Gen. Shields at 36.

Ireland's contributions to American citizenship. The neglect with which he was treated during his closing years proves again that republics are ungrateful; but history, the impartial judge and custodian of the fame of the truly great, will render to the memory of the soldier-statesman the place on America's roll of honor to which it is entitled, when the intriguing politicians who so illy repaid his glorious victory at Winchester "are forgotten as fools or remembered as worse."

James Shields was born near the historic town of Dungannon, County

Tyrone, Ireland, when America was engaged in her second war with England and when Generals Taylor and Scott, under whom he was to win distinction 35 years later in Mexico, were fighting their country's battles on the northern frontier. Coming of one of the oldest and most martial of Milesian families, that of O'Shield's, honored as the standard bearers of the North under the royal Gaelic pentarchy, and with the blood of generations of chivalrous warriors coursing through his veins, Ireland in its desolation offered little prospect of a career befitting this thoughtful and spirited scion of valiant ancestry, and therefore we find him as a mere boy carving out a future for himself in this country with no other capital than his own sturdy self-reliance, studying and training his mind for its contest with the world, and providing for his subsistence by teaching, until he had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of law, the profession in which he was destined to achieve his first successes.

Taking up his residence in the young state of Illinois, the appreciative commonwealth that was to confer upon him his earliest honors, it was not long before he was singled out for distinction in the shape of decided political recognition of his sterling mental qualities, his strong, sturdy manhood, ardent patriotism, and professional acquirements; and this, too, at a time when he was brought in competition with men whose names have since added lustre to the state of his adoption. Here his civic career received its first great impetus; for after hardly a decade's experience in the practice of the law,— during which time he had not only proven his legal ability but in the discharge of public office had shown the admirable qualities of the man and citizen,—we find him elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a remarkable testimony to the respect inspired by an adopted citizen at a time when the popular feeling was none too considerate of the claims of those of foreign birth. There is ample proof of how well his career as a judge justified the confidence reposed in him by the people and the respect felt for him by the bar of Illinois. Lawyers who in later years attained world-wide fame as great American statesmen pleaded their causes before him, and not a single one of them

Gen. Shields in the Civil War.

had occasion to question the clearness of his judgments, the impartiality of his decisions, or the dignity with which he maintained the character of the judiciary.

A man of such brilliant attainments was not to have the knowledge of his mental and moral worth confined to the limits of his state. A broad-minded, patriotic citizen, taking a vital active interest in all the great questions of the

day, the influence of his personality could not be confined within mere sectional boundaries. As a Democrat he held a distinguished place in the counsels of his party; and therefore President Polk, in the first year of his administration, knowing the personal integrity of Shields and his strong intellectual grasp, wishing to have such a man near him, called the judge to

The morning before the battle of Cerro Gordo.
Shields facing the seemingly impossible task of taking the Mexican fortifications on the Mountain Top.

Washington, as land commissioner of the Department of the Interior,—a position which in those days, owing to the boundless acres of the West awaiting the home seekers and the mighty tide of immigration that had set in toward America, had about as much responsibility as a place in the Cabinet. Judge Shields saw great possibilities for the development of the country and the uplifting of humanity in the commissionership. Particularly did his warm Irish heart appreciate the opportunities it would afford in relieving the landlord-ridden agricultural classes of Ireland by their colonization on the fertile prairies; but he was not long to devote himself to this great and benevolent plan that so engaged his tenderest sympathies. To other hands had to be committed this peaceful enterprise. The tocsin of war sounded from the Rio Grande; and scarcely had its martial echoes reached Washington when the soldier asserted the mastery over the civilian. His love for the honor of the country of his adoption called him to the post of danger and of glory, his soul was in arms, and the valiant blood in his veins burned for the excitement and daring of the battle. He had seen service on the field and proven his worth as a soldier, for when quite a young man he had been a second lieutenant in the campaign in Florida against the Seminole chieftain Osceola; and this experience, while it had emphasized the soldierly character of the man, had also initiated him into the mysteries of military knowledge.

Appointed a brigadier-general by President Polk, he marched with General Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, commanding a force con-

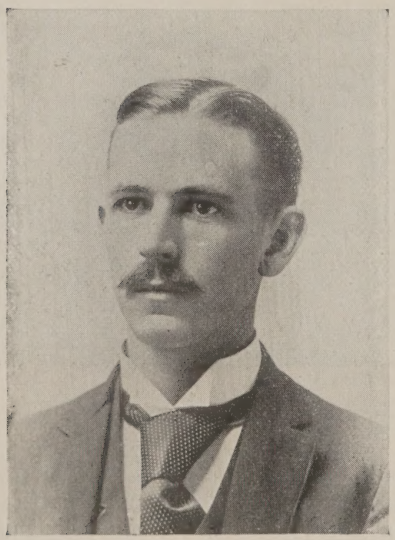
sisting of a battalion of marines and New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania regiments of volunteers, and at Cerro Gordo covered himself with glory. Here his brigade consisted of the Third and Fourth Illinois and Colonel Burnett's New York regiment, and, occupying the right of the line, achieved one of the most brilliant successes of that war. The night before the attack on Cerro Gordo he gathered around his tent a few bright and daring young soldiers and said: "You see where the enemy's fortified works tower above us. Go, find me a location to plant artillery to enfilade them." They did so, and several heavy guns of the Fourth U. S. Artillery were planted thereon. When the morning dawned he crossed with his troops a ravine and chasms hitherto deemed impassable to the west and right of his line of attack, and, debouching over the national road like a veritable whirlwind of war, attacked a battery and reserve of superior numbers, in the midst of which was the Mexican Commanding General Santa Aña. This intrepid and rapid movement struck consternation among the Mexicans, and the Mexican chieftain and his principal officers barely escaped capture. In a short time works that seemed impregnable, and defended by a much larger body of troops than the attacking force, surrendered and the victory of Cerro Gordo was achieved.

Shields was the lion of the hour; but while his valor and that of his command was the theme of the army, there was the dread and sorrow that this might prove the last tribute of his heroic life, for the intrepid general was hovering between life and death as the result of a fearful wound from a grape-shot that had passed entirely through his body, and his recovery from which is one of the marvels of human strength and vitality. Four months later he is again with the army moving in the direction of the Halls of the Montezumas, and sharing the toils, the dangers, and glories of the campaign. Severely wounded again at the storming of Chapultepec, his indomitable spirit would

In the Shenandoah Valley.
The final engagement before the retreat of Stonewall Jackson.

not permit him to leave the field, and with his gallant command had the triumph of planting the American colors on the walls of the City of Mexico.

He returned home at the close with the rank of a brevet major-general and the laurels of a conqueror, honored and welcomed everywhere for his valiant services, but nowhere so greeted with enthusiasm as by Illinois, which had honored him before, and again turned to make him the object of her highest favor by sending him to represent her in the United States senate. Names that the citizens of this country hold in the highest reverence adorned the senatorial roster when Shields qualified. Statesmen of the highest order of intellect and gifted with commensurate



Charles J. Shields.

powers of oratory reflected lustre and dignity upon the nation; but we do not find that the status of Shields was at all obscured in this galaxy of eloquence and statesmanship. He was a Democrat, and as such wished to have California in 1850 admitted to the Union, but not as a slave state. The speech made by him in support of his attitude at once established his title to a place in the front rank of the statesmen of his time. When it was finished Daniel

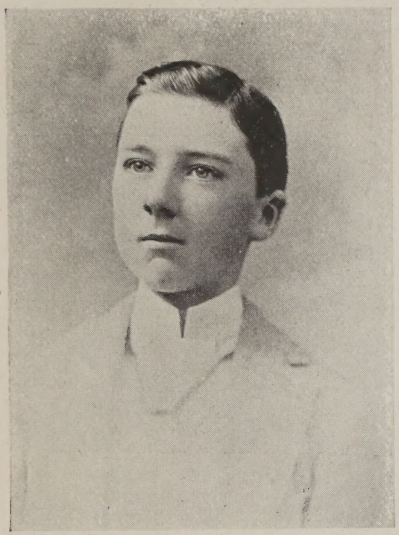
Kathrine J. Shields.

Webster went over to his seat, grasped his hand, and said: "Shields, if you never utter another word in the senate, your position and speech on this question places your statesmanship before the country as of the highest order. Sir, I congratulate you most cordially."

In the senate Shields was not unmindful of the great commander, Scott, under whom he had served in Mexico. Says an authority anent this: "Strange chance of fortune! that he whom Scott mourned as dead on the battle-field should live to present him with the title hitherto worn in war only by Washington;" namely, that of lieutenant-general. Glorious and dashing as was Shields as a soldier, his sagacity, comprehension, and capacity to give expression to his views stamped him in the senate as a man of deep thought and broad views. He was alive to every great question affecting the country's future, its honor, and its development; and his speeches eloquently reflect the intellectual wealth, uncompromising patriotism, and unflinching honesty of the man. At the close of his term it

took a strong combination to defeat him for reëlection; and in 1855 he removed to Minnesota, returning again to the senate as the first senator of that state on its admission into the Union.

Many years after the close of the Union war, I was riding in the train from Hartford, in company with General Shields. I said to him: "General, you



Daniel Shields.

never joined the Fenians, yet we young men always felt you were ready to fight for Ireland if the opportunity offered."

"I would," he responded with animation, "but I will tell you my own experience about secret movements against England. Some time after the Mexican War I was yet in commission in military service, and stationed at St. Louis. The adherents of the young Ireland party of '48, in the North, brought pressure upon the War Department to grant me a leave of absence. I visited New York, and, after a conference with the leaders, with their assistance I selected two men, each unknown to the other. I kept them in different quarters of the Astor House for some days, training them verbally on what I wanted them to do for me in Ireland, giving each a different section. I desired to know what were the military equipments and arms in the hands of the patriots organized in clubs and other bodies, and the warlike resources attainable in the country. They returned and reported. There was no means at all sufficient with which to begin a war.

"On my way back I stopped at Washington to visit the War Department. I received a friendly invitation one day from the British Minister Napier, an Irishman, you know,— with whom I was on friendly personal terms before I went to Mexico, — to take tea with him the same evening. I accepted. After supper he took me into his library, and, putting the stars of a major-general on my shoulder, he said: 'Jim, no Irishman in the world felt prouder of your winning those stars than I; but it is fortunate for you the kind of man that in my person represents the Brit-

Catholic Church, Carrollton, Mo.

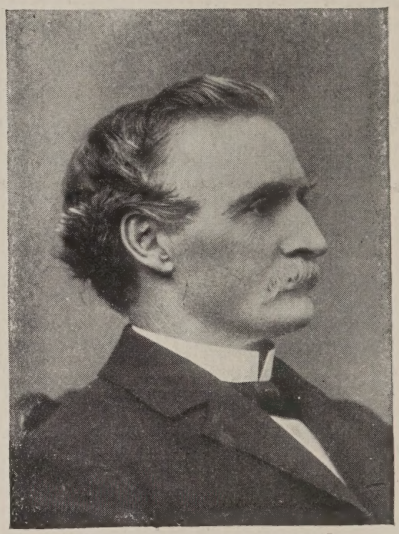
ish government in this country. I want you to continue to wear in honor the uniform that has covered you in your

glorious deeds in Mexico; but, my dear fellow, at any time within the past few weeks I could have had your stars razed, and the uniform pulled off your back, had I raised my finger in protest against your conspiracy.'

"Well, I was astonished, but was entirely confounded when he told me of my whole proceedings in New York; and told me of everywhere my two sworn men went to in Ireland. He had everything as accurate as their reports to me."

General Shields was in California at the breaking out of the Civil War, from whence he was recalled to once more unsheathe his valiant sword in his country's service, and add laurels to those so heroically won in Mexico. Appointed a brigadier-general by President Lincoln, he took the field, and on March 23, 1862, in the lovely Shenandoah valley of Virginia, pitted his military genius and prowess against the indomitable Stonewall Jackson, who as a young artillery lieutenant had fought by his side in the land of the Aztecs. Again terribly wounded after a great charge, yet from his couch near the field, the heroic Shields directs with masterful insight and clear conception of the situation of both armies, masses his right at last, and hurls it against the Confederates with the most gallant precipitancy, driving them off the battle-ground in wild, disordered retreat, which did not cease until about 40 miles were put between them and the victorious troops of Shields. I saw the hero later at his house in Washington. He was without a command. Generals Fremont, Banks, McDowell, Hunter, and Schenck before or subsequent to Shields' battle had measured swords with the formidable Jackson; but Shields was the first and the last to defeat the Southerner whose name during the war was synonymous of invincibility. It is a sad commentary on the narrow, ungenerous character of those at the head of the War Department that so brilliant a soldier and one who had so signally proven his worth should be denied the rank he had so gloriously won. Partisan prejudice in this instance exhibited a spectacle of monumental ingratitude.

Aggrieved at the way his services had been requited and suffering from



William H. Condon,
who inspired and directed the project of placing the statue of Gen. Shields in Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

the wounds received at Winchester, he resigned his commission, and retired to his home at Carrollton, Mo., where he spent his remaining years beloved and honored by everybody. His great heroic heart, while it could not but feel the ungenerous treatment of those at the head of the nation, was warmed by the consciousness of having at all times done his duty. His last term of public service was when Missouri honored herself and him by being the third state to confer upon him the dignity of the United States senatorship.

Missouri guards the grave where he sleeps in St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Carrollton; Illinois has attested her appreciation of him by the magnificent monument she has placed to his memory in the National Capitol, while his fame is the heritage of the country.

THE HOME OF GENERAL SHIELDS.

BY GEORGE P. FARLEY.

WHILE General Shields was serving the state of Minnesota in the United States senate, he was taken sick in a St. Paul hotel. His sickness developed into a fever that brought him close to death. Miss Mary Ann Carr, a young woman who had come to St. Paul from the County Armagh, Ireland, and who was interested in charitable and hospital work, left her home to care for her distinguished countryman. Her devotion won his gratitude, and during the days of his convalescence their friendship grew to love, and a little later they stepped from the altar to walk life's aisles together.

Asked one day, a few years before his death, what he esteemed the greatest honor of his life, General Shields answered: "My greatest honor was, when once waging a mortal conflict between life and death, a pure, blushing maiden of my own clan came and took her place by my side, and with her tender solicitude turned back the waves of death and made me a victor. My most glorious victory was when I made this lady my wife; and she is now the darling mother of my children. It makes me feel poor when I think of the debt I owe her."

Here is afforded another view of the complete character of Shields. His nature was not stronger than it was sweet, not more aggressive than it was gentle, not more ambitious than it was modest.

A lion-like heart, a cultivated mind, and a responsive conscience, the three essentials of a really great man, were found in General Shields.

Catholic Congregation, Carrollton, Mo.

The pastor stands in the centre, with Mrs. Shields on his left and Miss Shields on his right.

I have never seen a better picture of Shields in print than the following, written by a man who visited him in Washington when he was in his prime:

> I found the general seated among his papers, — a spare man, of middle size, and apparently about 40 years of age, with the amber tinge of health on his cheeks, an eye like a live coal, large brows, and a fine head. I felt an electrical thrill pass through me, as I took the hand of the first soldier of our race, not excepting Cavaignac or Guyon. I believe

I stared at him rather rudely, for I was anxious to detect whether his constitution had recovered from the terrible results of his Mexican wounds. I was satisfied by the scrutiny, and it will give joy to many an Irish heart to know that in all probability the general has as many years as any man of his age yet to come.

I shall not here commit the indecency of printing private conversations, but I may say that the more I heard of General Shields' opinions, the more he rose in my estimation. He is a very thoroughly read man, with a very reflective turn of mind. He has thought much on all subjects and countries. He speaks French as fluently as English, and during my first call held a long Spanish conversation with a Mexican general, Herrera, who, he observed, had been "in the same war with him, but not on the same side."

Where Gen. Shields' Body Lies.

The little town of Carrollton, in the western part of Missouri, where General Shields spent the last years of his life, has in the last quarter of a century grown to be a city of nearly 5,000 inhabitants. Situated, as it is, at the junction of three great railway lines and being the county seat, the little city has considerable local importance. In 1865 General Shields purchased a farm about five miles from the city, and resided there during the last 14 years of his life. On one of the broad streets of Carrollton, overhung with towering maples and elms, is the pleasant home of Mrs. Shields and her only surviving daughter, Miss Kathrine J. Shields. Miss Shields, who graduated from the Boston Conservatory of Music with highest honors, is now organist at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Carrollton. Her eldest brother, Charles J. Shields, is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame and of the law department of the Washington and Lee University of Virginia. He recently began the practice of law in the office of Hon. Wm. J. Hynes, of Chicago, and has already achieved encouraging results. Mr. Daniel Shields, the other surviving son of the general, is a student at the University of Georgetown. He intends to devote himself to a mercantile career. The grave of General Shields, in the Catholic cemetery at Carrollton, is without a monument. Although the Shields Memorial Association was formed in Carrollton some years ago and has several hundred dol-

lars in its treasury, which was contributed for the purpose of erecting a monument, no further steps have been taken, and all interest in the matter seems to have languished. The grave of the distinguished dead has been left for 14 years without a mark of any kind, except the curbing around the family lot.

The memorial statue of General Shields recently unveiled in the Capitol at Washington is the beautiful tribute of the state of Illinois to her beloved and honored adopted son. The movement which resulted in the securing of this statue was almost unique in its enthusiasm and its unselfishness. The man who led this movement is William H. Condon.

William H. Condon was born about 50 years ago in Montgomery county, New York, the son of Irish parents. By profession Mr. Condon is a lawyer. He has practised 25 years. He is an acknowledged authority in marine law, although he does not confine himself to that branch of his profession. He has always been a Democrat. He was a member of the Illinois legislature during three years, and secured the passage through the house of an appropriation of $50,000 to complete the Douglas Monument in Chicago.

Eight years ago he inaugurated a movement for a State Industrial Home for the Blind, and at last he secured $100,000 for its buildings and grounds, now on one of Chicago's boulevards.

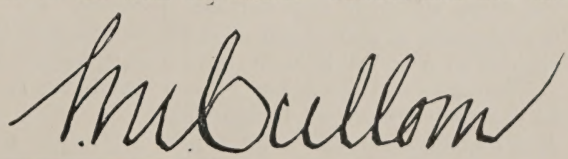
Estimates of the Personal Character of General Shields.

SENATOR CULLOM OF ILLINOIS.

General Shields was no ordinary man. It is proof in itself that he possessed qualities of head and heart that drew around him his fellow-men wherever he went. He was foreign born, yet no American citizen has ever shown a greater devotion to American institutions; no American citizen has ever shown greater affection for the Union and the flag; neither did any patriot show more willingness to spill his blood for human liberty. He was the close friend of Douglas, serving with him upon the supreme bench of Illinois, and was also his colleague in this senate. His last period of service in this senate was marked by his fervent appeal in behalf of the veterans of the Mexican War. He was one of the most illustrious men of our country. He was a hero, patriot, soldier, and statesman. He believed in his adopted country, and was ever ready to fight for its flag in war, as he always served it faithfully in peace. He could not, perhaps, be said to have been an orator equal to Daniel O'Connell, who was called Ireland's liberator, or of Grattan, who, in condemning a measure in the Irish parliament, uttered these memorable words: —

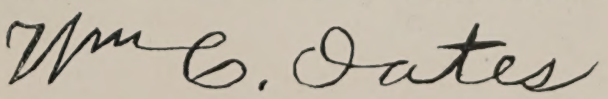
> I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall;

or of Curran, the great advocate in the trial of causes. Shields had not the power of eloquence of either, but he was the equal of either in steadfastness to duty and the courage to perform it.



REPRESENTATIVE OATES OF ALABAMA.

No man in the Federal Army ever commanded better or fought more valiantly than General Shields did at the battle of Port Republic.



SENATOR PALMER OF ILLINOIS.

In Illinois General Shields was the peer and contemporary of intellectual giants. He was the associate of Douglas and Lincoln and many other great men, a foeman worthy of the steel of any of them. It was his misfortune to differ from me at one time on a great political question. It resulted in his not being returned again to the senate from Illinois. Yet we continued always to be personal friends. As a judge his intuitive perception of justice and right made him the very refuge of the oppressed and the wronged. It is eminently suggestive and proper that the great commonwealth which honored them both should have at the Capitol the statues of Lincoln and Shields.

John M. Palmer
Illinois

REPRESENTATIVE BLAND OF MISSOURI.

General Shields became a citizen of Missouri when the country was in the throes of the reconstruction period. Half of the citizens of the district in which Carroll county is situated were disfranchised. General Shields took up the cause of the people and advocated their liberty. His character as a patriotic soldier, loyal citizen, and statesman lent charm and influence to the canvass. To show the magnanimity of the character of this great soldier, it is related of him that on one occasion one of his admirers, in introducing him to the people, introduced him as the only man who had ever conquered Stonewall Jackson. In reply to that General Shields modestly stated that although he had come nearer, perhaps, than any other soldier to whipping Stonewall Jackson, yet the truth of history impelled him to say that Stonewall Jackson was never conquered.

R. P. Bland

REPRESENTATIVE BLACK OF ILLINOIS.

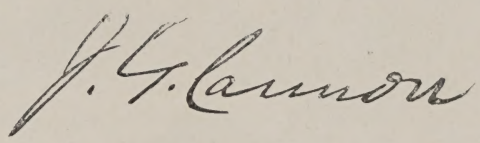
It was not an easy task to select the foremost man from among the men who for more than 200 years have been part of the great procession of humanity which has swept across the borders of the state of Illinois, which state, by its geographical location, its extent, and the incidents of its formation, is peculiarly the central commonwealth of the great American Republic. Great men of the state sit with the national judiciary, still add dignity to the debates and organization of the senate and the house, and bring in the advancing years the records of patriotic lives devoted wholly to the land and the people.

The state of Illinois has chosen Shields as its man, for a reason that reaches to the philosophies of human life. It is because his character represented more fully the catholicity of American citizenship than that of any other man who had ever appeared in the annals of the Republic.

John C. Black
M. C. Ill.

REPRESENTATIVE CANNON OF ILLINOIS.

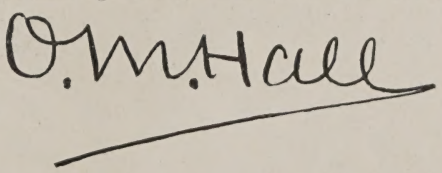
The Mexican War gave to the United States a great empire, rich in soil and minerals. The eye of the seer cannot cover or the tongue of the prophet cannot foretell the importance of that acquisition to us and to those who follow after. In the war to preserve the Union, the fate of the nation — aye more, of a civilization — was at stake. In the arbitrament of battle General Shields was a conspicuous figure in both contests. There were many greater statesmen, greater generals; but in demeanor and personal courage, supplemented by that enthusiasm and leadership in action that command the admiration and touch the hearts of men, perhaps none excelled him. His place in his country's annals is fixed by his military service. The respect and love of the people of Illinois after the Mexican War dictated his choice as United States senator from that state over the late Sidney Breese — one of the builders of that commonwealth, a great jurist and statesman, the impress of whose genius and ability is written on every page of that state's history for over 60 years. The greatest tribute that Illinois can pay to the memory of General Shields is paid by placing his statue in the Nation's Capitol, side by side with the statues of Garfield, Allen of Ohio, and Ethan Allen, Winthrop, Trumbull, Samuel Adams, Muhlenberg, King, Kearney, and others. These statues constitute a part of the history of the country in stone and bronze. Casting our eyes along and over the whole history of the country, General Shields, in the contests of his day and generation, is fairly typical of one of the forces that molded the republic in its formative period, and that preserved our civilization in the crucial tests of battle.



REPRESENTATIVE HALL OF MINNESOTA.

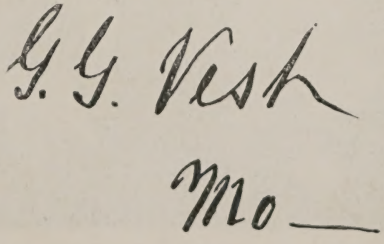
A soldier of ability and of undoubted courage, General Shields played his part in the great national tragedy with conspicuous fidelity and success.

To me the most marvellous thing in that war, and indeed in all the wars in which this country has been engaged, is the earnest patriotism and unflinching fidelity of those citizens who have come over the seas and made their homes with us. On every battle-field, in every regiment and squadron, these men won with their bayonets their title-deeds to American citizenship. Among the names of her adopted sons whom America delights to honor for their heroism and devotion, none shines with brighter lustre than that of this stalwart Irishman, James Shields.



SENATOR VEST OF MISSOURI.

James Shields was cast in heroic mold, steadfast in conviction, a stranger to fear and duplicity. This soldier-statesman is the most illustrious representative of those Irish Americans who baptized in blood their allegiance to our free institutions. We will guard his remains well, for in all our broad domain, never has there been a life which better illustrated American manhood or shed greater lustre upon the American name.



"Into the middle of the room I sprang with a bound."

MY MISTRESS'S MUSICALE.

[From a chapter taken at random from a Pet Pug's Diary. Carefully edited by EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.]

WHILE sitting near the window in my mistress's boudoir the other morning, blinking contentedly at the sun, having nothing of importance on my mind, I suddenly thought about my deceased friend the Journalist. Wow! that was a laughable affair. I see him now in my mind's eye, standing at the window across the way all in white, shaking his fist at me as I boisterously saluted him. If he had treated me with the respect due to my breeding and social station, he might not now be lying in his grave a suicide. But what right had he to lie abed at all hours in the morning, alleging fatigue when the rest of the community were up and at it? Besides, he should have cultivated my friendship, seeing that I am the terror of all evil doers, instead of maliciously throwing that bootjack at me — of all things a common bootjack! Well, he couldn't give up those apartments, he wrote, in a cowardly, pleading note to my mistress concerning me, and so I barked and howled under his window until he could stand it no longer. Hacked himself to pieces, my master the doctor said; and sentimental folk quite agreed with the doctor that it was all on account of a love affair. Wow! Wow! how I laughed when the hearse was driven away with his remains!

. . . . . .

Hello, what's all that? Those apartments, idle so long, at length rented! My mistress, who pleads ignorance of her neighbors' doings, will tell the master the full details of the whole affair, I know! And, as good luck will have it, here they come now.

Hum! y-e-e-s. Signor Bellocavallo, the world-famous tenor, engaged at an enormous sum to appear for a few weeks at the Alhambra, with his brother the renowned cornetist, will occupy that suite. Social lions, too, I understood my mistress to say, "exactly the very ones we want, husband dear, to add to the lustre of our list of distinguished guests at our musicale. And I will invite the Spriggses and the Boggses and all the rest of those upstarts whom we detest so heartily, dear, that they may see and envy our standing in society. Such a triumph it will be! 'Doctor and Mrs. Billings request the pleasure of your company at a musicale to be given on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-eighth January. Operatic selections, Signor Bellocavallo.' Doesn't that sound lofty, my dear? And the fact that this artist appeared before the crowned heads of Europe will not be overlooked, either, for I will whisper it in strict secrecy to my warmest friend and exact a promise from her not to repeat it."

"Invite whom you please," said my master the doctor, "but use caution, my dear, caution; for a great deal depends on the success of your musicale. The weather is confoundedly healthy, my list of patients is small, and a gouty old gentleman with a good fat pocket-book would not go amiss, I can assure you."

I took a walk in the yard at noon

to-day as usual, and looked up at his window. "Theatrical people," I mused. "I wonder how we'll get along together. One thing's sure: I won't have any more lazy newspaper men within sound of my voice, coming home at all hours through all kinds of weather and lolling in their luxurious couches frequently until high noon, pettishly complaining about the key in which I pitch my voice. Hello, that must be Signor Bag-o'-wind now! Bless my soul, what a furious mustache!"

Raising my voice, I howled out a dismal welcome.

He never noticed me!

There must be some mistake here. I uttered a short, sharp challenge, and — was snubbed for my pains; for the fellow, instead of the customary "Is that you, sweet pet?" sullenly withdrew from the window.

That sabbath evening as the shadows darkened, I lay curled up on a rug in my accustomed place in the hallway at my mistress's door, ready for that welcome repose so beneficently accorded to him whose system is impaired by the toil of the day. I had been very busy, what with false alarms of cats on the fence, strangers at the door bell, and that theatrical fellow who had so outrageously insulted me, and was tired out. How quiet and cosey the place was! — exactly as it should be when I retire. I lay there and dozed, and snored no doubt, to my heart's content. I was dreaming over a particularly good scheme for revenge — in fact, had got the thing into tangible shape — when there fell upon my ears the most unearthly sounds it was ever my misfortune to listen to. By the bones of my ancestors, what was that dreadful thing making the night hideous with its diabolical toot toot, toot toot, ta ra-ra?

What horrible dream is this? thought I, rising and shaking myself vigorously. My digestive organs are out of order; I shall diet myself in — Gracious, what was that?

"Salve dimora casta e pura" —

Loud and strong ran out the notes upon the evening air. Beginning as if in sore distress, the rascal's voice rose higher and higher until it seemed the very roof must rise from pressure! It was ear splitting, blood curdling; the cry of a soul lost forever were sweet music compared to it.

"Even in death that miscreant of a journalist cannot let me alone, but must find outlet for his abuse through the medium of a miserable opera singer." This was the thought that flashed through my mind and fired my soul. Down the hallway I sprang and scratched madly at the door. Whether it was James or the mistress who let me out into the yard, matters not; suffice it to say that in the yard I was, in quicker time than it takes to tell it, protesting at the top of my voice and charging the fence as it had never been charged before.

But, and to his everlasting shame be it said, that rascal kept right on to the end of the song, paying not the slightest heed to my howls of disapproval. Oh, it was awful, awful, to be awakened from honest, hard-earned repose and then to be bearded in my bounden duty!

My attack lasted until my voice became husky; when, wheezing, crestfallen, shaking with rage and mortification, I was compelled to retreat, vanquished for the time being. Nor was this the only indignity I was made to suffer on that memorable evening. As I crossed the grass-plot I heard the noise of window raising and shutter banging.

C r-a-s-h! — some terrible missile just grazed my head. Zip! boom! thud! came other horrible things all about me. Then a masculine voice — oh, I'll remember that voice! — cried out: "Quick, neighbors! we've got him at last. Remember, you are striking for liberty now! Steady, all! Aim true and he cannot escape us." My soul and body, how that boot did hurt! Fortunately, my mistress was at the door and let me in.

"Oo ittle pet," cooed my benefactor a few days later, as I lay snugly in her arms suffering physically and mentally, "did they buse oo an' hurt your feelings? Never mind, oo shall attend my party and sit at my feet the whole evening long."

The very thing! The dastardly scoundrels who had attacked me in my own yard would be there,— the Boggses and the Spriggses and the Biggses and the Twiggses would be there,— and old Signor Bag-o'-wind would be the star attraction of the evening. Joy! Life, when there is hope of revenge, is worth the living after all! Signor Bello what's-his-name to be made more of than me! As I lay blinking in her face my mistress little knew of the terrible rage that was burning in my breast.

I never saw my master the doctor in such good humor as he was that evening at the musicale. It was not in accord with my plans to guard the room, much less the front door; and so I sat looking on at the actions of the learned man. Deserting his wife's side at the entrance of some delicate-looking gentleman with a well-known name, he would pounce upon him with great affability, crying, "And here is Major Goldbags. I had hardly dared to hope for such an honor. How is your health? I hope you are quite well!" Back again at his wife's side, a few whispered words from her, and his sharp eyes would select another mighty star in the social firmament, to whom a similar cordial greeting would be extended.

To say that my mistress was in ecstasies would be putting it too mildly. The affair was a success beyond her dreams; for besides the lesser lights in society — the hangers-on, so to speak — there were General Hammerantongs in evening regimentals, Senator Longwind, Major Goldbags, and Admiral Whiskyvik. Then to add further discomfiture to her rivals in the social set to which she belonged, my mistress had on view a real English lord, who, it was whispered about, had been so near to the Prince of Wales as to have his clothing spattered by mud from His Highness's carriage! It was just too lovely for anything! As for me, however, I was too sore and angry to participate in the festivities. There was sterner work for me.

At about 10 o'clock there was a flutter of excitement. Signor Bellocavallo (Bag-o'-wind, I shall always call him) had arrived, with his brother the cornetist. I growled at them despite myself, and received a warning glance from my mistress, whose hour of triumph had come indeed.

The minutes passed away. Finally — "Would the ladies and gentlemen be pleased to hear the 'Salve Dimora'?" Oh, they would be overjoyed. Would the signor deign to render it? The signor would be only too happy to assist in entertaining so notable an assembly in any way that lay in his power, and it was from the heart that he returned thanks for the great honor.

"Humph!" said I, recalling the song that led to such disastrous re-

sults on that fatal evening, "I'll 'Dimora' you!"

The pianiste having seated herself and the scoundrel with the cornet having done his worst, the signor advanced amid enthusiasm and faced the audience, who were now eagerly expectant.

"The signor's high notes," whispered my mistress loud enough to be heard by those about her, "are unparalleled. Signor Campanini in his palmiest days, it is conceded, fades away in comparison;" and her words caused a low hum of admiration to arise.

I prepared for action, for my hour of triumph was at hand.

"Che al guardo mio la celi,"

sang the wretch, discharging the notes at an imaginary enemy somewhere in the ceiling, while all sat as though entranced, especially those who belonged to the poorer set. These ladies and gentlemen were loud in their exclamations of admiration — much to the singer's annoyance, to be sure.

To my cultivated ear, however, it was torture, and worse. Twice had I started to put into execution my design, but each time something seemed to say, Wait a moment, the worst has not come yet. My eyes flashed, I know, and the cold perspiration broke out on me as I crouched low under the terrible strain.

"Salve dimora casta e pura!
Che a me riveli la fanciul — l — l — l — l"

Back went the miscreant's head and up went his mustache as he struck the high C so much talked about.

Why, it was maddening! I could stand the thing no longer. Oh, for revenge!

Into the middle of the room I sprang with a bound; and as the echoes were awakened by the force of his powerful voice, I threw back my beautiful head and gave utterance to one long, dismal, marrow-piercing howl, unequalled in tone-color and verve-force by any other Pug Dog now living or who has ever lived!

In an instant all was confusion. "Basta!" hissed the signor, hurling his music roll at me. It caught me on the tip of my delicate right ear, — the one mistress loves to nibble at, — and I fled, howling and snapping, under the chairs, much to the horror of the elderly ladies and their younger sisters, who, holding their skirts close about them, stood on all available furniture. In the midst of the confusion there was a shriek. My mistress had fainted. Worse hubbub followed this, in which that harsh voice I had cause to remember so vividly from that awful sabbath evening, cried out, "Mad dog!" at the top of his lungs, and I was made painfully aware of being pursued. . . . Fortunately the door leading to the hall was opened by James after a while, and I ran as best as I could down the basement stairs, bleeding but triumphant. Near the foot I looked back. Signor Bag-o'-wind was rushing through the hall, his face aflame and foam issuing from his lips. "Maledetto!" I heard him utter in despair. "I would not-a have thees a-happen for se worl'!"

. . . . . .

I wonder how long I am to be kept down here in this dark, loathsome cellar! Surely, this is not the work of my dear, sweet mistress! A Pug of my aristocratic lineage and bearing in a cellar forsooth! I'll just go up those dusty steps once more and scratch at the door. Hello, I hear my mistress sobbing. And that's the doctor's voice too. "Oh,

Philip, how can I look them in the face again? We are the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood."

"We are, my dear?" queried the doctor tartly, laying great emphasis on the first word. "You are, madam! And I hope that you will understand me clearly when I say that I have lost, not exactly money, but its equivalent, prestige."

"Boo-hoo-hoo," sobbed my mistress, "but he shall be punished for this."

Now, what does this all mean, I would like to know?

STELLA VIATORUM.

BY REV. DENIS B. COLLINS.

In a far foreign land shall they make me a bed,
Where my name is unknown and no prayer shall be said,
Where the ground is unhallowed, unfriendly the skies,
And no footstep shall pause where an Irishman lies?

Where the grass shall not throb to the touch of a tear,
And the flow'rs will not smile on a face that is dear,
Unsigned by a cross, and unmarked by a stone,
Shall the stranger feet turn and leave me alone?

In a forest afar shall I find me a bed,
Where none save the feet of the wild beast may tread,
Or adown by the shore of the deep-sounding sea,
Near the sand and the weed that I love shall it be?

Shall the loving sun shine on my lone resting-place
Or the shadows I dread linger over my face?
Shall the kind autumn strew golden leaves o'er my bed,
And shed dewy tears from the trees overhead?

In the deep, far away as a star in the sky,
In the bottomless depth of the deep shall I lie,
Where the winds never sing and the birds never soar,
And the waters that move never meet with a shore?

Lord! Pity the exile so far from his home—
The child of a race that is destined to roam.
Let him rest on the earth, in the sea, anywhere,
If a smile from the face of Thy Mother is there.

SAVED.

BY MARY A. KINIRY.

I WAS in the act of entering a bridge car to cross from New York to Brooklyn. It was a dark night, and the rays of the electric light reached me but dimly through the shadows that fell from intervening objects. The business places of the great city had just closed, and many weary workers turned homeward to rest. The car was already crowded, and still the number waiting showed no decrease.

Suddenly I was pushed forward and, with scarcely an effort of my own, left standing within. Then the gate closed, the cars began to move, and the crowd was left pushing and grumbling on the platform. We did not think of them very long, for immediately a cry from a fellow-passenger attracted our attention.

"I have been robbed; my watch is gone!"

We looked from one to another in dismay. Then a fussy little woman with gold-rimmed spectacles declared that, in the struggle to enter, she had felt some one push rudely against her, and she felt no doubt whatever that she had been robbed too. Immediately she began a careful search through her valise, and seemed somewhat disconcerted to find everything in its place.

During this scene, at which we were not a little amused, an officer who stood by the door had kept his eyes earnestly fixed on a point a little way behind me. I turned round and I shall never forget what I saw. It was a woman dressed in rusty black so thin and threadbare that it seemed only awaiting a gentle wind to go flying about in fragments. Her face had once been extremely beautiful, but it was thin, wrinkled, and pale. Her hair was perfectly white. But that which attracted most attention was the wild and terrible emotion she unconsciously expressed. There was a perceptible silence, and she noticed we were watching her. She gave one bitter, careless glance around her, as if resenting our behavior, then quietly lowered her veil.

By this time we had reached Brooklyn, and I lost sight of her. The evening paper of the next date recalled her to my memory. There was a short notice which ran as follows: "The watch stolen from Mr. B.—— has been recovered. A woman left it at the R.—— St. police station. She refused to tell how it had come into her possession, but claimed she had not stolen it."

This robbery was soon followed by another. A large sum of money was taken from a young woman to whom it had been intrusted by her employer. She suffered a severe shock which resulted in a dangerous illness. About a week later the money was delivered at the police station by the very woman who had brought back the watch. The officer thought it his duty to hold her for examination.

"Her pranks are becoming dangerous," he said. "It would be queer fun if that young woman should die."

They took her before the judge in a crowded court-room. He questioned her respectfully, for there was a simple dignity about her he could not withstand. But when she persistently refused to give her name or tell how she had obtained the stolen articles, "his honor" became annoyed and threatened to punish her for contempt of court.

At this juncture a shabby, shambling

man, whose weak eyes told of recent debauch, left the audience and stood before the bench.

"I stole both the money and the watch. She followed me and took them from the place where I had hidden them."

Then in a lower tone, "She did it to save me. Go home now, mother; 'his honor' will set you free."

But the white head under the shabby bonnet had fallen quite low, and the poor thin hands were clasped as in agony. "For ten sad years I have watched and struggled to avert this. O God, has all my work been vain! Is he disgraced forever!"

A thrill of pity shook the assemblage. The judge turned to the man. "Go," he said, "I suspend your sentence."

The woman lowered her veil, and with name unknown, unbranded, mother and son left the court-room, never to stand there again. They are still living in New York; the man a useful citizen with an infant son, and a gentle wife who loves and respects him. In their comfortable home there is a serene and beautiful old woman, who loves to hold the boy on her knee and forget that she passed through sorrow. When the fond father enters at night and looks upon all his happiness, his eyes rest gratefully on her, remembering who led him to this path of blessedness and saved him from a life of shame and sin.

LOVE'S LAST RESOURCE.

BY MARY NORTON BRADFORD.

A KNOCKING at a quiet heart, there came
A meek eyed pilgrim of a mournful mien:
"'Tis Pity," said the guard, "to harbor whom,
Good sooth, were but humanity, I ween!"

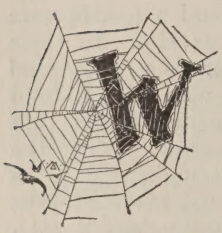
And Peace and Pride, who dwell together there,
Made room for Pity. But th' unbidden guest,
Once safe within the portals, dropped his mask,
And as a lawless tyrant stood confessed.

With fetters Death himself might not undo,
He bound the one who had unbarred the gate,
While all the garden-ground — where bloomed so fair
The flowers of Peace — his train did desolate.

How Peace was poisoned and how Pride was slain,
What profits it to tell? Whoso is wise
Well knows, I wis, nor Pride nor Peace is proof
'Gainst Love who goes in gentle Pity's guise!

EXPERIENCE OF A CATHOLIC LITERARY MAN.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.*



HEN a man reaches the age of forty, he begins to know the meaning of life; and if he has made friends in the line of his own profession, he also begins to feel, too, the loneliness of life; — for the men who encourage us most in the line of work we choose for ourselves are generally those who have succeeded, and were of middle age when we knew them best. Among those who stimulated me to turn what literary knack I had to the pursuit of writing for Catholic young people, very few remain.

It is strange that, in twenty years, one should see so many admirable and interesting people go, as Thackeray says in one of his "Roundabout Papers," into "another room."

There is no doubt that the word "Catholic" has, in the eyes of most non-Catholics, a sectarian sound, and conveys to them the same meaning as "Methodist" or "Baptist" has for us. It is pleasant for us to imagine that it is otherwise. For myself, much intercourse with cultivated Protestants has left me no illusions on this subject; and I must say that our own narrowness in using that most honorable and glorious term has had much to do with this impression.

When a man — I mean a woman as well, for there should be no sex in art or good works — makes up his mind to write for Catholics as he finds them in this country, he must understand that he can never attain the position which he might have if he should write for the general public. He can never reach, except in the eyes of a very few of his co-religionists, the reputation which the same amount of industry and power of expression would give him if he wrote novels or essays so arranged that the general public would not discover that he was writing from a Catholic point of view.

It must be difficult for a man born and bred a Catholic to do this. I have heard men, who amiably despised my ideals and methods of work, and who felt that the only way to success was to suppress all reference to dogma or to the influence of dogma on human lives, say in the friendliest manner that literary work is like any other merchandise — you arrange it for the best market.

This may be a question of taste, a question of temperament, or a question of conviction. A man who writes is not in the position of a mere man of business; he cannot sell his words even as a lawyer can. A book-keeper sells his skill in figures; it involves the sacrifice of no principle. A lawyer sells his art of "becoming intimate with the jury"; he gives up no principle, for usage

*The author has taken this opportunity of answering frankly a number of questions which have been asked him at various times.

and a higher rule than usage permits even the "avvocato del diavolo."

A literary man is in a different position. He must teach, and he always teaches, in spite of himself. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's degrading theory that the writer of what is called literature answers to the "fille de joie" is the outcome of a decay of seriousness, which in France has produced a crowd of male literary prostitutes, and which has substituted for the epic the rondeau and the ballade. Yet it is argued that a man of letters must live by his profession. The necessity is not apparent. There are other occupations of less social considerations, it is true, but more conducive to health. He is not likely to be invited to dinner parties, or asked to give commencement addresses, or gifted with LL. D.'s, if he begin to sell bananas at a corner stand. But the latter, according to the canons of our Faith, is more worthy of respect and conducive to salvation than f he minimized his convictions for two cents a word, and was known as a Catholic in private life and in public life as a writer of delightful but "colorless" articles. The man who prefers to keep his religion judiciously in the background in his literary work is not false or contemptible. He may have excellent reasons for so doing: he may not feel himself impelled to teach; he may be moved chiefly by the æsthetic motives; his wife and children may have something to say in the matter, and he may not — if he be a writer of stories — have had the opportunity of observing, in America, how much Christian dogmas and traditions influence the life around him in crucial moments. It is a question, then, of the point of view.

As the chief value of this paper lies in my point of view, I shall not apologize for the ego. Success means the getting of what a man wants; and I had determined at an early age to write. I wanted money, and circumstances suddenly made me successful, from the money point of view. I wrote love stories. I had pen-names and I was anonymous. I sometimes printed my own name over sweetly pretty things which adorned the weekly papers and magazines of twenty years ago, when they were more sentimental than they are now. It was very delightful to have money at that time, and the first dollar I earned was from Godey's Lady's Book. Then there were the Saturday Night, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Ladies' Friend, in whose pages I found myself in the constant company of Mr. Charles Morris, Mr. Eben E. Rexford, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox-Wilson. These and various other periodicals were as banks to the aspirant; — $5.00 for a poem, and $15.00 for 2,000 words, cash down, on receipt of "copy" seemed happiness itself.

The more popular of these productions — which I looked on in the light of cheques —were a serial called "The Sea of Fire; or, On the Brink of a Precipice" and "That Girl of Mine," a novel which I did not sign. I found life worth living when I saw my name in prospectuses as a popular author.

It occurred to me one day, after I had been to confession to a Redemptorist, that my heroines, who were always as good as they were beautiful, acted merely from natural virtue. They made supernatural sacrifices from the most mundane of motives. They were as impossible, theologically, as Victor Hugo's "Jean Valjean."

Besides having by this time devoured an enormous number of books in English and French, I had been struck by two things: the absence of Catholic characters — American Catholic characters — in fiction and the utter lack of humor and realism in books of fiction written for Catholics. It seemed to me that there could be no sanity without humor; the "pious" story, both in French and English, had always made me laugh at it. The only Catholic author of novels who filled me with respect was Mrs. James Sadlier. I had not then made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dorsey's books. I adored Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, at a respectful distance, was enraptured by Mr. George H. Miles' "Christine," but disliked his religious tales. Earlier I had burned for the conversion of Thackeray, and I had invested my first $3.00, — earned by "copy," from Godey's — in Paulist tracts, sent to various literary idols. They were perhaps chosen with more zeal than discretion; I do not remember that Charles Reade acknowledged his. It became plain that the Redemptorist was right, and that I ought to have been truer to my conscience.

The Catholic Record, of Philadelphia, gave me an opening. Mr. Charles Hardy sent me $35.00 for a short story of Breton life, — of which some of my relatives and friends had given me glimpses, — with an American heroine; it appeared. Mr. Edward Roth, whose "Christus Judex" is a classic, praised it. And after this Mr. Charles Hardy helped me with suggestions. To these the Catholic public is indebted for several of the stories in "The Life Around Us." Mr. Hardy kept an eye on me because, I fancy, he was rather afraid of my "love business."

To be frank, one of the greatest difficulties I have found in writing for Catholic magazines is the "love business." Now a story without love — that love the consummation of which is a sacrament and the symbol of the union between Christ and His Church — is not much of a story. If I remember well, Mr. Hardy would not even let my engaged people impress a chaste salute on each others' brows. In moments of rapture they were permitted to exchange pearl rosaries or something of that sort. I found Father Hecker and Father Hudson more liberal, though I do not know that I have taken advantage of it.

I hope it will be understood that I never wanted to go beyond the bounds of propriety. Father Hecker — God rest his soul! — asked for all the short stories I could write at $3 00 for 500 words. He afterwards made it $5.00 a page, and even waived his objections to the end of "A Tragi-Comedy" on condition that the principal person in "Lilies Among Thorns" should go into the Church.

I have generally found that, with the exception of my dear friends Father Hudson and Father O'Neil, the editor of The Rosary, that clerical editors look on marriage in a story with a suspicion which they endeavor in vain to conceal. However, matters are improving.

It was soon evident to me that by writing many "pot boilers," principally unsigned book reviews, leaders, and syndicate articles on special subjects, that I might be enabled, having secured a fair income, to write a great deal as a Catholic for Catholics. It seemed to me that, in pleasing myself, in following my own bent, I was committing no offence against literary art, and it has always given me great peace of mind to know that nothing that I wrote was against my conscience.

It is foolish to talk of "sacrifices" when a Catholic follows his conscience; the only real terror life can have is the consciousness of doing every day, in one's work, what one ought not to do.

A Catholic who writes for Catholics must learn to be satisfied with a limited reputation. He must learn to accept the patronage of those gentlemen who continually tell him that he would have so much more influence if he wrote in the secular press, and that his "own people" would respect him more. He must, if he studies hard to reach the young, be willing to be looked on as light and frivolous by that other set of gentlemen who turn bad Latin into worse English, and who add their own glosses to St. Thomas and Bellarmine with such complacency.

It is not a hard thing to write 20,000 words on the origin of the tonsure, but it is a very hard thing to write 2,000 which will preach from life without seeming to preach. And a man that writes novels must study much, — as Thackeray puts it, he who makes cakes must live on bread. He will get no credit for it.

As to the money returns, they must always be small. The Catholic press is very generous to Catholic writers. Its notices may sometimes appear inadequate or perfunctory; but one must remember that a Catholic paper is, as a rule, the work of one man, and the careful reading of books sent for review is a weary task for two men. The secular press has no interest in a book written for Catholics exclusively. It does not understand why such a book should be written.

Julian Hawthorne, in one of his brilliant reviews, said of The Catholic World that he did not see why it should exist. This represents a common state of mind. The book reviewer on a daily paper treats a Catholic book — a modern Catholic book — just as he treats a Methodist or Presbyterian book; and one seldom sees a professedly "sectarian" book reviewed with distinguished consideration.

If a Catholic writer could bring his work to the attention of all who would like to become acquainted with it, his earnings might enable him to smoke very good cigars. As it is, he has to bear, not only the unkindness or parsimony of publishers, or the coldness of those who ought to be his friends, but the lack of means of introducing himself to his readers. I am not complaining, — I think I can safely say that I have made more money from my work than any other living Catholic writer in the United States, — and yet there has been no year in my life when I could have lived on the income derived from such work. I have earned more because I have written more, and have thought more of reaching the young rather than of that dignity I might have acquired by a long and careful consideration of the origin of the tonsure or an elaborate réchauffé of reasons why the mitre has its present form.

In answer to many questions from enthusiastic young people who have read my little books, and for whom I shall continue to write as long as they will read, I will say that, if they look for money and a great reputation through their knack of writing, let them not attempt to depict the life of Catholic Americans as a Catholic American knows it. But if they want to please themselves and work with a clear conscience, and also to pamper their pride by doing what they have been told they cannot do, let them secure

some means of living outside the production of Catholic literature — and then follow their bent. To quote dear, old Sir Walter, their outside work will be their "crutch." Then for their own pleasure and perhaps for the consolation of a few others, they may enjoy the luxury of a cane on which they can carve little figures like mine — of Nellie Mulligans, Katharine O'Conors, Eleanor Redwoods, Edward Conways, and Marys and Esthers; — which blessing I wish them all!

HURRYING HOME.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

HURRYING home as the daylight dies,
Goes the weary, toiling throng;
Some, where a joyous welcome lies,
Children's prattle and jocund song;
Others who know but a lonely room,
Cheerless hearth and a tasteless fare:
Hurrying home in the deep'ning gloom,
Some with their joy and some their care.

Hurrying home as the years roll by,
Onward moves the world's great throng;
Some to discover their resting nigh,
Others the way both hard and long;
Some by the beacon of Faith are led
Trustingly over the path they roam;
Some in the gloom of a mystic dread:
All of them, all of them hurrying home.

THE UNDER-DOG SERIES.

No. 4. The Bachelor.

BY NARCISSUS EDWARD SMYTH.

"An' him a blame old bachelor, more confirmeder every day."

A tiny red shoe started this reverie. It dangled from another fellow's pocket in the most aggressive, aggravating manner. Perhaps, before proceeding any further, I should apologize for using such adjectives in referring to anything so tenderly suggestive as a baby's shoe. Every one else smiled indulgently, and a motherly body tucked it back with its mate, receiving a courteous "Thank you, madam," from the owner of the shoe's owner as he took his seat.

He was a heavy, oldish chap, well up to 50, and didn't wear the fatuous grin of a first baby's father, detected in the act of smuggling home infantile wear. I happened to know more about him than did the other passengers.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, the man with the shoe and I hung round the same girl; but while I was mentally deciding if she was quite good enough for me, he said, in his blunt, off-hand manner, "I'm a poor man, Annie, with nothing but a good name to offer to the girl of my choice. Will you take it?" And confound him! she took it. When I wished her happiness, she looked right into my eyes, and said, in her pretty hesitating way, "Thank you, Ned, we were always good friends, weren't we?"

Good friends! Heavens, what a chump I had been not to have established stronger relations! The most fascinating fellow would do well to evince more ardor when there is even an inferior man in the field.

I stammered out something that must have offended her; for drawing herself up proudly, she said with simple dignity, "No woman could ask for greater happiness than being Harry's wife."

Harry was — is — the fellow with the shoes. If anything could console me, it's the fact that he has been carrying them ever since. All kinds of footwear, baby's shoes, dainty ankle-ties, sturdy top-boots, and a month ago his bill included wedding slippers for his eldest girl. I don't know why I should feel sore because I have no red bootee dangling from my pocket, no eldest girl to give away. Such luxuries have kept my rival down in the world; he's poorer to-day than he was when he married; still, the beggar always looks well cared for and happy. Annie was a good helpmate, but the children came so quickly, and were so persistent about living, that doing his best Harry can just keep going, and indulge in a new coat once in five years.

They are absurdly happy, and the children think there is no place in the world like the shabby, ram-shackle old ranch they call home.

It saddens me to see how Annie has come down to that fellow's level. She is positively dowdy, and potters about all day, seemingly satisfied with the society of the little wretches swarming round her; she delights in such trifling surprises as that young Harry's boyish lips are shadowed by an incipient mustache, that Jack won't button into his last winter's reefer, and that baby can call "Papa" almost distinctly enough to be understood.

It's very ridiculous, of course, but some way it gives a single man twinges in the region of the heart just to see that pudgy Harry at the head of his board, with the baby handy enough to

give him a confidential slap of her wet spoon when she wishes to engage his attention. Heigh-ho! there's no one to spatter milk on me.

Annie evidently thrives on watching her lord eat, and answering such appeals as, "More tea, mamma, please." "Another tart, mamma." "Please, mamma, make Bob keep his feet at his own side of the table." "More sugar, Annie, my love." "Please butter another roll, mamma darling." "That's capital cake, mother; please pass it along again."

Nobody cares whether I eat or not. I rise in the morning to a steak that might tempt the soap-grease man, so oleaginous are its surroundings. I prowl around restaurants for a mid-day meal, and partake of dishes fearfully and wonderfully made. I dine with only the glow of the evening lamps to warm my solitary heart. No woman urges me to try this or that, with the clinching argument, "I made it myself, Ned." No little voice adds the grateful testimony, "It's dood, papa." The waiter, a married man, sometimes gives me a pitying smile, and I can almost hear him mutter, "Poor devil," as he flips down a dish before me, and leaves me to analyze its contents.

I send my clothes to the laundry, and receive them back in sections, my best shirt being generally rent in twain, and my collars billeted out in the homes of wealthier men.

Necessity has taught me the use of the needle. Fifteen or 20 years ago girls vied with one another in making such remarks as, "Ned, you dear boy, let me mend that disreputable glove," or, "Ned, you're going to lose a button; I'll make it fast in a second." To-day no one offers to relieve me of such trifling tasks. With closed curtains and locked doors I exercise the art myself, sitting up in bed to make the necessary repairs. Odd little puckers and twists sneak into my darns, and subject me to the commiseration of the woman who tidies my room.

"Serves him right, the omadhaun; it's married he ought to be!" was her unfeeling comment as she vainly endeavored to restore a pair of gnarled socks to their normal shape. And yet I have been good to that woman, and on more than one occasion have paid the fine to keep her husband out of prison. Still she evidently regards the drunken sot as a nobler man than I.

I have failed in my duty to her sex, and she condemns me accordingly. I have lived a strictly upright, moral life, yet in the community I am regarded as a more useless man than that scamp, Hedley, who gets drunk seven days out of the week, and chases his wife home to her own people once a month on an average. The fact that he asked a woman to share his misery condones his vicious habits. All the good people take hold of him when he sobers up for a breathing spell, his wife dutifully returns to him, and he is petted and patted on the back, instead of being soused up to his neck in ice water. God help the old bachelor who makes a practice of getting drunk, or even tipples mildly! The eye of the whole community is on him.

Even in church he is not received on the same footing as his married brethren. I ought to know. One Sunday, lately, I virtuously wended my way there, and was interested beyond my wildest expectations. The sermon was on man's duty to his fellow-man, the preacher using the word in its widest sense, and improving the occasion to bitterly denounce delinquents of my stamp. He had no hesitation in declaring that the man "who hadn't pride enough to get hisself a wife" had no place in this world, and he unctuously expressed his doubt of a possible use for such a nondescript in the other. He went on to prove that the great army of tramps, convicts, and highwaymen was recruited from the unmarried ranks, and fervently gave utterance to the pious wish that in the near future old bachelors would be classed with other incorrigible criminal and punished as such.

Distraught and saddened, I crept out into the sunshine, and, chancing to meet

a girl who (I think) loved me in the long ago I did her the honor to offer my hand. She refused me, and boasted afterward that I might be the crooked stick at the end of her lane, but it was worth upsetting the old saw to have the pleasure of refusing such a conglomeration of conceit.

I refused, and with scorn!

I am not soliciting pity for my forlorn condition; I plead no extenuating circumstances, no dependent mother, no helpless sisters to support. I started in life handicapped only by an undue burden of self-esteem. The conclusion has taught me that the premises of my life's problem were false. I thought that no girl born, or yet to be born, was quite good enough for me; I now humbly admit that any kind of a worthy girl would have been quite beyond my deserts. I honestly intended to marry. I deemed it my duty to found a home, to perpetuate, not only my name, but also the many graces of person, the extraordinary mental gifts, and the high moral attributes I happily possessed. The only difficulty lay in the matter of choice.

At that time I had ten or twelve deserving young women under consideration; I may say without vanity that the favored one would have been ecstatically happy with me, but each one failed in some respect to satisfy my fastidious taste, or became impatient over my commendable delay. One was a society belle, but devoid of the domestic arts so necessary to my comfort; another charming maid lacked a classic contour; another was skilled in household science, but was given to having and holding opinions of her own.

Now, while willing to recognize a wife's right to formulate thoughts on her husband's interests, I shall always contend that they should conform strictly to his views, never verging on anything like opposition. This particular girl seemed to revel in being contrary; she said that intellect grew on contention or became stultified in an atmosphere of mutual acquiescence. I didn't yearn for a life of warfare, so I cut her out of her twelfth share in my heart, and bestowed it on a more promising object, a bewitching young woman of little or no intellectual calibre, but caressing and deferential in manner. She brought me to my knees, literally speaking, and when she had me there confessed, with tears, that she "liked Jack twice as well." Jack was a clown, but I couldn't make her see it, and when I tried she showed nearly as much temper as the contentious girl.

I rallied from the shock, picked up myself and my wounded pride, and was thinking of offering both to Annie, when there, too, the other fellow asked first.

One by one my girls went to the altar with other fellows, commonplace chaps, and I can't say yet whether their desertion or their deplorable lack of taste pained me most. They can't be happy with such men, but have the hardihood to appear joyous.

As the years went by, an invisible change seemed to have altered my status in society. I was no longer the soul of every assembly. Younger men, with the insolence of youth, usurped my privileges. Every Thanksgiving brought me fewer invitations to dinner, every Christmas fewer presents, every New Year sadder memories and humbler resolutions. I still intended to marry, and became less exacting in my requirements. Other girls grew up, but differed from those of the older set. Inequality of age apparently awed them into a respect not agreeable to a man clinging feverishly to youth.

I didn't appreciate their demure "sir," or the assurance that talking to me was almost as good as "telling papa." I never realized the passage of time till a silly young matron asked her boy, "Who is the gentleman, Dickey?" and the little wretch squeaked out "Grand-papa."

Of course everybody laughed, and I managed to galvanize my features into a mirthless grin. I should have enjoyed twisting the little imp's neck. That night I lingered long before the glass, and was honest enough to admit to the man in the mirror, "Ned, my boy,

you're no gosling," and the echo lurking in the dreary corners of my bachelor barrack gave back a mocking "No gosling," till I felt like flinging a bootjack at my mirrored self.

The desire to marry became stronger, and I became abjectly humble in my expectations. From wondering which girl I should honor with my attentions, I have come to the more perplexing problem, if in the wide world there exists a girl willing to marry me. I admit that I am at a time of life when comfort is the primary consideration; and any sensible woman who would guarantee to take care of me, give me three square meals a day, stay in evenings, and put up with my little tiffs of temper would have no difficulty in settling matters with me. I'm not half a bad-looking fellow even yet, and only for my bald pate would be almost boyish in appearance.

I have been forced to this step by recent events showing up sharply the comforts of married life. When Harry had the grip, Annie found it out before he had his overcoat off, and what a fuss she made over the fellow! She put him to bed like the baby, with hot-water bottles, warm blankets, and all sorts of soothing possets. When I had it, I hung over the lodging-house heater till an ominous "You have a cold" from my landlady intimated that streaming eyes and incessant sneezing were "extras" when in evidence in the parlor.

I stumbled up to the third-story refrigerator I called my room, and plunged into a bed with a temperature below zero. I wanted to die, but my splendid physique and the hired girl pulled me through, and I live to relate my misery. It's always the fellow who hasn't any one to cry over him who does get round. Bah! who wants a woman snivelling over his corpse and calculating on his life insurance! Take that back, Ned, my boy; the girls you knew don't deserve it from you; a good woman's tears would warm even a bachelor's bier.

Can it be that I am getting bitter? or was my anger roused by the chance remark wafted to me, "Poor old fellow! he's breaking up; pity he hasn't a wife."

Society no longer entices me, and yet I dread the lonely evenings with shadows that only a woman's presence can brighten, with haunting memories that can be soothed to rest by nothing saving woman's love. My den is haunted by phantoms: a wife that never existed, children that never were born, a cheery, fatherly man, with chubby hands tugging at his beard, velvety cheeks pressing his own, little voices lisping a name he never will hear. Bah! that infernal — I mean innocent — shoe has given me a fit of the blues. My den, like my heart, is empty. This rot I have put upon paper is only the yap of the dreariest kind of an under dog, a deserted, attenuated, gray old bachelor.

THE LOS AMIGOS FIASCO.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

HY should I, John Murphy Stonehouse, a journalist with debts and ambitions, be silent upon a subject on which the public is interested, and editors pay? It is true that I made some sort of promise to Joseph McConnor, Joshua Westmacott, and Louis Kempel, the Electrocution Committee of the city of Los Amigos. I made it readily enough, for it is wearisome to argue with high-spirited and quick-shooting citizens when they reason with you with their hands under the tails of their coats. But now that the breadth of the Rockies lies between that misguided committee and me, I can very clearly see that private considerations must give way to public claims, that the individual must sacrifice himself to the nation, and that, in a word, there is nothing to prevent me from accepting the very handsome terms which have been offered me to tell the true facts about Duncan Warner and the electrocution. This was how it happened.

Of course, every one has heard of the great electrical generating gear at Los Amigos. The town is widespread, and there are dozens of little townlets and villages all round which receive their supply from the same centre, so that the works are on a very large scale. The Los Amigos folk say that they are the largest upon earth, but then they claim that for everything in Los Amigos except the gaol and the death-rate. Those are said to be the smallest.

Now with so fine an electrical supply it seemed to be a sinful waste of hemp that the Los Amigos criminals should perish in the old-fashioned manner. And then came the news of the electrocutions in the East, and how the results had not after all been so instantaneous as had been hoped. The Western engineers raised their eyebrows when they read of the puny shocks by which these men had perished, and they vowed in Los Amigos that when an irreclaimable came their way he should be dealt handsomely by, and have the run of all the big dynamos. There should be no reserve, said the engineers, but he should have all that they had got. And what the result of that would be none could predict, save that it must be absolutely blasting and deadly. Never before had a man been so charged with electricity as they would charge him. He was to be smitten by the essence of ten thunderbolts. Some prophesied combustion, and some disintegration and disappearance. They were waiting eagerly to settle the question by actual demonstration, and it was at that moment that Duncan Warner came this way.

Warner had been wanted by the law, and by nobody else, for many years. Desperado, murderer, train robber, and road agent, he was a man beyond the pale of human pity. He had deserved a dozen deaths, and the Los Amigos folk grudged

him so gaudy a one as that. He seemed to feel himself to be unworthy of it, for he made two frenzied attempts at escape. He was a powerful, muscular man with a lion head, tangled black locks, and a sweeping beard which covered his broad chest. When he was tried, there was no finer head in all the crowded court. It's no new thing to find the best face looking from the dock. But his good looks could not balance his bad deeds. His advocate did all he knew, but the cards lay against him, and Duncan Warner was handed over to the mercy of the big Los Amigos dynamos.

I was there at the committee meeting when the matter was discussed. The town council had chosen four experts to look after the arrangements. Three of them were admirable. There was Joseph McConnor, the very man who had designed the dynamos, and there was Joshua Westmacott, the chairman of the Los Amigos Electrical Supply Company, Limited. Then there was Louis Kempel, who was the engineer of the works, and lastly an old German of the name of Peter Stulpnagel. The Germans were a strong body at Los Amigos, and they all voted for their man. That was how he got on the committee. It was said that he had been a wonderful electrician at home, and he was eternally working with wires and insulators and Leyden jars; but as he never seemed to get any further, or to have any results worth publishing, he came at last to be regarded as a harmless crank who had made science his hobby. The three practical men smiled when they heard that he had been elected as their colleague, and at the meeting they fixed it all up very nicely among themselves without much thought of the old fellow who sat with his ears scooped forward in his hands, for he was a trifle hard of hearing, taking no more part in the proceedings than we gentlemen of the press who scribbled our notes on the back benches.

They did not take long to settle it all. In New York a strength of some 2,000 volts had been used, and death had not been instantaneous. Evidently their shock had been too weak. Los Amigos should not fall into that error. The charge should be six times greater, and therefore, of course, it would be six times more effective. Nothing could possibly be more logical. The whole concentrated force of the great dynamos should be employed on Duncan Warner.

So the three settled it, and had already risen to break up the meeting, when their silent companion opened his mouth for the first time.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you appear to me to show an extraordinary ignorance upon the subject of electricity. You have not mastered the first principles of its action upon a human being."

Two of the committee were about to break into an angry reply to this brusque comment, but the chairman of the Electrical Company tapped his forehead to claim their indulgence for the crankiness of the speaker.

"Pray tell us, sir," said he, with an ironical smile, "what is there in our conclusions with which you find fault?"

"With your assumption that a large dose of electricity will merely increase the effect of a small dose. Do you not think it possible that it might have an entirely different result? Do you know anything, by actual experiment, of the effect of such powerful shocks?"

"We know it by analogy," said

the chairman pompously. "All drugs increase their effect when they increase their dose; for example — for example" —

"Whiskey," said Joseph McConnor.

"Quite so. Whiskey. You see it there."

Peter Stulpnagel smiled and shook his head.

"Your argument is not very good," said he. "When I used to take whiskey, I used to find that one glass would excite me, but that six would send me to sleep, which is just the opposite. Now suppose that electricity were to act in just the opposite way also, what then?"

The three practical men burst out laughing. They had known that their colleague was queer, but they never had thought that he would be as queer as this.

"What then?" repeated Peter Stulpnagel.

"We'll take our chances," said the chairman.

"Pray consider," said Peter, "that workmen who have touched the wires, and who have received shocks of only a few hundred volts, have died instantly. The fact is well known. And yet when a much greater force was used upon a criminal at New York, the man struggled for some little time. Do you not clearly see that the smaller dose is the more deadly?"

"I think, gentlemen, that this discussion has been carried on quite long enough," said the chairman, rising again. "The point, I take it, has already been decided by a majority of the committee, and Duncan Warner shall be electrocuted on Tuesday by the full strength of the Los Amigos dynamos. Is it not so?"

"I agree," said Joseph McConnor.

"I agree," said Louis Kempel.

"And I protest," said Peter Stulpnagel.

"Then the motion is carried, and your protest will be duly entered in the minutes," said the chairman, and so the sitting was dissolved.

The attendance at the electrocution was a very small one. The four members of the committee were, of course, present with the executioner, who was to act under their orders. The others were the United States marshal, the governor of the gaol, the surgeon, the chaplain, and three members of the press, including myself. The room was a small brick chamber, forming an outhouse to the Central Electrical station. It had been used as a laundry, and had an oven and copper at one side, but no other furniture save a single chair for the condemned man. A metal plate for his feet was placed in front of it, to which ran a thick insulated wire. Above, another wire depended from the ceiling, which could be connected with a small metal metallic rod projecting from a cap which was to be placed upon his head. When this connection was established Duncan Warner's hour was come.

There was a solemn hush as the little knot of men waited for the coming of the prisoner. The three practical engineers looked a little pale, and fidgeted nervously with the wires. Even the hardened marshal was ill at ease, for a mere hanging was one thing, and this blasting of flesh and blood a different one. As to us pressmen our faces were whiter than the sheets which lay before us. The only man who appeared to feel none of the influence of these preparations was the little German crank, who strolled from one to the other with a smile on his lips and mischief in his eyes. More than

once he even went so far as to burst into a shout of laughter, until the chaplain sternly rebuked him for his ill-timed levity.

"How can you so far forget yourself, Mr. Stulpnagel," said he, "as to jest in the presence of death?"

But the German was quite unabashed. "If I were in the presence of death I should not jest," said he; "but since I am not I may do what I choose."

This flippant reply was about to draw another and sterner reproof from the chaplain, when the door was swung open and two warders entered leading Duncan Warner between them. He glanced round him with a set face, stepped resolutely forward, and seated himself upon the chair.

"Touch her off!" said he.

It was barbarous to keep him in suspense. The chaplain murmured a few words in his ear, the attendant placed the cap upon his head, and then, while we all held our breath, the wire and the metal were brought in contact.

"Great Scott!" shouted Duncan Warner.

He had bounded in his chair as the frightful shock crashed through his system. But he was not dead. On the contrary, his eyes gleamed far more brightly than they had done before. There was only one change, but it was a singular one. The black had passed from his hair and beard as the shadow passes from a landscape. They were both as white as snow. And yet there was no other sign of decay. His skin was smooth and plump and lustrous as a child's.

The marshal looked at the committee with a reproachful eye.

"There seems to be some hitch here, gentlemen," said he.

The three practical men looked at each other. Peter Stulpnagel smiled pensively.

"I think that another one should do it," said the chairman.

Again the connection was made, and again Duncan Warner sprang in his chair and shouted; but, indeed, were it not that he still remained in the chair, none of us would have recognized him. His hair and his beard had shredded off in an instant, and the room looked like a barber's shop on a Saturday night. There he sat, his eyes still shining, his skin radiant with the glow of perfect health, but with a scalp as bald as a Dutch cheese, and a chin without so much as a trace of down. He began to revolve one of his arms, slowly and doubtfully at first, but with more confidence as he went on.

"That jint," said he, "has puzzled half the doctors on the Pacific Slope. It's as good as new, and as limber as a hickory twig."

"You are feeling pretty well?" asked the old German.

"Never better in my life," said Duncan Warner cheerily.

The situation was a painful one. The marshal glared at the committee. Peter Stulpnagel grinned and rubbed his hands. The three engineers scratched their heads. The bald-headed prisoner revolved his arm and looked pleased.

"I think that one more shock" — began the chairman.

"No, sir," said the marshal; "we've had foolery enough for one morning. We are here for an execution, and an execution we'll have."

"What do you propose?"

"There's a hook handy upon the ceiling. Fetch in a rope, and we'l soon set this matter straight."

There was another awkward delay while the warders departed for the cord. Peter Stulpnagel bent over

Duncan Warner, and whispered something in his ear. The desperado started in surprise.

"You don't say?" he asked.

The German nodded.

"What! No ways?"

Peter shook his head, and the two began to laugh as though they shared some huge joke between them.

The rope was brought, and the marshal himself slipped the noose over the criminal's neck. Then the two warders, the assistant, and he swung their victim into the air. For half an hour he hung — a dreadful sight — from the ceiling. Then in solemn silence they lowered him down, and one of the warders went out to order the shell to be brought round. But as he touched ground again, what was our amazement when Duncan Warner put his hands up to his neck, loosened the noose, and took a long, deep breath.

"Paul Jefferson's sale is goin' well," he remarked. "I could see the crowd from up yonder," and he nodded at the hook in the ceiling.

"Up with him again!" shouted the marshal. "We'll get the life out of him somehow."

In an instant the victim was up at the hook once more.

They kept him there for an hour, but when he came down he was perfectly garrulous.

"Old man Plunket goes too much to the Arcady Saloon," said he. "Three times he's been there in an hour; and him with a family. Old man Plunket would do well to swear off."

It was monstrous and incredible, but there it was. There was no getting round it. The man was there talking when he ought to have been dead. We all sat staring in amazement, but United States Marshal Carpenter was not a man to be euchred so easily. He motioned the others to one side, so that the prisoner was left standing alone.

"Duncan Warner," said he slowly, "you are here to play your part, and I am here to play mine. Your game is to live if you can, and my game is to carry out the sentence of the law. You've beat us on electricity. I'll give you one there. And you've beat us on hanging, for you seem to thrive on it. But it's my turn to beat you now, for my duty has to done."

He pulled a six-shooter from his coat as he spoke, and fired all the shots through the body of the prisoner. The room was so filled with smoke that we could see nothing; but when it cleared the prisoner was still standing there, looking down in disgust at the front of his coat.

"Coats must be cheap where you come from," said he. "Thirty dollars it cost me, and look at it now. The six holes in front are bad enough, but four of the balls have passed out, and a pretty state the back must be in. By thunder I'll make this city of Los Amigos find me a new frock coat."

The marshal's revolver fell from his hand, and he dropped his arms to his sides, a beaten man.

"Maybe some of you gentlemen can tell me what this means," said he, looking helplessly at the committee.

Peter Stulpnagel took a step forward. "I'll tell you all about it," said he.

"You seem to be the only person who knows anything."

"I am the only person who knows anything. I should have warned these gentleman; but as they would not listen to me, I have allowed them to learn by experience. What you

have done with your electricity is that you have increased this man's vitality until he can defy death for centuries."

"Centuries!"

"Yes, it will take the wear of hundreds of years to exhaust the enormous nervous energy with which you have drenched him. Electricity is life, and you have charged him with it to the utmost. Perhaps in fifty years you might execute him, but I am not sanguine about it."

"Great Scott! What shall I do with him?" cried the unhappy marshal.

Peter Stulpnagel shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems to me that it does not much matter what you do with him now," said he.

"Maybe we could drain the electricity out of him again. Suppose we hang him up by the heels?"

"No, no, it's out of the question."

"Well, well, he shall do no more mischief in Los Amigos, anyhow," said the marshal with decision. "He shall go into the new gaol. The prison will wear him out."

"On the contrary," said Peter Stulpnagel, "I think that it is much more probable that he will wear out the prison."

And this was the fiasco which the committee took so much trouble to conceal, as if the American press were to be bribed or terrorized. That is the very truth, just as I saw it myself, and there is no use for any of that committee coming eastward to interview me, as I have drawn my cheque, and my address will be Europe for the best part of the coming year.

O THOUGHTLESS HEART.

WHEN softly snowflakes kiss the ground,
The careless ear heeds not the sound;
But ears attuned to Nature's voice
Hear all the waiting earth rejoice.

The violet sleeping in the nook,
The cowslip dreaming by the brook,
Smile at the warmth of snowflakes white,
And, trusting, sleep through Nature's night.

O thoughtless heart, unhearing ear!
Attune thy soul to God, and hear
The voice of waiting flower or vine,
And make their faith and patience thine.

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER.

BY "Q."

EARLY last fall there died in Troy an old man and his wife. The woman went first, and the husband took a chill at her grave's edge, when he stood bareheaded in a lashing shower. The loose earth crumbled under his feet, trickling over, and dropped on her coffin lid.

Through two long nights he lay on his bed without sleeping, and listened to this sound. At first it ran in his ears perpetually, but afterwards he heard it at intervals only, in the pauses of acute suffering. On the seventh day he died of pleuro-pneumonia; and on the tenth (a Sunday) they buried him. For just fifty years the dead man had been minister of the Independent chapel on the hill, and had laid down his pastorate two years before, on his golden wedding day. Consequently there was a funeral sermon, and the young man, his successor, chose 2 Samuel, i. 23 for his text: "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Himself a newly married man, he waxed dithyrambic on the sustained affection and accord of the departed couple. "Truly," he wound up, "such marriages as theirs were made in heaven." And could they have heard, the two bodies in the cemetery had not denied it; but the woman, after the fashion of women, would have qualified the young minster's assertion in her secret heart.

When, at the close of the year 1839, Reverend Samuel Bax visited Troy for the first time, to preach his trial sermon at Salem chapel, he arrived by Bontigo's van, late on a Saturday night, and departed again for Plymouth at seven o'clock on Monday morning. He had just turned twenty-one, and looked

younger, and the zeal of his calling was strong upon him. Moreover, he was shaken with nervous anxiety for the success of his sermon; so that it is no marvel if he carried away but blurred and misty impressions of the little port, and the congregation that sat beneath him that morning, ostensibly reverent, but act-

ually on the lookout for heresy or any sign of weakness. Their impressions, at any rate, were sharp enough. They counted his thumps upon the desk, noted his one reference to "the original Greek," saw and remembered the flush of his young face and the glow in his eye as he hammered the doctrine of the redemption out of original sin. The deacons fixed the subject of these trial sermons, and had chosen original sin, on the ground that a good beginning was half the battle. The maids in the congregation knew beforehand that he was unmarried, and came out of the chapel knowing also that his eyes were brown, that his hair had a reddish tinge in certain lights, that one of his cuffs was frayed slightly, but his black coat had scarcely been worn a dozen times, with other trifles. They loitered by the chapel door until he came out, in company with Deacon Snowden, who was conveying him off to dinner. The deacon, on week days, was harbor-master of the port, and on Sundays afforded himself roasted duck for dinner. Lizzie Snowden walked at her father's right hand. She was a slightly bloodless blonde, tall, with a pretty complexion, and hair upon which it was rumored she could sit if she were so minded. The girls watched the young preacher and his entertainers as they moved down the hill, the deacon talking, and his daughter turning her head aside as if it were merely in the section of the world situated on her right hand that she took the least interest.

"That's to show 'en the big plait," commented one of the group behind. "He can't turn his head hes way, but it stares 'en in the face."

"An' her features look best from the left side, as everybody knows."

"I reckon if he's chosen minister, that Lizzie'll have 'en," said a tall, lanky girl. She was apprenticed to a dressmaker and engaged to a young tinsmith. Having laid aside ambition on her own account, she flung in this remark as an apple of discord.

"Tenifer Hosken has a chance. He's fair-skinned hissel', and Lizzie's too near his own color. Black's mate is white, as they say."

"There's Sue Tregraine. She'll have more money than either when her father dies."

"What, marry one o' Ruan!" the speaker tittered despitefully.

"Why not?"

The only answer was a shrug. Ruan is a small town that faces Troy across the diminutive harbor, or, perhaps, I should say that Troy looks down upon it at this slight distance. When a Trojan speaks of it he says "Across the water," with as much implied contempt as though he meant Botany Bay. There is no cogent reason for this, except that the poorer class at Ruan earns its livelihood by fishing. In the eyes of its neighbors the shadow of this lonely calling is cast upwards upon its wealthier inhabitants. Troy depends on commerce, and employs these wealthier men of Ruan to build ships for it. Farther, it will hardly condescend. In the days of which I write, intermarriage between the towns was almost unheard of, and even now it is rare. Yet they are connected by a penny ferry.

"Her father's a shipbuilder," urged Sue Tregraine's supporter.

"He might so well keep crab pots, for all the chance she'll have."

Now there was a Ruan girl standing just outside this group, and she heard what was said. Her name was Nance Trewartha, and her father was a fisherman, who did, in fact, keep crab-pots. Moreover, she was

his only child, and helped him at his trade. She could handle a boat as well as a man, she knew every sea-mark up and down the coast for forty miles, she could cut up bait, and her hands were horny with handling ropes from her childhood. But on Sundays she wore gloves, and came across the ferry to chapel, and was as wise as any of her sex. She had known before coming out of her pew that the young minister had a well-shaped back to his head, and a gold ring on his little finger with somebody's hair in the collet, under a crystal. She was dark, straight, and lissome of figure, with ripe lips and eyes as black as sloes, and she hoped that the hair in the minister's ring was his mother's. She was well aware of her social inferiority; but — the truth may be told — she chose to forget it that morning, and to wonder what this young man would be like as a husband. She had looked up into his face during sermon-time, devouring his boyish features, noticing his refined accent, marking every gesture. Certainly, he was comely and desirable. As he walked down the hill by Deacon Snowden's side, she was perfectly conscious of the longing in her heart, but prepared to put a stop to it, and go home to dinner as soon as he had turned the corner and passed out of sight. Then came that unhappy remark about the crab-pots. She bit her lip for a moment, turned, and walked slowly off towards the ferry, full of thought.

Three weeks later Reverend Samuel Bax received his call.

He arrived to assume his duties in the waning light of a soft January day. Bontigo's van set him down, with a carpet-bag, bandbox, and chest of books, at the door of the lodgings which Deacon Snowden had taken for him. The house stood in the North street, as it is called. It was a small, yellow-washed building,

containing just half a dozen rooms, and of these the two set apart for the minister looked straight upon the harbor. Under his sitting-room window was a little garden, and at the end of the garden a low wall, with a stretch of water beyond it and a bark that lay at anchor but a stone's throw away, as it seemed, its masts overtopping the misty hillside that closed the view. A green painted door was let into the garden wall — a door with two flaps, the upper of which stood open; and through this opening he caught another glimpse of gray water.

The landlady, who showed him into this room and at once began to explain that the furniture was better than it looked, was hardly prepared

for the rapture with which he stared out of the window. His boyhood had been spent in a sooty Lancashire town, and to him the green garden, the quay door, the bark, and the stilly water seemed to fall little short of Paradise.

"I reckoned you'd like it," she said. "An' to be sure, 'tis a blessing you do."

He turned his stare upon her for a moment. She was a benign-looking woman of about fifty, in a short-skirted gray gown and widow's cap.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because, leavin' out the kitchen, there's but four rooms, two for you an' two for me; two facin' the harbor, an' two facin' the street. Now, if you'd took a dislike to this lookout I must ha' put you over the street an' moved in here mysel'. I do like the street, too, there's so much more doin'."

"I think this arrangement will be better in every way," said the young minister.

"I'm main glad. Iss, there's no denyin' that I'm main glad. From upstairs you can see right down the harbor, which is prettier again. Would'ee like to see it now? O' course you would — an' it'll be so much handier for answerin' the door, too. There's a back door at the end o' the passage. You've only to slip a bolt an' you'm out in the garden — out to your boat, if you choose to keep one. But the garden's a tidy little spot to walk up an' down in an' make up your sermons, wi' nobody to overlook you but the folk next door, an' they'm churchgoers."

After supper that evening the young minister unpacked his books and was about to arrange them, but drifted to the window instead. He paused for a minute or two, with his face close to the pane, and then flung up the sash. A faint north wind breathed down the harbor, scarcely ruffling the water. Around and above him the frosty sky flashed with innumerable stars, and behind the bark's masts, behind the long chine of the eastern hill, a soft radiance heralded the rising moon.

It was the new moon, and while he

waited, her thin horn pushed up, as it were, through the furze brake on the hill's summit, and she mounted into the free heaven. With upturned eyes the young minister followed her course for twenty minutes, not consciously observant, for he was thinking over his ambitions, and at his time of life these are apt to soar with the moon. Though possessed with zeal for good work in this small seaside town, he intended that Troy should be but a stepping-stone in his journey. He meant to go far. And while he meditated his future, forgetting the chill in the night air, it was being decided for him by a stronger will than his own. More than this, that will had already passed into action. His destiny was actually launched on the full spring tide that sucked the crevices of the gray wall at the garden's end.

A slight sound drew the minister's gaze down from the moon to the quay door. Its upper flap still stood open, allowing a square of moonlight to pierce the straight black shadow of the garden wall.

In this square of moonlight were now framed the head and shoulders of a human being.

The young man felt a slight chill run down his spine. He leaned forward out of the window and challenged the apparition, bating his tone, as all people bate it at that hour.

"Who are you?" he demanded, "and what is your business here?"

There was no reply for a moment, though he felt sure his voice must have carried to the quay door. The figure paused for a second or two, then unbarred the lower flap of the door, and advanced across the wall's shadow to the centre of the bright grassplot under the window. It was the figure of a young woman. Her head was bare and her sleeves turned up to the elbows. She wore no cloak or wrap, to cover her from the night air, and her short-skirted, coarse frock was open at the neck. As she turned up her face to the window, the minister could see by the moon's rays that it was well favored.

"Be you the new preacher?" she asked, resting a hand on her hip and speaking softly up to him.

"I am the new Independent minister."

"Then I've come for you."

"Come for me?"

"Iss; my name's Nance Trewartha, an' you 'en wanted across the water, quick as possible. Old Mrs. Slade's a-dyin' to-night, over yonder."

"She wants me?"

"She's one o' your congregation, an' can't die easy till you've seen her. I reckon she's got something 'pon her mind; an' I was to fetch you over quick as I could."

As she spoke the church clock down in the town chimed out the hour, and immediately after, ten strokes sounded on the clear air.

The minister consulted his own watch, and seemed to be considering.

"Very well," said he, after a pause. "I'll come. I suppose I must cross by the ferry."

"Ferry's closed this two hours, an' you needn't wake up any in the house. I've brought father's boat to the ladder below, an' I'll bring you back again. You've only to step out here by the back door. An' wrap yourself up, for 'tis a brave distance."

"Very well. I suppose it's really serious."

"Mortal. I'm glad you'll come," she added simply.

The young man nodded down in a friendly manner, and, going back into the room, slipped on his overcoat, picked up his hat, and turned the

lamp down carefully. Then he struck a match, found his way to the back door, and unbarred it. The girl was waiting for him still in the centre of the grassplot.

"I'm glad you've come," she repeated, but this time there was something like constraint in her voice. As he pulled to the door softly, she moved and led the way down to the water-side.

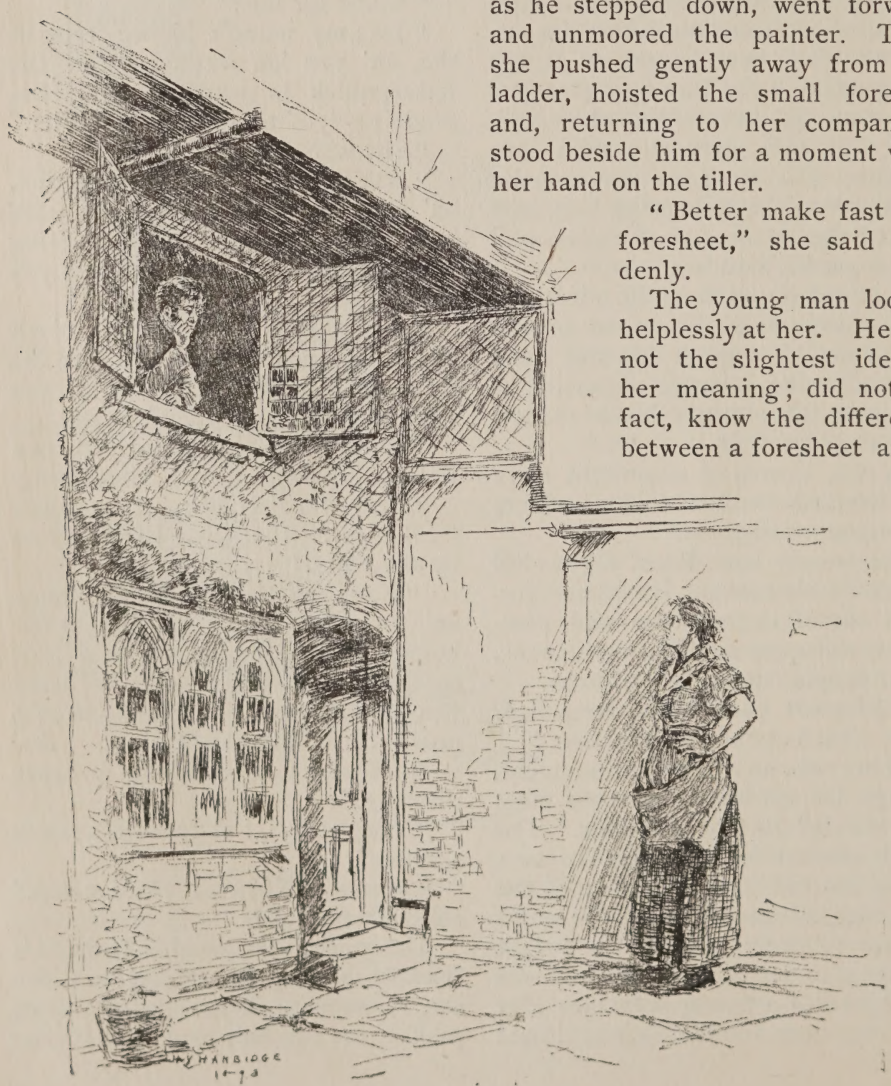
From the quay door a long ladder ran down to the water. At low water one had to descend twenty feet and more; but now the high tide left but three of its rungs uncovered. At the young minister's feet a small fishing-boat lay ready, moored by a short painter to the ladder. The girl stepped lightly down and held up her hand.

"Thank you," said the young man, with dignity, "but I do not want help."

She made no answer to this, but, as he stepped down, went forward and unmoored the painter. Then she pushed gently away from the ladder, hoisted the small foresail, and, returning to her companion, stood beside him for a moment with her hand on the tiller.

"Better make fast the foresheet," she said suddenly.

The young man looked helplessly at her. He had not the slightest idea of her meaning; did not, in fact, know the difference between a foresheet and a



mainsail. And it was just to find out the depth of his ignorance that she had spoken.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll do it myself."

She made the rope fast and took hold of the tiller again. The sails shook, and filled softly as they glided out from under the wall. The soft breeze blew straight behind them, the tide was just beginning to ebb. She slackened the mainsheet a little, and the water hissed as they spun down under the gray town towards the harbor's mouth.

A dozen vessels lay at anchor below the town quay, their lamps showing a strange orange yellow in the moonlight; between them the minister saw the cottages of Ruan glimmering on the eastern shore, and above them the coastguard station, with its flagstaff, a clear white upon the black hillside. It seemed to him that they were not shaping their course for the little town.

"I thought you told me," he said at length, "that Mrs.—the dying woman—lived across there."

The girl shook her head. "Not in Ruan itsel'—Ruan parish. We'll have to go round the point."

She was leaning back and gazing straight before her, towards the harbor's mouth. The boat was one of the class that serves along that coast for hook and line as well as drift-net fishing, clinker built, about twenty-seven feet in the keel and nine in the beam. It had no deck beyond a small cuddy forward, on top of which a light hoar-frost was gathering as they moved. The minister stood beside the girl, and withdrew his eyes from this cuddy roof to contemplate her.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you don't take cold wearing no wrap or bonnet on frosty nights like this?"

She let the tiller go for a moment, took his hand by the wrist, and laid

it on her own bare arm. He felt the flesh, but it was firm and warm. Then he withdrew his hand hastily, without finding anything to say. His eyes avoided hers. When, after half a minute, he looked at her again, her gaze was fixed straight ahead upon the misty stretch of sea beyond the harbor's mouth,

In a minute or two they were sweeping between the tall cliff and the reef of rocks that guard this entrance on either side. On the reef stood a wooden cross, painted white, warning vessels to give it a wide berth; on the cliff a gray castle, with a battery before it, under the guns of which they spun seaward, still with the wind astern.

Outside, the sea lay as smooth as within the harbor. The wind blew steadily off the shore, so that, close

hauled, one might fetch up or down channel with equal ease. The girl began to flatten the sails, and asked her companion to bear a hand. Their hands met over a rope, and the man noted with surprise that the girl's was feverishly hot. Then she brought the boat's nose round to the eastward, and, heeling gently over the dark water, they began to skirt the misty coast, with the breeze on their left cheeks.

"How much farther?" asked the minister.

She nodded towards the first point in the direction of Plymouth. He turned his coat collar up about his ears, and wondered if his duty would often take him on such journeys as this. Also he felt thankful that the sea was smooth. He might, or might not, be given to seasickness; but somehow he was sincerely glad that he had not to be put to the test for the first time in this girl's presence.

They passed the small headland, and still the boat held on its way.

"I had no idea you were going to take me this distance. Didn't you tell me the house lay beyond the point we've just passed?"

To his amazement the girl drew herself up, looked him straight in the face, and said:—

"There's no such place."

"What?"

"There's no such place. There's nobody ill at all. I told you a lie."

"You told me a lie — then why, in the name of common sense, am I here?"

"Because, young minister — because, sir, I'm sick o' love for you, an' I want 'ee to marry me."

"Great heaven!" the young minister muttered, recoiling. "Is the girl mad?"

"Ah, but look at me, sir." She seemed to grow still taller as she stood there, resting one hand on the tiller and looking at him with perfectly serious eyes. "Look at me well before your fancy lights 'pon some other o' the girls. To-morrow they'll be all after 'ee, an' this'll be my only chance; for my father's no better'n a plain fisherman, an' they're all above me in monye an' rank. I be but a common Ruan girl, an' my family is counted for naught. But look at me well; there's none stronger nor comelier, nor that'll love thee so dear!"

The young man positively gasped. "Set me ashore at once!" he commanded, stamping his foot.

"Nay, that I will not till thou promise, an' that's flat. Dear lad, listen — an' consent, consent — an' I swear to thee thou'll never be sorry for't."

"I never heard such awful impropriety in my life. Turn back! I order you to steer back to the harbor at once!"

She shook her head. "No, lad, I won't. An' what's more, you don't know how to handle a boat, an' couldn't get back by yoursel', not in a month."

"This is stark madness. You — you abandoned woman, how long do you mean to keep me here?"

"Till thou give in to me. We'm goin' straight t'wards Plymouth now, an' if th' wind holds — as 'twill — we'll be off the Rame in two hours. If you haven't said me yes by that, maybe we'll go on; or perhaps we'll run across to the coast o' France" —

"Girl, do you know that if I'm not back by daybreak, I'm ruined?"

"And oh, man, man! can't 'ee see that I'm ruined too, if I turn back without your word? How shall I show my face in Troy streets again, tell me?"

At this sudden transference of responsibility the minister staggered.

"You should have thought of that before," he said, employing the one obvious answer.

"O' course I thought of it. But for love o' you I made up my mind to risk it. An' now there's no goin' back." She paused a moment and then added, as a thought struck her, "Why, lad, doesn't that prove I love 'ee uncommon?"

"I prefer not to consider the question. Once more — will you go back?"

"I can't."

He bit his lips and moved forward to the cuddy, on the roof of which he seated himself sulkily. The girl tossed him an end of rope.

"Dear, better coil that up an' sit upon it. The frost'll strike a chill into thee."

With this she resumed her old attitude by the tiller. Her eyes were fixed ahead, her gaze passing just over the minister's hat. When he glanced up he saw the rime twinkling on her shoulders and the starshine in her dark eyes. Around them the firmament blazed with constellations, up to its coping. Never had the minister seen them so multitudinous or so resplendent. Never before had heaven seemed so alive to him. He could almost hear it breathe. And beneath it the little boat raced eastward, with the reef-points pattering on its tan sails.

Neither spoke. For the most part the minister avoided the girl's eyes, and sat nursing his wrath.

The whole affair was ludicrous; but it meant the sudden ruin of his good name, at the very start of his career. This was the word he kept grinding between his teeth: "ruin," "ruin." Whenever it pleased this madwoman to set him ashore, he must write to Deacon Snowden for his boxes and resign all connection with Troy. But would he ever get rid of the scandal? Could he ever be sure that, to whatever distance he might flee, it would not follow him? Had he not better abandon his calling once and for all? It was hard!

A star shot down from the Milky Way, and disappeared in darkness behind the girl's shoulder. His eyes, following it, encountered hers. She left the tiller and came slowly forward.

"In three minutes we'll open Plymouth Sound," she said quietly, and then, with a sharp gesture, flung both arms out towards him. "Oh, lad, think better o't, an' turn back wi' me. Say you'll marry me, for I'm perishin' o' love."

The moonshine fell on her throat and extended arms. Her lips were parted, her head was thrown back a little, and for the first time the young minister saw that she was a beautiful woman.

"Ay, look, look at me," she pleaded. "That's what I've wanted 'ee to do all along. Take my hands; they'm shapely to look at and strong to work for 'ee."

Hardly knowing what he did, the young man took them; then in a moment he let them go — but too late; they were about his neck.

With that he sealed his fate for good or ill. He bent forward a little, and their lips met.

So steady was the wind that the boat still held on her course; but no sooner had the girl received the kiss that she knew to be a binding promise than she dropped her arms, walked off, and shifted the helm.

"Unfasten the sheet here," she commanded, "and duck your head clear o' the boom."

As soon as their faces were set for home, the minister walked back to the cuddy roof and sat down to reflect. Not a word was spoken till they reached the harbor's mouth again, and then he pulled out his watch. It was half-past four in the morning.

Outside the battery point the girl hauled down the sails and got out the sweeps; and together they pulled up under the still sleeping town to the minister's quay door. He was clumsy at this work, but she instructed him in whispers, and they managed to reach the ladder as the clocks were striking five. The tide was far down by this time, and she held the boat close to the ladder while he prepared to climb. With his foot on the first round he turned. She was white as a ghost, and trembling from top to toe.

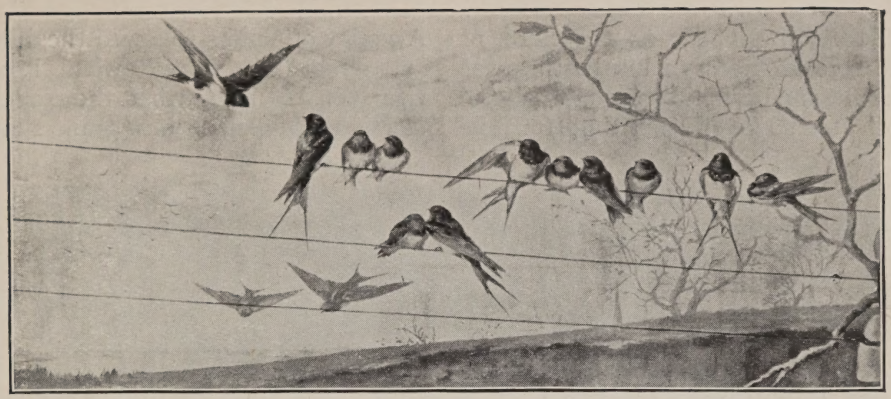
"Nance — did you say your name was Nance?"

She nodded.

"What's the matter?"

"I'll — I'll let you off if you want to be let off."

"I'm not sure that I do," he said, and, stealing softly up the ladder, stood at the top and watched her boat as she steered it back to Ruan. Three months after they were married, to the indignant amazement of the minister's congregation. It almost cost him his pulpit, but he held on and triumphed. There is no reason to believe that he ever repented of his choice, or, rather, of Nance's. To be sure, she had kidnapped him by a lie; but perhaps she had wiped it out by fifty years of honest affection. On that point, however, I, who tell the tale, will not dogmatize.



FIVE GREAT BALL PLAYS.

BY T. H. MURNANE.

AFTER witnessing performances by all the grand masters of the American national game, since the days of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1869, to the present time, I find that it is no easy matter to pick out the most brilliant plays I have ever seen. As I stop to think, one phenomenal play follows another before my mind's eye, like evening shadows up a mountain side.

The running catch.

The lightning throw.

The beautiful one-hand pick-up of a fast and ugly grounder.

The desperate slide.

The timely hit.

What a subject to carry an old player back to exciting times! I have seen plays made at critical times, where 20,000 enthusiastic people cheered the player as earnestly as if he had saved his nation's flag. I shall not write of the plays made before the largest crowds or of those that were the most liberally applauded.

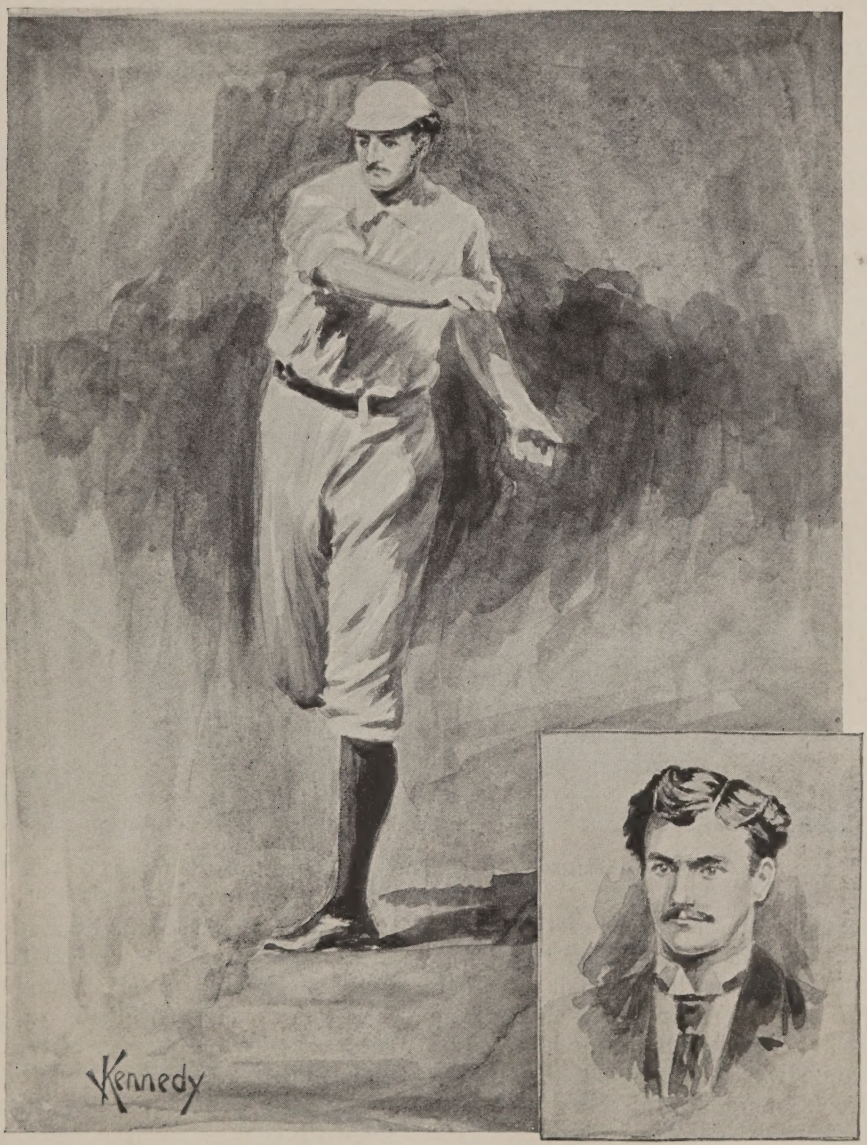
In describing the five most brilliant plays I have ever seen, my experience as a player will have much to do with my judgment. Work that might seem phenomenal to the spectator who has never played the game would often be considered weak form from a professional standpoint. In the plays that I have selected, brain, hand, and heart worked together on the impulse, accomplishing that which, by losing a fractional part of a second would have failed.

Can you imagine a man flying? If not, it will be a difficult matter for me to describe the play made by Herman Long, of the Boston club, at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1892. The championship season was about two-thirds over, and the Quakers were gradually crawling up on the Boston leaders. Harry Wright's boys had taken two games from the champions before tremendous crowds of people, and the third and last game of the series found the Bostons determined to make the fight of their lives.

Herman Long was the hero of the Boston victory; his batting was terrific and his fielding grand. While both teams were fighting for the lead, he made a phenomenal play that turned the tables in favor of Boston. The ball was hit hard, and went sailing out towards centre field. A volley of cheers followed the drive and doubled in volume when Long was seen to make what the players call a "Dunlap" or grand-stand catch. In this instance it was the only way the play could have been accomplished. The ball was taken with the right hand over the left

Herman Long's Flying Play at Philadelphia in 1892.

shoulder, while in the air, after a sharp run and flying leap, where his heels went nearly as high as his head. Mr. Long is still a member of the



Cal McVey's Throw at Brooklyn in 1870.

champion Boston team, and the most brilliant ball player on the field at the present time.

Cal McVey, the old Boston and Chicago league player, was one of the most powerful throwers I ever saw. In 1870 he was a member of the famous Cincinnati Red Stock-

ings, who were then well into their second season without meeting a single defeat. Their first defeat was at the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn,

before 20,000 people. In this game McVey made a wonderful throw, that would have shut off the winning run for the Atlantics but for a muff by Allison at the home plate.

The ninth inning resulted in five runs each; the tenth was a blank; Cincinnati made two runs in the eleventh, and felt sure of the game. With two men on bases, "old reliable" Joe Start hit the ball in among the spectators at right field, they having crowded in on the field. The people were in sympathy with the Brooklyn men, and McVey had a hard time getting the ball. He pushed his way clear after a great struggle, just as Start had turned third base and was headed for home, with the crowd cheering him on.

With a short step and a swing, McVey's arm shot out like a piston rod, and the ball went as straight as a bullet into the catcher's hands, where it was dropped, just as Start rolled over the plate with the winning run, exhausted and out of breath. With one great roar and rush, the immense crowd was on the field in an instant, and Joe was hoisted upon the shoulders of several, and carried in this manner to the club-house. The joy of the crowd was in great contrast with the dismay of the Cincinnati boys, who had met with their first defeat in two seasons. Captain George Wright was dumfounded, and his step was heavy and his demeanor crushed and troubled. Mr. McVey went to California 12 years ago, and was in business near San Francisco the last I heard of him.

Captain Morrill's Stop and Quick Return of the Ball at Boston in 1886.

John F. Morrill made a remarkable play that saved the Boston team from a defeat in 1886. The Boston and Pittsburg teams were playing at the South End grounds in Boston. Morrill was, at the time, covering first base. With the score a tie, Pittsburg had a player on third base with one out; the batsman met the ball fair, and it went like a shot along the ground very close to first base.

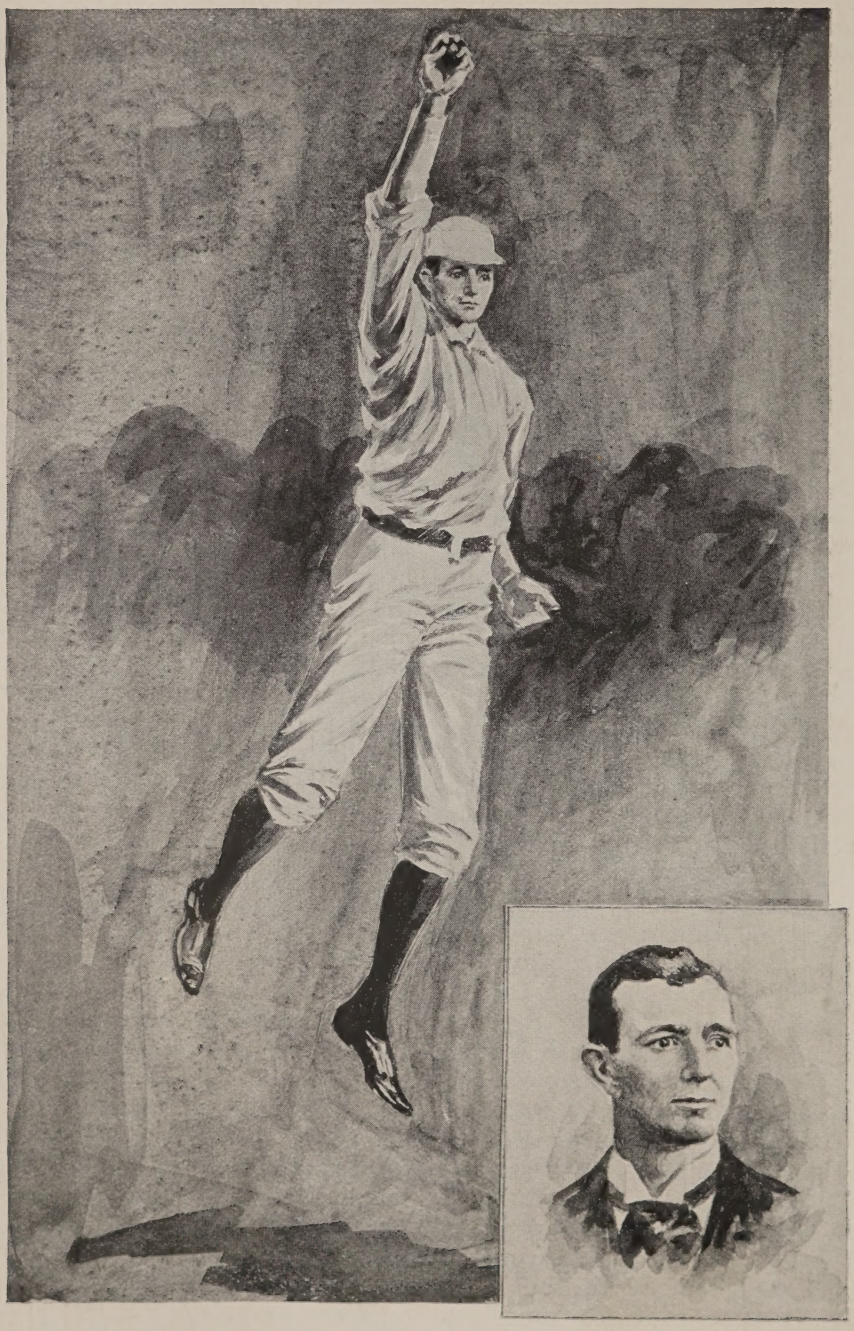
It was do or die with the Boston player; a step and a dive with his left hand, and the ball was reached. Like a flash he changed it to the right hand, and sent it straight as an arrow to the catcher, in time to head off the man coming home. After the throw, Morrill fell full length on the grass, and was as much surprised as any one when he saw that the ball had beaten the runner, and his team saved from defeat. I never knew a player that could throw a ball with such ease and yet so accurately as Morrill. The next man went out with the score still a tie, and the game was called. Mr. Morrill is now connected with the firm of Wright & Ditson, Boston.

The Boston and Cincinnati teams were playing a close and brilliant game at Cincinnati, in '92, when Captain Comiskey made a play that saved the game, at the time, for his team. Hugh Duffy was at third, in the last half of the ninth inning, with the score a tie. There was one man out, and a good, sure hitter at the bat. The ball was hit well to the right of Comiskey, who was playing first base. He took the ball with his right hand, after a jump, and before getting his feet on the ground had sent it to the home plate, in time to catch the fleet-footed Boston man.

The ball was handled with two motions, which necessitated great playing to execute. It was the proper time to take a chance, and the great Cincinnati captain was equal to the emergency. Captain Comiskey is a resident of Chicago, and will have charge of the Cincinnati club this season. The teams under this captain have been noted for team work and pluck. Mr. Comiskey has no equal as a first baseman, and is the warm friend of every deserving ball player.

Paul Hines is the only man who ever made a triple play single handed. The history of the game will show less than half a dozen triple plays, and the chances of ever seeing another single-handed one is very slight indeed. It was in '78 that Hines electrified the base-ball world by making a triple play that saved the game for his team, and put him a niche higher than any other base-ball player. The games of that season between Boston and Providence were contested with a spirit of rivalry worthy of the diamond battles of Harvard and Yale. Large delegations went with the teams from one city to the other, to cheer on their favorites and make life miserable for their opponents. The game was drawing to a close, with the score small and Providence one run in the lead. The Boston men, under the leadership of Captain George Wright, the most famous player in America from '69 to the time I write of, made a grand spurt, getting men on third and second bases, with three men to dispose of. One run would tie, and in all probability two runs would give the game to Boston, and that, too, on the Providence ground, before a crowd of 6,000 people.

Hines was playing a rather deep centre field, and was watching the batsman closely. The ball was hit hard, and passed about three feet



Captain Comiskey's Jumping Stop and Great Throw at Cincinnati in 1882.

high over second base. Hines made a long, desperate run, knowing that it meant the loss of the game if he failed. It looked like an utter impossibility to make the catch. The men on bases had started for home, and the Boston sympathizers sent up a wild yell; but it was cut short as Hines reached the ball, getting it about two inches from the ground, saved the game for Providence, and Hines was talked about as no player ever was before. Mr. Hines is now a clerk in one of the government departments at Washington.

While these five plays are the most wonderful I have witnessed, yet describing them brings to my recollection hundreds of other great plays, too numerous to mention, though full

Paul Hines' Triple Play at Providence in 1878.

and held it, the momentum carrying him 25 yards before he regained control of himself. Both men had crossed the home plate, and, seeing there was no use in trying to get back, stood bewildered, as Hines jogged over to third base, putting three men out, as the runners were forced to come back and touch the bases in regular order, after a fly ball had been caught. This play of interest to the lovers of the grandest and greatest game, as an outfield sport, ever known. I make this strong statement with deliberation and judgment, and prove it by the old adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Through a long and extensive acquaintance of 20 years' standing with the game, first as a player and later as a writer on the sport, I as-

sert that the American game of ball will be played long after every other game of the present age has been laid away on the shelf. Its very simplicity is the life of base ball, the bone and sinew of the whole sport. Two persons can take a ball and bat, and on a fine day in summer go to a field, and bat alternately for hours, enjoying themselves the whole time. Is there any game, played in the open air, that is so simple to play and yet can hold the interest and attention of two or more persons, as the national game of America?

Every two or three years a cry is raised in some part of the country that base ball is losing ground; that the interest in the game is falling off greatly, and that it is about to give up the ghost. Yet at the very time these croakers are sounding their doleful cries of distress, from other parts of the country comes the answer, "All is well."

The year 1893 was to be the last of base ball, as a popular sport, yet it was the greatest year, financially and scientifically, of the game, and the coming season is destined to be the best of all, according to the opinion of those best posted in ball matters, throughout the country. The general interest is on the increase, and not on the wane, as some of the doubters would have us think. Base ball is the game of games, and is American ever and always.

READY FOR EASTER.

FOR WOMEN BY WOMEN.

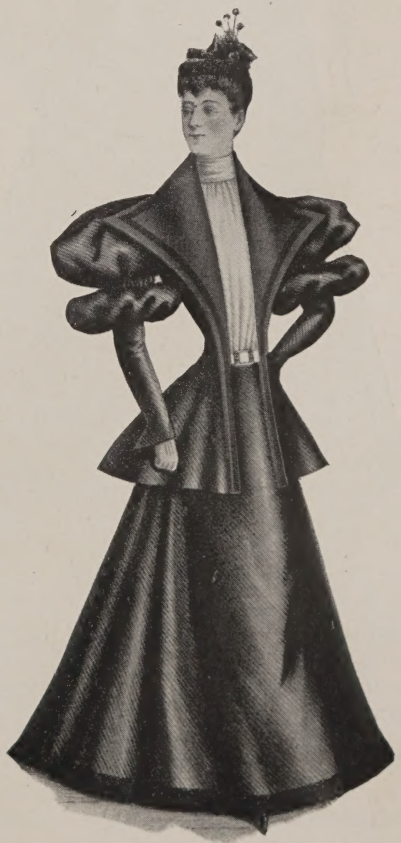
Spring Fashions.

AFTER all, even fashion has a rugged sense of retributive justice. The new styles are decidedly designed for the slender woman, and who shall say that she has not merited this kindly consideration?

Those of us classed as slender or (ignominious adjective!) "skinny" have borne well the ordeal of tight skirts, bandage-like sleeves, and severely plain, many seamed waists. It may have been that we were too much compressed to cry out, but nevertheless our anguish was noted by some philanthropic artist in the designers' world, and our day is coming, or rather, it is here. For a couple of seasons we have enjoyed a certain freedom from restraint, but the spring of 1894 promises us absolute liberty to become bankrupt if we will, in the lavish use of material.

The woman whose amplitude is already superabundant has no part in the coming styles unless she be heroic enough to disregard ridicule. She may look on as we bloom into becoming bulkiness, but may not emulate our example.

Our much trimmed waists, enormous sleeves, and swagger, bunched-up skirts



are for us, and us only. The woman of colossal proportions must stick to the

styles of the past. And now that this note of pardonable exultation has been sounded, let us consider seriously and gratefully what the season offers.

Daring combinations of color and the treatment of accessories, rather than any marked departure from the established winter styles, form the distinctive features of the coming fashions.

The favorite flaring skirt, the double skirt of unhappy memory, and the tightly gored skirt finished from the knee by a deep Spanish flounce, appear in the new costumes. Of the three, the double skirt very deservedly bids fair to be least popular. In some cases this upper skirt is merely a panier-like drapery shirred into the folds of the gown, or a long, pointed drapery sloped away at the sides. The most effective style of draping is shown in the second skirt falling in long, straight lines, slightly lifted on the sides to display the petticoat, edged with a band of fur or passementerie.

Walking-suits are very trim, and appear in serges, cheviots, hop sacking, vicuna, camel's hair, and other textile triumphs. Mixed effects in wool and wool and silk are much admired, and afford ample opportunities for artistic color blending. Dark colors flecked with brighter tints are very handsome and in good taste. Black, garnet, plum, and dark greens are much worn, black being the greatest favorite. Blue is no longer a dominant tone, its use being associated rather with midsummer wear and rough outing tramps.

For gay young people there are some brilliant color schemes in novelty fabrics, such as osier green and coral, mossgreen and shell pink, eminence and pale blue, Venetian brown and orange, and scarlet flecked with blue.

Two strongly contrasting colors are much used in walking suits, the most pronounced being merely suggested in the narrow vest, collar and cuffs of the coat, and sometimes in a band edging the underskirt. The idea is further emphasized in the accompanying hat, made of dress material, relieved by touches of the brighter color. Some of the most elegant costumes are combinations of velvet and wool in plain, striped, and reversible

effects. Skirts of striped materials have the front seamed so that the stripes meet in sharp Vandykes, an effect repeated in the bias back widths.

WRAPS.

Capes and coats appear in slightly altered forms; the capes increasing in amplitude, the coats still widening in the skirt, in some cases three tiers of skirts being considered necessary to give the desired fulness.

The umbrella skirt continues in favor, and may be cut all in one, or added on just below the waist-line.

Revers, collars, and cuffs all have a tendency to flare outward, thus carrying out in minor points the prevailing idea of amplitude. Jacket fronts, double-breasted vests fastened with big pearl buttons, and yokes ending in a frill furnish variety, and afford greater opportunities for indulging individual taste.

The English coats of Melton and beaver are more severe in style, the three immense buttons closing the double breast being considered sufficient trimming. Short, tight-fitting jackets for walking and skating are much liked by young ladies, but the three-quarter coat is the general favorite.

WAISTS.

The independent waist is an accepted necessity, and shows further cause why it should form part of every woman's wardrobe. Given one respectable wool skirt and two or three of these pretty waists, and the woman of limited means has a chance to make herself as pretty and presentable as her wealthier sister. Any number of changes may be rung by adding fichus, frills, and pelerines of lace, lace collarettes, and ribbons strapped across the bodice, bowed at the back of the neck, or tied at the waist in a loose streaming bow.

As regards these waists, any woman can be her own dressmaker, care in fitting the lining being the only difficulty she will have to overcome; the full sleeves and many frills hiding many

defects painfully visible in the more conservative basque.

The basque proper is mainly notice-

able for fulness at shoulders and skirt and extreme slimness at the waist-line. It is subject to many variations in trimming, and its identity is frequently lost in efforts to model it into a round waist or give it the popular coat effect.

SLEEVES.

Every dressmaker improvises her own novelties in this line. Straight, full sleeves gathered into a cuff at the wrist are still seen, but the mutton-leg sleeve rules in the fashionable world. The tight sleeve fitting the arm as far as the elbow, and met there by an enormous puff drooping from the shoulder, is almost invariably made of two materials, the upper part being generally silk or velvet. Just a few quaint 1840 sleeves are seen, tucked in snugly about the arm, and flaring out at the elbow. The Venetian sleeve has a slashed puff showing a contrasting color. Double puffs appear on many designs, and loose frills caught at the elbow continue in favor.

The best dressmakers put double or triple rows of gathers at the top of the sleeve, or lay the fulness in overlapping side plaits.

HATS AND BONNETS.

That nondescript, the stringless bonnet, is once more in evidence for young matrons and other women who may consider a hat giddy, or a full-fledged bonnet unpleasantly suggestive of advancing years. The bonnet proper is a tiny thing, dainty and fragile as the butterfly or humming bird it closely resembles. A crown of velvet, a frill of lace, a spike of jet, or a couple of wings make a pretty little hat for full dress.

Another artistic blending of materials is a crown of petunia velvet, plaitings of cream lace, a fine aigrette caught by a steel brooch, and pendants of steel beads. The tri-cornered hat, the Spanish turban, the high square-crowned sailor in tan and gray felt, and soft camel's hair felt in black, tan, gray, and green are favorite hats for street wear; the little toque is also worn, the readiness with which a veil may be

adjusted on it serving as an excuse for its periodical appearance. In the later weeks of spring the broader brims, decked with flowers and flaring bows of ribbon, will resume their place in popular favor.

Buckles, feathers, and ribbon rosettes ornament dressy hats. Flowers are out, but not in great profusion. Violets, as usual, herald the coming of Easter, and gently prepare one for the mass of color to be shown later.

Primroses, old-fashioned cowslips, and big velvety roses bloom prematurely in the stores and windows, and are even tempted to occasionally display their beauty on the street. Artificial flower-makers are outdoing Nature in the production of many hued blossoms, forget-me-nots in scarlet and yellow being among the floral anomalies of the season.

SHOES AND GLOVES.

A neat shoe and well-fitting glove are essentials to the completion of a street toilet.

For style and neatness a black shoe is most desirable. It may be of kid or leather, with cloth or leather top, with pointed or square toe, and patent-leather tip. Whole vamps of patent leather are not economical, and soon lose their prettiness: the finely polished surface is liable to crack.

For ordinary walking purposes the rather broad, thick sole is generally preferred. Boots with sharp-pointed toes are not in place on large, broad feet: they merely call attention to the size. A square-toed shoe is more appropriate, and will at least give comfort to the wearer.

Slippers and ties for evening wear are daintier than ever.

Biarritz gloves appear with walking-costumes, also heavy dogskin with pique stitching and large buttons. Brown, tan, yellow, and red pique gloves are much worn by shoppers. Glacé gloves to match toilets are out in all the darker shades — mode, mahogany, and tan being most admired.

For evening wear the pale tints in suede mosquetaires are very fashionable, cream, white, and pearl being

chosen for full dress. With long sleeves the four-button glove is preferable.

Soft suede is always in style for dressy wear, and glacé gloves for street wear.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Buckles for waistbands are again in fashion. They are large, of varied shapes, and many materials. The Russian Byzantine work in filagree is much in favor for clasps used on multi-colored cloths.

The princess gown is still struggling for recognition. Not even its undoubted elegance can tempt women possessed of imperfect figures.

The Anne of Austria collar is a new trimming for a low or high necked dress.

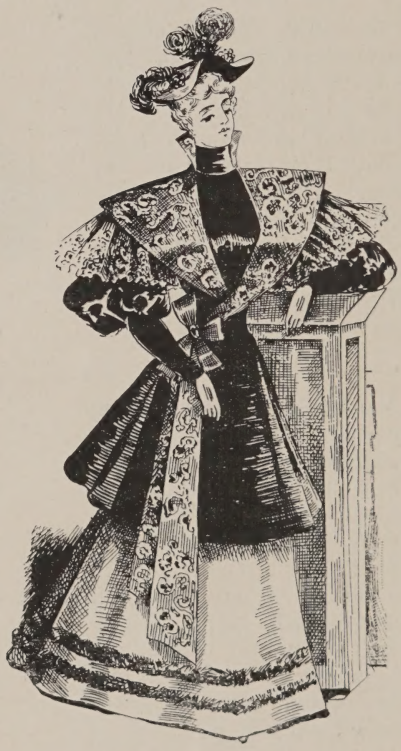
Novelties in hosiery will form a feature in the new fancies.

Children's clothes are prettier than ever.

Iridescent pearl passementerie is used upon changeable silks and velvets.

A skirt to be considered ample must be at least four yards wide.

Optimistic dealers are already issuing



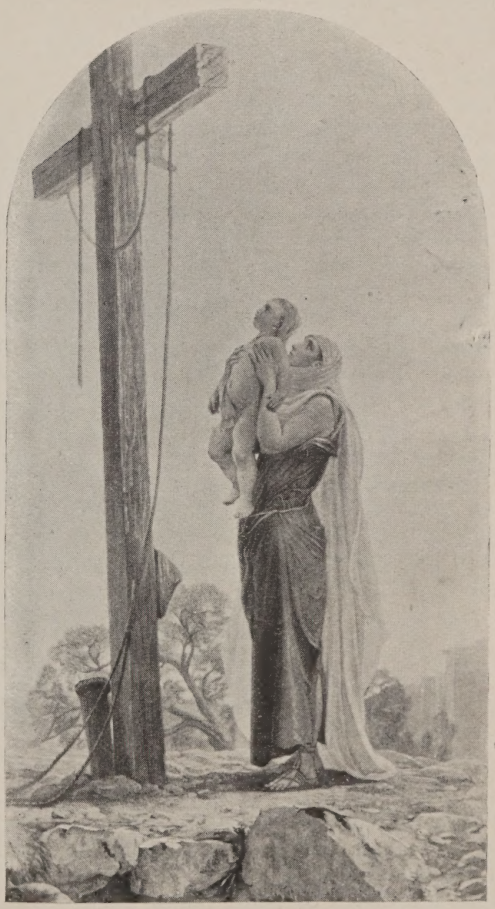
invitations to summer by the lavish display of ginghams, sheer muslins, satin barred delaines, and dainty summer silks. The designs are exquisite, and the colors as radiant as those of a rainbow.

M. B. O'S.

THE EASTER LESSON.

THE Lord is risen, joy is in the air,
Faith triumphs over prejudice and pride,
God's voice hath spoken — and the Cross is there
On Calvary's crest where Truth was crucified.

Not to the Tomb where Heaven was disclosed,
This mother came that primal Easter day;
But to the Cross where Sorrow self-imposed
To life eternal glorified the way.



And there beneath the Easter's radiant skies,
Her mother heart swayed by the hour's control,
Up to the Cross directs her infant's eyes
To have the memory graven on his soul.

Thus has it been since that first Eastertide,
The Christian mother seeks the Cross this day
To show her child Faith's glory and its guide,
And pray its light may lead him Heaven's way.

Working Girls as Wives.

THE best and happiest wife in this and the next generation is and will be the self-supporting woman. It is so evident that argument and proofs seem superfluous. From a severely practical standpoint, a woman who has made her own living knows the value of money, has had experience in making it go as far as possible, has sown all the wild oats of small extravagances and subsequent scrimping that make trouble in many new homes. A dollar to her represents so many hours' work, not a few coaxing words addressed to papa. She knows what kind of home it is pleasant to come to after a tiring day's work, and what sort of breakfast is the best foundation for eight hours' toil.

She has been used for so long to look after herself that it is almost heaven to have some one ask if she had her rubbers on this morning, and the trifling attention will be repaid by a devotion to socks and buttons which the masculine mind will enjoy while it may not entirely understand.

No matter how plucky and successful she has been, the self-supporting woman has been for years very tired, mentally and physically, with the weight of responsibility she has carried. If one week has been brought to a close successfully, in comparative comfort, and with no debt incurred, she can only draw a very short breath before the next one commences. It may be very selfish, but isn't it delicious to feel that some one else, whose shoulders are stronger, has taken this wearing burden from you, and carries it easily, too? What can be more delightful, after years of rushing down town immediately after breakfast, or shutting one's self up in a study or office early in the morning, than to draw a comfortable,

Fashionable Girls of 50 Years Ago.

happy breath at the table, and then set about domestic duties? The sheltered feeling is indescribable and one that cannot be appreciated by any woman who has not fought her own battles.

Men as a general thing are good natured and pleasant enough to women whom they meet in a business way; but however kind they may be, the woman never can feel that she is at her best outside of her home. Do you think a self-reliant, plucky bread-winner, who is after all the more a woman for all her brave march abreast with men, is going to toss her head and give utterance to the hackneyed statement about not giving up her liberty for the best man living, and is there anything particularly desirable in the liberty which consists in working day after day for food and clothes and a place to sleep, barely gained by wages which will be lost the moment some one else is willing to do the same work for less money? This applies to every wage-earning woman, from the girl who spends her weary days behind a counter to the successful brain-worker, who is more envied because less understood than any of the women who eat their own bread.

Just that ability which makes them successful in their various lines will make them excellent homemakers, for that takes ability of no mean order. Of course there are women specially gifted in one line, and those whose talents are greater in another, but in general it will be found that a woman who is of no use to herself is not wanted by any one else, and the woman whose employers "really don't know what we shall do now, that foolish Miss Smith has made up her mind to marry young Jones," will make a better wife for that young man than her sister who was brought up at home.

J. M. B.

The Woman's Page.

THE average woman's page of the daily papers is an insult to every thoughtful woman in the land. In the five leading dailies of New York, one Sunday recently, there was not one which had on its woman's page one single strong, helpful word. Gossip, fashions, very questionable advertisements, and a few receipts for cosmetics and puddings made up the intellectual treat, and at that the gossip was stale and the receipts inaccurate. There was not one sentence that a woman who thinks could carry with her through the day, not even a statement that would do for the text of a little family argument.

A woman does not want to be told seven days in the week of a different wash for her complexion, nor is it real mental relaxation to read how to cover her parlor furniture with her last season's frocks. Ten strong, true words out of some other woman's heart or experience would be worth a column of such matter. Mrs. Harry Cahoon, in "What One Woman Thinks," has come nearer to making an ideal "woman's column" than any writer now on the daily press. If there were a little more "For Women by Women" and a little less "By young man with paste pot and scissors," women who think would not be so apt to leave the column which the grace of man allows them to call theirs, for the perusal of schoolboys and young children.

J. M. B.

Cooking Contest.

AT the request of an epicure anxious to extend his range of choice, we have decided to begin in this number the publication of favorite household recipes.

This decision in no way affects the awarding of the prize, as the recipes will be published merely in the order of their receipt, and the judges will not decide upon the merits of any till the contest actually closes, as announced, when all (printed and otherwise) will be submitted.

"I take advantage of the Cooking Contest to thank DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for the interest taken in the homes of subscribers," writes a woman reader

who gives, with her recipe, the earnest testimony that "for man the miserable sinner, good cooking is one of the needfuls towards making a happy home." Is there one among us who will dispute it? Have we not all witnessed the transformation of man, the animal, into man the angel, and only an empty table (so lately filled) to explain the wondrous change?

"The following is my favorite recipe," continues our contributor, "and has the advantage of being equally good for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or tea. It will also be found useful for Lent; for if properly made, even the man, who hates fish, will not refuse it." Lobster cutlets prepared by this recipe should tempt the most fastidious appetite.

"First class, and easy to make," writes another reader of her favorite. "I hope it may help some other woman out of a pinch as it has helped me," a kindly wish that will surely be appreciated by hundreds of housekeepers, who will find in meat croquettes a solution of the sometimes puzzling problem how to dispose of cold meat.

A Southern woman sends most kindly wishes, and an appetizing recipe for pillau, a dish not so well known in the North.

Boston baked beans have not been overlooked, a competitor from Walnut Hill having given them the attention they merit. The conditions mentioned by this contestant do not deprive her of the right to try.

So many and varied are the recipes submitted that individual comment would be impossible; it is also unnecessary, as they will in turn be given space to proclaim their merits to all who value the good things of life.

No. 1. Lobster Cutlets.

One-half pound lobster chopped fine, one ounce butter, one ounce flour, one gill milk, one tablespoon thick cream, one teaspoon anchovy sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour (off the fire to prevent lumping), then cook over fire till stiff and comes away from sides of saucepan; then add fish, milk, cream, and sauce last; mix well together (off fire,) spread smooth on plate to cool; when cold make into cutlet shape and fry in a basket in deep fat; about three minutes will fry them; drain on brown paper, and serve on white paper garnished with parsley. The cost of double the above quantity would be about 30 cents.

A. O'Mullen.

Halifax, N. S.

No. 2. Meat Croquettes.

One pint cold cooked beef, one-half pint of milk or cream, one large tablespoonful of butter, two large teaspoonfuls of flour, one large tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one small onion chopped fine, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg grated fine, cayenne or white pepper to taste.

Put the milk to boil in a white lined boiler, rub butter and flour to a smooth paste, stir into the boiling milk, stirring continually until very thick; take from the fire, add the meat chopped very fine, beat until thoroughly mixed, add the seasoning, taste to see if enough salt and pepper, turn on a large plate or dish to cool; when cold and hard, form in any shape desired. I made mine cone shape. Dip first in beaten egg, and then in cracker dust or bread crumbs. The cracker is best. Fry in boiling cottolene or lard, serve hot, with sprig of parsley in top of each one if liked. This will make nine croquettes good size; cost of all 25 or 27 cents. They can be made from scraps of cold meat, veal, chicken, or turkey by using a bay leaf with the fowl.

Margaret E. O'Malley.

Ashland, Penn.

No. 3. Pillau (Pronounced pillò.)

Wash two pounds of nice streaky bacon, 12 or 14 cents a pound, and put it in a large pot in cold water, adding just one dozen of allspice. Then clean and stuff a fat chicken, not very young, weighing about five pounds, at 12 to 14 cents a pound. Put this in the pot with the bacon and allspice, and just cover them with water. Let the water come to a boil. Do this soon after breakfast, and set the pot far back, and be sure that only a bubble rises now and then, for they must boil very slowly.

When the bacon and chicken are very tender, take them out of the pot, and set them away until 40 minutes before your dinner hour; then put them together in a baking pan in the oven, pour over a cup of the water in which they were boiled, and brown them slowly, basting very often.

At the same time have ready washed a cup of rice; put this in the rich, delicious broth, out of which you have taken the chicken and bacon, and boil it fast. Do not let the rice come to a mash, keep the kernels separate but quite soft; you can tell if they are done by squeezing a kernel between the thumb and finger.

Put the chicken on a platter, and pile the rice all around it; send the bacon up on a

smaller platter. Make an egg sauce for gravy, and you will have a dish ample to feed a family of eight or nine, with vegetables, a dish fit for a king.

You must use some judgment about the quantity of rice; there must be just enough to use up the broth. This rice is very nice warmed up for breakfast the next day if there should be any left. Each one may add pepper at discretion.

FANNY BARROW.

No. 4. BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

This dish will cost about 20 cents.

Soak one quart of pea beans over night. Pour off this water, cook in fresh water till they crack open; then put in an earthen dish, cover with water, add a tablespoonful of salt, two of molasses, and a teaspoonful of mustard; put on top of dish one-half pound of salt pork. Bake slowly, keeping covered with water till two-thirds done, then allow them to bake brown.

MARY E. GAFFNEY.

Walnut Hill, Mass.

No. 5. ROAST PARTRIDGE.

Take two partridges, pluck, singe, draw and truss them, season with salt and pepper, roast for about half an hour in a brisk oven, basting often with butter. When done place on a dish. Serve with bread sauce and red currant jelly.

BREAD SAUCE.

One cup stale bread crumbs, one onion, two ounces butter, pepper and salt, and a little mace. Cut the onion fine and boil it in milk till quite soft, then strain the milk onto the stale bread crumbs, and let it stand an hour. Put it in a saucepan with the boiled onion, pepper, salt, and mace. Give it a boil and serve in sauce tureen.

RED CURRANT JELLY.

Pick over the currants with care. Put them in a stone jar, and set it into a kettle of boiling water. Let it boil till the fruit is very soft. Strain it through a sieve, then run the juice through a jelly bag. Put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and boil it together five minutes or a little more.

Entire Cost.

2 Partridges . .	25 cents.
Milk, butter, bread, etc.	10 "
Jelly	10 "
	45 "

MINNIE O'BRIEN.

Bathurst, N. B.

No. 6. CHICKEN-OYSTER PIE.

Stew chicken till tender, season with one quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper; line the sides of a pie dish with a rich crust; pour in the stewed chicken and cover loosely with a crust, first cutting a hole in the centre. Have ready a pint of oysters, heat the liquor, thicken with a little flour and water, and season with salt, pepper, and butter the size of an egg; when it comes to a boil, pour it over the oysters, and about twenty minutes before the pie is done lift the top crust and put them in.

Pair chickens . .	30 cents.
Pint oysters . .	20 "
Butter, flour, etc. .	10 "
Entire cost,	60 "

MISS L. O'BRIEN.

Bathurst, N. B.

No. 7. ROAST TURKEY.

A good turkey costing from 16 to 18 cents a pound. Three pints of bread crumbs, one pound sausages, butter size of an egg, salt, pepper, sage, two eggs well beaten; one stick of celery chopped fine may be added if liked.

Mix all thoroughly together. Rub the turkey well inside and out with salt and pepper, then fill with the dressing. Bake in a moderate oven from three to three and one-half hours. Baste often to prevent drying. Cook the giblets and chop fine. When the turkey is done, remove from the pan. Add enough water and browned flour for thickening; add chopped giblets to the gravy. Serve with cranberry sauce. The dressing and sauce might cost about 35 cents.

LUCY C. WITHINGTON.

Canton, Mass.

No. 8. BRAISED TURKEY.

We will take it for granted the cook will secure a nice plump hen turkey, as the meat is much better flavor, and see that it is dressed and drawn some days before needed, three days at the least; but if the weather is cold, a week would be better. Keep cool, but do not freeze.

The evening before needed prepare the dressing as follows: For a 10-pound turkey take one-half loaf of stale home-made bread; crumble, but not too fine; add salt and pepper to taste, and one-half cup of butter, and one pint of oysters, and the oysters will make dressing as moist as needed. Now stuff the bird as full as possible and sew up neatly. Now it is ready for the braiser. In the morning place in braiser, add one quart of water, then cut three long thin strips of salt pork and skewer to the turkey, a short space apart. The pork will season as well as prevent the turkey from getting too brown. Two hours will cook it nicely. The advantage of the braiser is, the meat requires no care. Keep a steady heat, and the meat will, or at least ought, to suit any man. Now for the gravy. Boil and chop the liver and gizzard; when the braiser is taken from the oven, remove turkey to a platter, remove all sewings, also the crisp pork; set braiser on top of stove, add the chopped meat, season with pepper and salt if needed, add flour

which has been previously sieved free from lumps; let boil up well, when it is done, and may be put in gravy boat for the table.

The cost of a 10-pound turkey would be $1.40; one pint of oysters, 15 cents; bread about 5 cents; pepper, salt, butter, and salt pork would not be over 5 cents more. Whole cost, $1. 65 for turkey.

Miss Anna T. Morris.

Groton, N. Y.

No. 9. Lemon Pie. (Extra Fine.)

Boil two cupfuls sweet milk, stir into it two tablespoonfuls corn starch dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water; let it thicken, then remove from fire; let cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, one cupful sugar, and a teaspoonful melted butter together; add to the milk and corn starch when cool. Pour into a dish lined with pie crust, and bake all in hot oven. Beat whites to a stiff froth and cover pie with meringue when baked.

Cost of production — milk, 2 cents; eggs, 4 cents; lemons, 6 cents; cup sugar, 2 cents; lard, corn starch, butter, and flour, 5 cents. Total cost, 19 cents.

Mrs. Jennie Kane.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

No. 10. Snow Pudding.

One-half box gelatine placed in a bowl with enough water to cover it; let stand for twenty minutes, then add one pint boiling water with one-half cup sugar; flavor with lemon, stir until dissolved, and then place away in some cold place; when it begins to harden beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and mix with the gelatine; put all in a mould and set away to congeal.

For sauce make a custard of the yolks of the eggs and a pint of milk. Flavor with vanilla.

This pudding can be placed in a large glass dish and the sauce put around it, or the sauce can be served separately.

This pudding is a pretty; and also a very nutritious dish; it can be touched off with specks of crab-apple jelly here and there. The cost will be 15 cents.

Plum Pudding.

One-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sour milk, two eggs, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one and one-half to two cups flour, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and nutmeg, one large teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk.

If sour milk is not convenient a teaspoonful of vinegar put in with sweet milk will sour it sufficiently. Steam for two hours and a half, and can be eaten with any kind of sauce.

The entire cost of this pudding will be 18 cents.

Mrs. J. N. Nenif.

St. John, N. B.

No. 11. Nutritious Sandwiches for Tea or Lunch Basket.

One pint flour, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, pinch of salt, one and a half tablespoons lard or butter. Mix quite stiff with cold water; roll paste out a quarter of an inch thick; cut in fancy shapes, and fill with the following: —

One and a half cupfuls cold boiled rice, cupful cold boiled beef or mutton chopped fine, one-half teaspoonful salt, a little pepper, one tablespoon chopped onion or celery; mix together and moisten well with meat juice, then cook for about fifteen minutes. Fill the cakes and brush tops with milk; bake in good oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve hot for tea.

Cost of production about 15 cents.

C. V. Dermody.

Waltham, Mass.

A Seasonable Suggestion.

If any of our readers are as yet unacquainted with Ridge's Food, a standard dietetic preparation, we would suggest a trial of it without delay, and we take pleasure in recommending it to the profession at large, from our extensive personal knowledge of its merits. Leading medical authorities of this country and Europe have given it high medical endorsement. Its use as a nutriment in the wasting diseases of infancy has been attended with wonderful success, it being retained when other foods are rejected, while as an article of diet in typhoid fever it is invaluable. If you are not yet acquainted with this old and popular food, test it now. The fact, too, that it has not been advertised in every street car and on every fence ought to commend it to discriminating physicians. — *Robert A. Reid, M. D., in the Mass. Med. Jour.*

Pure Food in Congress.

The act of Congress authorizing the examination of the baking powders has resulted in a most unprecedented compliment to the Royal Baking Powder. The tests were made in the Government Laboratory at Washington, and the official report shows that the Royal is superior to all others in leavening strength — being over thirty per cent. above the average. The report also shows the purity of the Royal Powder and the wholesomeness of its ingredients.

This is probably the highest compliment of an official character ever paid to a proprietary article, though no more than the great army of baking powder consumers would expect in behalf of their old friend and favorite.

The result of the official examination, as thus determined, will, of course, make the "Royal" the standard for Government purchases.

Hope of Our Homes.

Easter Eggs.

Of course you all like to prepare them. The young Kings did, and when the grocer's boy set the basket down on the table they thought they could never get to work quickly enough.

"Let's blow 'em out and dip 'em in dye," suggested Joe.

"And stick on paper stars," added Teddy.

"And transfer pictures," put in Winnie.

"You'd crack the shells," asserted Chris. "I'd ruffer paint 'em."

Chris's weakness for painting was well known; he had even touched up the cat with gay splashes of color.

"Will you have red or yellow, Chris?" asked Joe. "Your taste is always lively."

"We'll dye some, and paint some," decided Polly; "and first of all we'll boil them hard: boiled eggs are easier to decorate, and will not break so easily."

"I will prepare the dyes, Polly, while you watch the eggs," volunteered Teddy.

With the help of the little ones all the eggs were soon transferred to the big boiler, and then interest centred on Teddy's share of the work. Placing on the range three deep dishes nearly full of water, the young master of ceremonies waited patiently till the water had nearly reached the boiling point, when he turned into each dish the contents of a small paper.

"They're just lakes of color, Teddy," shouted Chris; "let me stir 'em."

"Perhaps you'd like to dip Francis Rudolph over again," suggested Teddy; "his old colors are nearly gone off. Ready, Polly, drop 'em in."

Very carefully did Polly let the now hard-boiled eggs slip into the colored water, and as the shells absorbed the dyes shouts of admiration went up from the busy colorists.

"These are as yellow as canaries," cried Winnie.

"And them's as red as blood," remarked Teddy with an approving nod towards the crimson dye.

"And those are as blue as cornflowers," remarked his sister, with a careful little emphasis on "those" and "are" that careless Teddy knew was meant for a correction.

"Let's mix now for the secondary colors," suggested Joe, and soon a great heap of green, purple, and orange eggs, were added to the red, yellow, and blue, already on the table.

"Bring on the paints," shouted Teddy, as he clattered chairs into place around the big deal table. "I say, Polly, what are you going to do with all the white and brown ones?"

"Wait and see," laughed Polly. "I wonder if American children were the first to paint Easter eggs."

"Not at all," declared Joe with the authority of a high school boy. "It's an old world custom. German children hunt for them in the grass, and in the Tyrol all the young people play with colored eggs. If I had time—"

A crash startled the listeners, and the lecturer looked down ruefully at the fragments of the egg he had partly decorated.

"Better come back to America, old man," advised Teddy. "You've wasted an egg on those fellows in the Tyrol."

"Easter customs are so beautiful," cooed Polly, the peacemaker, "I don't wonder Joe likes to talk about them; but don't you think, dear, that if we want to paint well, we must just paint."

And paint they did till all the colors of the rainbow flashed from the heap of eggs, and roly poly Chris had managed to make a color chart of himself. Not a friend was forgotten, and Polly

even persuaded Joe to set aside a very stormy sea view as a friendly offering to a boy he had wanted to fight all winter.

"It's the proper Easter spirit," said the little girl, very softly.

"That's so," assented Teddy, adding hopefully, "you know, King, if that don't clinch the duffer, you can do it yourself any time."

There were wonderful pictures painted on those eggs: ships, castles, and shaky-looking houses; birds, baby's heads, and whole families of household pets. But even Chris agreed that Polly's work was prettiest of all; on the soft cream and brown surfaces she had traced sprays and wreaths of dainty flowers, clusters of Easter lilies, and quivering rays of gold forming the Easter message, "He is risen."

M. B. O'S.

The Postman's Knock.

"WILL you make allowance for the fact that I live in Germany?" asks a competitor from Karlsruhe, adding with sturdy independence, "of course I mean in time only." This very fair request would have been granted with pleasure, but the copy arrived too late, the contest having closed several days earlier. This plucky little contestant, who did his best to overcome the difficulty of distance, must not feel disappointed: he has every reason to be proud of his energy, his excellent spelling, and very neat way of writing his story. Will you write again, H. Egremont, and give the other boys and girls a glimpse of your every-day life in Germany?

By the way, children, as announcing a treat often helps to hasten its arrival, I have much pleasure in making known the fact that you are to have a most interesting description of "School-life in Germany." If there are any among you who grumble over lessons and long hours, you will do so no longer after reading of the real hard work done by those little German scholars.

Do you ever grumble? I have known some girls and boys who did. If they were late they grumbled at the school clock or the home clock, and sometimes at both. There was one boy who was always grumbling, and oddly enough it always happened that it was his pencil that broke off, his skates that rusted, his marks that never gave a respectable average, his head that hit the pavement in a tussle with other boys, and at the close of one very trying day he made the discovery that his teacher never treated him fairly.

It was a grave charge, but she met it without flinching. She led the grumbler back over the troubles of the day till they came to the first cause, and what do you suppose it was? Just a shaggy little pup, that had chewed the laces out of his master's boots, carelessly left where they shouldn't have been. When this fact came out everybody laughed, even the grumbler forgot to look cross, and the very next morning he presented the teacher with a brass breastpin drawn as a pop-corn prize. Of course she knew it was a boy's way of making an apology, and accepted it with pleasure. It is a very good plan, when we feel like grumbling or blaming somebody, to get away in a quiet corner, and think it all over for five or ten minutes, the result generally being the great surprise that we alone are to blame. Suppose you try this thinking-out plan during Lent?

Now, what do you think of a Geographical Puzzle Story for our next contest? I thought that perhaps you would like to build the puzzle yourselves, each competitor sending in five names of rivers, towns, mountains, in short, any geographical names, and all could be worked into a story. If you have any suggestions to offer they will be carefully considered. This department is for the children; they may come in from any part of the world, and the more the merrier; but every boy or girl joining the band must take a real live interest. You are out and about everywhere, always picking up new ideas; why not talk them over through the department, and let everyone profit by each one's experience?

As a step in this direction, write to the Children's Department about the Geographical puzzle, send the five names, and make any suggestions you wish. The names of all who contribute parts of the puzzle will be published in the next number.

Three prettily written copies of the "Strange Story" were received too late for notice in the February number. The writers were Agnes Loretto McMahon, Easthampton, Mass.; Cathleen Ponet, Los Angelos, and H. Egremont, Karlsruhe.

The spirit of good-will has been very busy among DONAHOE's young people. Read what the successful contestant has to say for herself and for the new friends she has made.

TO THE EDITOR:—

I was very much pleased to see by the February number of the MAGAZINE that I had won the prize in the Spelling Contest last month. There were so many other children who answered correctly, that I consider myself very fortunate in getting the prize. I hope the little girl in Connecticut will win the next prize she tries for, as she was so prompt, considering that she lives at such a distance. I received the prize last week and was delighted with it.

It is a book—"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass." I expect to have a very pleasant time reading it, having enjoyed what I have read thus so far very much.

I thank the judge who examined the papers, and also the gentleman that selected the book. I had a letter from Katie O'Neill, a little girl in Oakland, Maine, who also tried for the prize and who said she was pleased that I got it. I think the MAGAZINE is a great book when it makes friends like that. Your little friend,

ALICE G. FITZGERALD.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 15.

Correct answers to the bottle puzzle were received from Clare Crowley, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Aileen Cavanagh, Chicago; Katie Hanrahan, Dalton, Mass.; Loretto S. Mahony, Stapleton, S. I.; Maggie May Veale, Decatur, Ill. The words are:—

Candy, jam, pot, dog, crabs, bottles, shoe-laces, bedsteads, elephants, lion-tamer, perfumery, chocolate, washstand, butternut, cocoanuts.

Answer to riddle in last number—Pillow.

Geographical Puzzle.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean Sea) grove, one hot summer day.

Presently they saw a man coming towards them, whom one, named (a city in Italy) recognized as her cousin (a river in North America). (The river in N. A.) said he hoped this circle of superior and charming young ladies would allow him to join them.

To this they readily agreed, but said he must stop his (cape on Pacific coast of N. A.); and saying that he needed refreshments (one of the Southern States) brought him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee (a river of Africa), and a (one of the group of islands west of North America).

After he had eaten his lunch, he commenced to tell a story of how he was chased by a (lake in British America), at which (the city in Italy) sank down in a dead faint.

But she soon revived, and after taking a (cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, all the merry-makers returned to their several homes in (a city of New Hampshire).

Indian and White in the Northwest.

THE establishment and progress of Catholicity in the Northwest will ever be reckoned among the most interesting phases of American history in this century; the record is spiced with adventure, and haloed with suffering and sacrifice. Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J., has told this story in a work bearing the title "Indian and White in the Northwest; or, A History of Catholicity in Montana." Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, D. D., Bishop of Helena, has written the introduction to the work, and it will be brought out in book form very soon, if sufficient encouragement is given the project to cover the expense of publication.

Employment for Men and Women.

I WANT reliable agents in every town, village, and community in the United States to sell Father Mollinger's Famous Remedies by visiting families. Liberal commission allowed. Small capital required, say from $10.00 up to any amount the agent may wish to invest. Send for catalogue of these celebrated medicines which also contains a sketch of the life and work of Father Mollinger. By mail free. A. F. SAWHILL, ALLEGHENY, PENN.

Business and Benevolence Practically Combined.

THE story of the 13 years of the existence of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is a remarkable record of success. The annual meeting of its members, held in its offices in the Potter Building, New York City, Jan. 24, impressed anew the advantages of this great insurance organization, and the brilliancy of the management of its president, Hon. Edward B. Harper. The condition and work of the association is well shown in this brief extract from President Harper's address at that meeting:—

"Our assets were never so large as to-day; our surplus never so great; our new business larger than ever recorded in any previous year; our net increase of business simply phenomenal; our payments to the widows and orphans exceed that ever before disbursed in any previous 12 months; our future never was so bright.

"Our gross assets have increased during the year 1893 from $4,785,286.06 to $5,138,516.36, making a net gain for the year of $353,230.30.

"We have increased our Reserve or Surplus Emergency Fund within the past 12 months from $3,371,303.59 to $3,589,326.13, making a net gain of $218,022.54.

"Our income during the year 1893 from all sources amounted to $4,498,-815, against an income of $4,097,-243. 09 for the year 1892, making a net increase of income of over $400,000."

"Nearly Three Millions of Dollars have been disbursed to the widows and orphans and representatives of our deceased members during the year 1893, the exact sum being $2,951,855.23 making the net increase of disbursements over the year 1892 of a Quarter of a Million Dollars; and for the 13 years of our existence $17,684,-333.86 have been distributed among more than 6,000 widows and 12,000 orphan children, thus furnishing homes and shelter to the widow; food, clothing, and education to the children of our deceased members, and an average of $1,360,000 has been distributed by this association for each year since the date of its organization for this beneficent object. Furthermore we have accumulated a cash surplus Reserve or Emergency Fund, which at the close of the year 1893 exceeded $4,200 for each $1,000 of outstanding death claims of every description, and at the same time a single mortuary call upon our members now produces more than $575,000 in cash.

"The economic principles underlying the system of the Mutual Reserve are best illustrated by the fact that out of the total payments during the year 1893 by the members in mortuary premiums of $3,340,203.08, there was paid in death benefits the sum of $2,951,855.23, and in addition thereto there was added the sum of $218,-022.54 to the Reserve or Surplus Emergency Fund; thus the payments to our beneficiaries, added to the accumulations to the credit of our living members, equals within a fraction the gross mortuary premiums paid by all the members during the year."

What the A. P. A. Really is.

THE A. P. A. is a corporation scheme to disrupt the Knights of Labor and the American Federation of Labor as well as a scheme to break up the Populist party. The whole A. P. A. movement is being sustained by the money power. It is a bigoted association, and seeks to pose as an American institution under the pretence of being a friend to the public school. It reminds us very much of the hypocrite who leads a Sunday-school class and spends the rest of the week dealing roulette or sand bagging pedestrians.—*Denver Road.*

Sails March 10 and 28.

To those who need rest and have time and money to take it, a trip to the Bermudas or West Indies is commended at this time. The beautiful vessels of the Quebec Steamship Company—the Caribbee and the Madeira—sail on March 10 and 28, respectively. Full information in advertisement elsewhere.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

THERE is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world.

When was the obligation of approaching the altar during the Paschal season imposed, and is the Paschal season the same in all parts of the Catholic world?

It was the Fourth Lateran Council, held in the year 1215, during the pontificate of Innocent III., which promulgated the canon whereby all the faithful of both sexes who have attained the age of discretion, are bound, under pain of excommunication, to confess their sins at least once a year and receive communion within the Paschal time. It should not be concluded, though, that previous to the holding of this council, no such obligation existed. In point of fact, communion once a year, with preliminary confession, of course, in the earlier ages of the Church, was far from being considered sufficient compliance with Catholic duty. In many places, during the first ages, the faithful were accustomed to go to communion every time they attended mass; later on, the custom was to receive on Sundays and festivals; then Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost were fixed as feasts when all who wished to be considered Catholics should approach the altar; so that in making the law as it now stands, the Lateran Council simply lessened the obligations of a custom that is as old as the Church itself.

Properly speaking, the Paschal season begins on Palm and ends on Low Sunday, and it is by a special indult that it runs in this country from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday. It follows, consequently, that the duration of the Paschal season varies in different countries. Thus in England, by another indult, it begins on Ash Wednesday and runs to Low Sunday; while in Ireland, though it begins there on the same day, it does not terminate until June 29 each year, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

Is there any ground for or truth in the assertion, so often heard nowadays, that the Catholic Church is opposed to popular education and free schools?

Most assuredly not! All such assertions are utterly groundless and wholly devoid of truth. Instead of being inimical to popular and free schools, the Catholic Church has always been, is now, and always will be their advocate and defender. She could not be otherwise without proving recreant to her character and mission. Why, almost the first work of the apostles was to found free Christian schools wherever they labored, and numerous ecclesiastical councils of the early ages laid strict obligations upon prelates and priests to

establish such schools for their flocks. It was the Catholic Church which, through her monasteries, with their free exterior schools, kept learning alive in the so-called dark ages; it was she who founded the great European universities, and who established the first similar institutions in this western world. She brought the first printing press across the Atlantic, and under her auspices the first books printed on this continent were issued. Catholicity has, in fine, done far more for free popular education than any other agency, and in this country she is nobly maintaining her glorious record, as the constantly increasing number of her free schools testifies. The assertion that she is opposed to such schools is the grossest of calumnies, which has no other basis than her unwillingness to have her children educated in schools that professedly close their doors to religious and moral training.

What is the origin of the Golden Rose which the Pope blesses on the fourth Sunday of Lent, and what is the value of the papal gift?

The origin of the Golden Rose is uncertain as far as the time is concerned when it was first blessed by the Pope; though all authorities agree in saying that the custom which now is observed on the fourth Sunday of every Lent by the Sovereign Pontiff is a very ancient one. Some writers attribute the origin of the custom to Pope Leo IX., who ascended the papal throne in the year 1049; but others say that it goes farther back. There is record of the rose having been sent by Pope Urban II. to the Count of Angers in 1096, and the first woman to be honored with it seems to have been Queen Joanna, of Naples, who received it in 1368. The estimated value of the Golden Rose nowadays is about £400, so that, pecuniarily estimated, the gift is a valuable one. The rose is always blessed by the Holy Father in person, and the benediction is a solemn and impressive ceremony. The papal gift is intrusted to an ablegate for presentation to the person for whom it is intended; and the ceremony of presentation is also a very imposing one. The rose is sent either to famous sanctuaries, Catholic sovereigns, members of their family, or to illustrious personages who have rendered signal services to the church.

Does the oath taken by a Catholic bishop at the ceremony of his consecration bind him "to persecute heretics?" The Rev. Dr. Strong, in his book "Our Country," declares that it does.

Were Doctor Strong better acquainted than this declaration indicates him to be with the significance of Latin verbs, he would never have embodied such a statement in his book. The original form of the oath taken by Catholic bishops when they are consecrated — which form is still used in Catholic countries — contained a phrase which individuals desirous of making capital against the Catholic Church perversely translate so as to make it appear that the prelates who take the oath bind themselves "to persecute heretics." The real sense of the phrase, though, is that the bishops pledge themselves to follow up with argument all heretics and seek to confound their teachings. So far as this country is concerned, however, there need be no fear on the part of non-Catholics that they will be "persecuted" by Catholic bishops, even in the event of America becoming a Catholic land. Because of the wrong interpretation put upon the phrase of the episcopal oath alluded to, it has not been used for many years back in the consecration of American prelates, and it is our impression that it has also been dropped from the oath that is taken by the Catholic prelates of other English-speaking countries, though its retention would by no means render it obligatory for those prelates "to persecute heretics."

Did General Lafayette ever declare that "if the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish (sic) clergy?"

He never did. On the contrary, he

made exactly the opposite statement; and the quotation ascribed to him is only one part of what he really did say on the subject. In the year 1829 the gallant French general, replying to a Protestant friend in New York, who had expressed some alarm at the progress which the Catholic Church even then was making in this country, used these words: "I must be permitted to assure you that the fears which, in your patriotic zeal, you seem to entertain, that if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed, 'it will be by Romish (sic) priests,' are certainly without a shadow of foundation whatever." The individuals who perverted this saying of Lafayette into an accusation against the Catholic Church betrayed themselves when they retained the word "Romish" in their forgery. No Frenchman, even if he did not believe in the teachings of the Catholic Church, would have used that offensive adjective to describe Catholic clergymen. Lafayette employed it simply because he quoted his Protestant correspondent's words, the better to contradict them; but if he had himself framed the sentiment that is so often wrongly attributed to him, and whose correctness he publicly contradicted, he would never have used the objectionable word mentioned.

Why does a bishop, when about to celebrate mass, vest at the altar instead of in the sacristy, as priests do?

This usage is due to an ancient custom, whereby the bishop, before celebrating, was wont to sit at a small altar, which generally stood in the nave of the church, in order to receive the obeisance of the faithful as they came into the church and give them his benediction. When the congregation was all gathered the bishop vested at this small altar, and then proceeded to the sanctuary for the celebration of the holy mysteries. In the course of time, the bishops discontinued the practice of waiting for the homage of the congregation as it came to church; but the practice of vesting at the altar has survived, and the removal of the small altar from the nave of the church caused the main altar of the church to be used instead for the episcopal robing.

What is a reredos, concerning which article Trinity Church was recently agitated?

A reredos is simply an altar screen, which is usually elaborately ornamented with tapestries or paintings, and, in some instances, with carved niches in which statues are placed. The word is derived from the French, and literally means behind the back. Its introduction into churches was due to the fact that in the early ages the altar was so placed in the churches that it could be surrounded on all sides by the worshippers at divine services; and the reredos was used whenever it was desired to cut off, so to speak, those beyond it from joining in the services that were held in a particular part of the church. In larger churches, where there were numerous altars at which different masses were said simultaneously, the use of the reredos, for the purpose of dividing the worshippers into groups, is readily understood. When the practice of having the altars erected in the centre of the churches was discontinued, the reredos fell more or less into disuse; though in the middle ages one was often placed close to the earb of the altar, in order to make the celebrant stand between it and the people. The Rood, often mentioned in connection with the reredos, is simply a representation of the Crucifixion, which formerly stood at the entrance of the chancel; and the fact that the so-called reformation removed such decorations from the Catholic churches that came into its possessions, accounts for the unwillingness shown by many of Trinity Church to accept the reredos that was recently tendered to that place of Protestant worship.

A Commendable Work.

THE Colorado Catholic, of Denver, Col., has had printed a half million copies of the Encyclical of His Holiness, Leo XIII., on the Study of Sacred Scripture, and will send them to all who will forward postage at the rate of five two-cent stamps for every twenty-five copies.

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

If a man wants comfort it is for his interest to buy a pair of Goodyear Welt Shoes, and prove for himself what they are. They are cheaper and better than a hand-sewed shoe, and can have a hand-sewed tap, when repaired, the same as a hand-sewed shoe. Some shoe dealers will say that they have something just as good, but they have not. The truth is, there is more profit for the dealer in a common machine-sewed shoe, and some will try to make you believe it is as good as the Goodyear. If you will buy one pair of Goodyear Welt, you will never wear a hand-sewed shoe and pay a big price, when you can get practically the same thing for one half the price. The Goodyear is the best shoe in the market to-day. It received the highest award at the World's Fair. It is like seeing a miracle to watch the machine in operation. It works almost like human hands.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The sole is fastened with two seams, neither of which passes through the insole. Lasting tacks and nails are removed. The shoe remains on the last during the processes of making and finishing.

We here illustrate the results of both methods. This engraving shows the insole of a shoe, that part of it which comes next the foot. The upper is slit down the front and laid back to show the insole. The latter is cut down the middle line. The lower half was made by the ordinary machine-sewed process. The line of waxed threads, the points of tacks and nails are plainly shown on the insole. The upper half was made by Goodyear Welt process. The insole is clean and smooth. This was photographed from a shoe.

The difference cannot all be seen, it must be felt. The Goodyear Welt part bends readily, is flexible and easy on the foot. The "machine-sewed" side is stiff and hard.

DECEPTION.

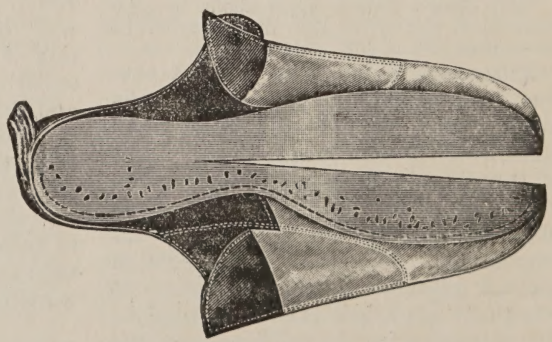
Sometimes there is deception practised in this matter. Thousands of pairs of shoes are made machine-sewed with all the tacks and nails in, but these are covered with a thin strip of grain leather cemented down so as to resemble a smooth insole. In the trade these are known as "smooth inners." They are stiff and inflexible. Often the thin strip comes up before the shoe is worn out, leaving the insole worse than if the strip had not been put down.

But why the excellence of the Goodyear method? Because it is the exact duplication of the hand method.

HOW HE SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

The upper, the insole, and the outsole are the three important parts in a shoe.

How to fasten them together so as to make the best shoe has always been the problem.



The old-time shoemaker, doing all his work by hand, solved it in this way: He lasted the upper over the insole; then, while the shoe was filled with the last, using a curved awl and a wax thread, he sewed these two parts to a

narrow strip of tough but flexible sole leather called the welt. This was the inseam. Then, while the shoe was still on the last, he stitched the outsole to the welt.

POINTS TO BE NOTED.

1. Note that the shoe was made with two seams, neither of which passed through the insole.

2. That during the making, the shoe was continually on the last.

This was hand shoemaking. Nothing better was known until the Goodyear Welt Shoe was made by the Goodyear Sewing Machines, and the method by which the hand workman handled his work has never been improved on.

ADVANTAGES OF THE GOODYEAR WELT.

Smooth bottoms next the feet — no wax, tacks, or nails.

Pliable, easy, and comfortable as hand-sewed shoes.

May be repaired same as hand sewed shoes.

Better fit; the welt sewer assists the lasting, always drawing the upper close to the last.

Less liable to rip even than hand-sewed shoes, because of the solidity and uniformity of sewing and stitching.

Goodyear Welts are made and fastened while on the lasts; hence, retain their shape better.

AND FINALLY.

The Goodyear Welt process has made it possible to buy for $5 a shoe that formerly cost $8 — equally as good in every respect. This is a great achievement, being, as it is, of such advantage to the consumer. For this latter reason the Goodyear Welt Company are taking a great deal of pride in their work, and it may be truly said this is the reason of their wonderful success.

Comfort While Reading.

The Holloway Reading Stand and Dictionary Holder is really an invention of rare utility and practical value. Book readers know the tiresomeness of holding books while reading, and their disinclination to lay aside an interesting book to hunt up the dictionary for the pronunciation or definition of an unfamiliar word. Such words should be looked up when we meet them, if one's reading is to be of full value to him. The Holloway Reading Stand holds the open dictionary by your side, only a turn of the head being required in its consultation, while the book you are reading is held open before you.

Many readers, and especially growing children, contract the unhealthful habit of bending forward when reading or studying, developing serious diseases of the vital organs and an ungraceful form of the body, while the eyesight is not unfrequently impaired by reading from books held at an unsuitable angle or focus. The bookrest will hold your book open at any angle, suiting the vision of the most near or far-sighted eyes, and permitting the reader to assume a healthful, comfortable position. For office use, where reading is subject to frequent interruption, the book may be pushed from you by the slightest movement of the hand, being kept open and in place, ready to be resumed at any time. Readers of Donahoe's who enjoy books and wish to gain the greatest usefulness of them, can well give thought to looking up this invention, which is advertised in this issue.

Information on Athletics.

It is a pleasure to Donahoe's Magazine to recommend to its readers who are interested in athletics and out-door games the firm of Wright & Ditson, of Boston. Mr. John F. Morrill, so long captain of the Boston Base Ball Club, to whose brilliancy as a player, Mr. Murnane, his old comrade in championship contests, pays tribute elsewhere in this number, is a member of this firm. Their headquarters at 344 Washington street is a kind of American Athletic Exposition. Their catalogue for this season is a romance of reality to the man or youth whose head and heart are in next summer's fields, even while his feet are in February "thaws". The catalogue costs nothing, send for it.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

Christian America needs to learn anew the teachings of Christ; and at this season, commemorative of the closing acts of His life, the study may well begin. The truth that the only permanent cure for existing social distress is in the practice of Christ's teachings may sound trite. What if it does? It cannot be made too familiar either in word or in act. Christ's spirit to animate, Christ's life to guide — these are the standards for all Christians who are not hypocrites or veiled atheists.

The most significant achievement of the late George W. Childs, editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, has not received the attention it deserves. His admirable and honorable life was filled with good works — "the thousand nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Unconsciously he helped to illustrate one of the new principles of political economy which promises to remove a great part of the odium that had reasonably grown up around the barren science. Mr. Childs paid his compositors at rates above the Union scale, and he could never see why a business which was so very profitable for an enployer should not do something in proportion for the employees whose labor created the profit.

There may be other publishers who have the will to follow such an example, but their name is not Legion. Our old friends, "supply and demand," regulate newspaper philanthropy. Mr. Childs rose above a hide-bound formula whose operation is no more inevitable than that of a rainfall which may be rendered innocuous by an umbrella. Human beings, with reason, sympathy, and conscience, are not bound to bow down and worship the alleged law of supply and demand. The highest claim of Mr. Childs to the gratitude of his country and generation is based upon the fact that he acted almost every day of his life as if he believed that human nature is above and beyond cut-and-dried formulas.

Mr. Childs had brains enough to perceive, and courage to act upon his knowledge that — as had been said by an eminent scientific thinker — "Just because political economy is a science, its conclusions carry with them no obligatory force with reference to human conduct. . . . The task of science is complete when it shows us the means by which the ends may be attained; but it is for each individual man to decide how far the end is desirable, at the cost which its attainment involves. In a word, the sciences should be our servants, and not our masters." These are the words of the late Professor Cairnes. Mr. Childs made them facts.

Prize fighting, having lost the slight sense of decency that is supposed at one time to have been connected with it, is going to be as dead as a door-nail after one more international fight. At least, the Marquis of Queensberry says so, and he ought to know. This sportsman explains, with very emphatic contempt, that the "manly art" has become mere trickery and blackguardism. Some Irishmen are apt to be somewhat proud that so many men of the Irish race make a regular business of "puttin' up the dooks." It is no credit to any man of the Irish race to be a professional bruiser. The direct brutalism is a dis-

grace to any stage of manhood that has passed beyond cannibalism, while all the associations are hopelessly degrading. The very lowest order of courage that can be displayed is that of standing up to pommel another man, or be pommelled by him — for certain stakes, plus the gate money.

Irishmen in America should be thoroughly ashamed to assert their superiority in mere brute strength, put forth in the prize ring. In ancient Greece, when leading citizens desired to give their young men a lesson in the results of debauchery and disorderly passion, they first made the Helots (slaves) intoxicated, and then turned them like wild beasts into the arena, where they tore each other to pieces. The prize ring of to-day affords the same object lesson in brute force, intoxicated with success and gone mad. It is a poor rôle for Irishmen to play — that of over-fed animals fighting for a purse. If the world occasionally demands such an exhibition, let the men of other races do the rest of the fighting. Irishmen have had all the glory that can be got out of it. They are now having the disgrace. It is time to stop.

Men who have grown old in the service of Ireland are agreed that the political situation in Great Britain is most critical. There is an imperative necessity for all possible means and methods of help to hold up the hands of the Home Rule members.

Now, when the movement is at its crisis, there is undeniable danger of a lack of concentrated effort to solve the great problem, once and forever. Great Britain is on the eve of a general election, and the material aid of the Irish race throughout the world is more required than it ever has been.

The subject of Home Rule has long passed beyond the stage of a local or a British question. It is now that factor of the social and the human question which compels the immediate attention of all thinking people throughout the world. The issue is moral and economic rather than political. It is inseparably bound up with justice and wisdom, with land, labor, and capital. The war for the emancipation of the working classes of Europe is being waged in the House of Commons by the representatives of the Irish people. These men enjoy no subsidies from any government or from the wealthy clubs of the liberals, conservatives, or unionists. Many of the Irish members, with no private or professional incomes — and some of the very ablest among them — have given their lives to the cause, and depend for their bread and butter upon the voluntary contributions of their countrymen.

This is exactly the time when the sympathies of the Irish race should not be allowed to become lukewarm. The recent address delivered by the Hon. Edward Blake, in Boston, is conclusive as to the status of Home Rule, and also as to the fact that the Irish members of parliament must make another appeal to the generosity of their supporters. The political enemies of the Irish cause are wealthy and powerful, earnest, active, vigilant, and unscrupulous. They must be confronted by a solid phalanx of those friends who are determined that the movement shall be urged on strenuously to an immediate and a successful issue. In our ultra-practical age this means money, and it becomes the duty of all members of the

Irish family to see to it that at the critical moment nothing shall be done to retard the cause, and nothing left undone to forward it.

If you are a Catholic and want the people of our faith in this country to be known to all as they really are, — broad minded, pure hearted, patriotic, and wholly and intensely American, — see to it that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and its work are made known so far as lies in your power. If you cannot get a neighbor to buy it regularly, loan him your copy occasionally, when you have read it all yourself. If he is worthy of your acquaintance, he will return it within a reasonable time. If in the meantime he has read it, he will have gained something and you will have lost nothing. We do not object to borrowers. Let them have the MAGAZINE once in a while. The borrower of to-day may be the subscriber of to-morrow.

We have been told that it is impossible to please everybody. That isn't the hardest task we find, however. We haven't yet succeeded in satisfying ourselves. "Everybody" is, comparatively, a very generous critic. We thank him.

Marshall Cushing says a kindly word about a friend whenever he gets a chance, and sometimes he even manufactures the chance. The following is from his brilliant Washington Capital. "The editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in Boston has a long head to pick Stevenson and Hill as the two leading Democratic presidential possibilities for '96."

It is worth mentioning that Senator White, of Louisiana, recently elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, is a devout Catholic.

The Church and the Age.

OUR place is in the world as well as in the sanctuary; in the world, wherever we can prove our love for it or render it a service. We cannot influence men at long range; close contact is needed. Let us be with them in the things that are theirs — material interests, social welfare, civil weal — so that they be with us in the things that are ours — the interests of religion. Let us be with them, because their interests are our own, because nature and grace must not be separated. The age, I shall be told, is following wrong roads. I reply we have abandoned it to itself, and allowed it to err. Let us now repair the fault and go with it in order to guide it in the future.

The age courts knowledge; let us more than others be the patrons of knowledge. Let Catholics be the most erudite historians, the most experienced scientists, the most acute philosophers; and history, science, and philosophy will not be divorced from religion. The age demands liberty with good government; let us be models of patriotism, of civil virtue, of loyalty to the country's institutions; and no suspicion will ever exist that Catholics are the allies of buried regimes, the enemies of liberty, civil or political. In all social plannings and organizations let us be the most active, the most useful; and men will recognize the great truth that religion, having the promises of the life to come, has those, too, of the life that is, and seeing in the Church the friend and the protectress of their terrestrial interests, they will easily accept her in her supernatural offerings. Let us love men as Christ loved them, even when they love us not, and affection for them will beget in them affection for us and for our doctrines. Above all let us love and work earnestly and energetically. The world succeeds in its enterprises through tireless perseverance and Titanic labors. In like manner shall we succeed in our task. The half-hearted measure in which we evangelize the age deserves and brings failure. Steam and electricity in religion co-operating with divine grace will win; old-fashioned, easy-going methods mean defeat. We have not heretofore won the age; let us not put all the blame upon the age. — *Archbishop Ireland.*

THE ENGAGEMENT.

THE RACE FOR THE SHIP.

Story of the Catalpa. *See page 360.*

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE STORY OF THE CATALPA.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

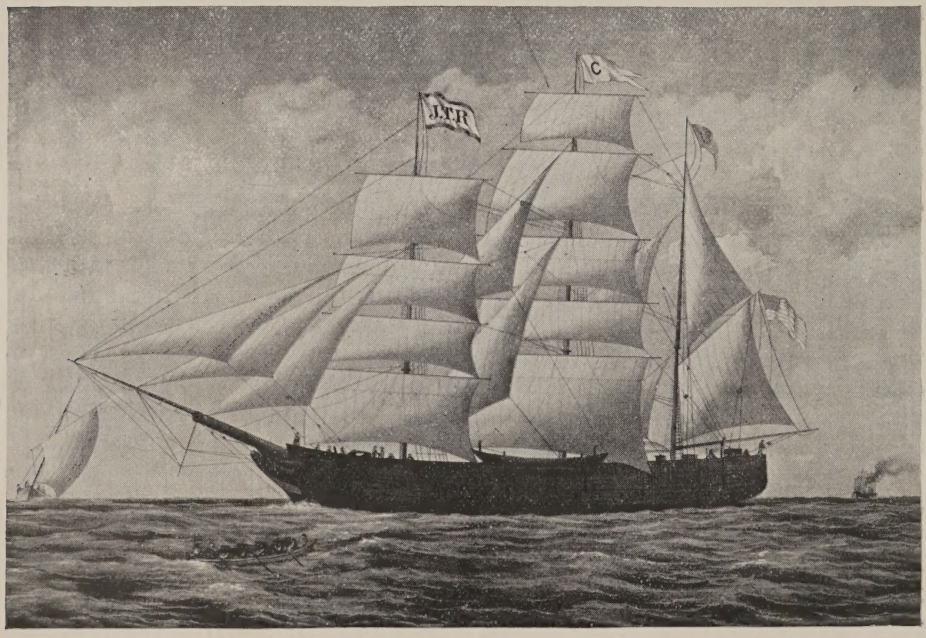
QUIET and, in certain sections, a beautiful city is New Bedford. Its Quaker origin is apparent, the shadow of the broad brim still broods over its peaceful streets. Along its wharves many a quaint old whaling ship lies at rest, enjoying a well-merited repose. "We have earned much of your wealth," the old whalers seem to say to the city, "and much of your glory; and the whale-oil which we have brought to you has made easy the road of many of your oldest inhabitants." A goodly number of the old whaling captains are to be found also enjoying their "otium cum dignitate" in New Bedford, for their occupation is for the most part gone. They have a common meeting-place at a quaint club, known as "The Chronometer Club," where they spin yarns, tell of strange adventures, and fight over again and again many an old whaling battle. It is a club that would have delighted our good friend Captain Cuttle, and it would have given him much joy to have introduced there his famous oracle, the redoubtable Jack Bunsby.

I went to New Bedford in order to meet an ex-whaling captain — Captain Anthony, of whom I had heard much — and to hear his story of the Catalpa; for the captain, like the Ancient Mariner, has a story that is worth the telling. Who can blame the wedding guest that he did not attend the wedding, but sat quietly and listened to the Mariner's story in preference to sitting out the marriage ceremony? Surely his being hypnotized by the Mariner's eye was but a pretence, an excuse. As for Captain Anthony's story, I would delay my own wedding to listen to it. It is the story of a brave deed bravely done, and I wish to tell it as much as possible in the captain's own words.

I met the captain at the Custom House, where he is employed, and we went out to dinner together. After dinner I asked him to tell me his story, but "No," he said, "I can't tell it here well; wait till we get back to the Custom House." So back to the Custom House we went, to the very tiptop of it, up into a little glass cupola which commands a view of the harbor; and here where we could see the ships sailing in, and

whalers at rest by the wharves, we lit our pipes and —

But while the captain is lighting his pipe, I wish to say some introductory words about the Catalpa and its mission. To meet the requirements of a magazine article, I must tell the story very tersely, and can only quote the captain in part; but I am glad to hear that the captain is making a book out of his experiences on this voyage, and it is a book that every Irish American will wish to possess.



BARK CATALPA OF NEW BEDFORD.

Police Boat. Ship's boat with rescued Fenians. The Georgette.

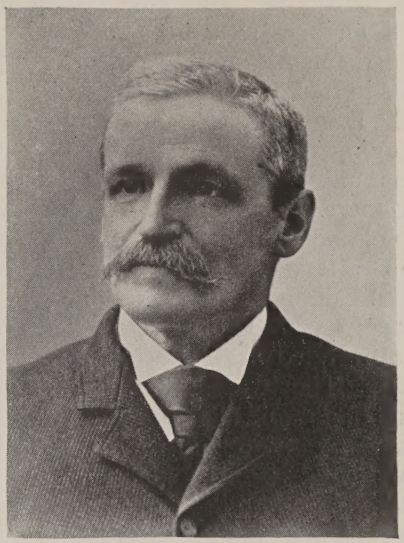
When the British government granted pardon and amnesty to other political prisoners, there were six men who were still detained at Australia — Sergeant Thomas Darragh, Robert Cranston, Thomas Hassett, Martin Hogan, Michael Harrington, and James Wilson. These were participants in the attempted revolution of '66 and '67. Loyalty to Ireland is treason to England, so these men were condemned to a life of penal servitude. To the credit of that much abused body, the Clan-na-Gael, be it said, that years of discouragement and defeat had not sufficed to make these forlorn men forgotten by their comrades. John Devoy, the whilom organizer of treason in the British army; John Breslin, the rescuer of James Stephens from Richmond prison, and several other bold spirits on both sides of the Atlantic, remembered the men in bondage, held clandestine communication with them, and patiently awaited the chance of proving their devotion in the most practical way. A plan was organized to rescue the prisoners, which, in brief, was to buy a ship, man her with hardy fellows who did not fear the consequences, and, sailing to Western Australia, rescue the life prisoners from captivity.

With this plan in his head, John

Devoy came to Boston in February of 1875, to seek the advice and assistance of John Boyle O'Reilly. Mr. O'Reilly proposed an amendment to the plan, which was adopted. This was to buy a whaling vessel, and send her ostensibly on a whaling cruise, thus averting the suspicion which would be sure to attach to a ship of any other description cruising in Western Australian waters.

Mr. O'Reilly gave Mr. Devoy a letter to Captain Henry C. Hathaway, of New Bedford, who was third mate of the Gazelle, on which Mr. O'Reilly had made his own escape from Australia. Captain Hathaway was the captain of the night police of New Bedford at that time, and for obvious reasons could not take a too active part in the scheme, but nevertheless his advice and assistance contributed largely to the success of the expedition. He looked about quietly for a vessel, and at length recommended the purchase of the bark Catalpa, which was bought through a third party, and John T. Richardson, of New Bedford, was secured as her agent.

The conspirators were most fortunate in the selection of a master, for Captain George S. Anthony proved himself to be the right man in the right place. He was a young man at the time, modest in deportment, but brave and fearless, for none but a brave man would have engaged to take charge of the ship. So exacting were his employers that the captain could not confide his undertaking even to his wife, and of course the men under him could not be informed of the object of the voyage, so there was reason to anticipate a troublesome time with them when the true nature of the errand should be divulged. The first officer, Smith, was an American of Scotch parentage; only one Irishman was among the crew, which was purposely selected by Captain Hathaway to consist of Malays, Kanakas, and Portuguese negroes, with one or two



Captain George S. Anthony.

whites. It was necessary that the ship should present in every respect the appearance of a genuine whaler. Captain Anthony had a roving charter; in his own words, "To go where I liked, stay as long as I pleased, and return home when I got ready. I was to be at Australia in the spring of 1876 to coöperate with Fenian agents for the release of six prisoners confined at Freemantle."

I know that I am giving Captain Anthony more than ample opportunity to fill and light his pipe, but for the sake of brevity I will condense the narrative until the active and most interesting period comes, and then I shall let the captain finish it in his own words.

The Catalpa sailed from New Bedford on the 29th of April, 1875,

and cruised for a year, capturing one whale, and on the 1st of March, 1876, arrived at Bunbury, Western Australia. Meantime it was arranged that Breslin should direct the movement on land, and he had proceeded to Australia, together with Thomas Desmond, and arrived at Freemantle in November, 1875. Breslin took the name of "Collins" and Desmond that of "Jones." They at once put themselves in communication with friends of the prisoners. One of them was John King, and another J. Edward Kelly, who afterwards died in Boston. "Mr. Collins" and "Mr. Jones" did not appear to know each other, and one travelled first, the other second class. They were both well supplied with funds, and showed good taste in horse flesh, and drove frequently about the suburbs of the town. "Mr. Collins" seemed to be a capitalist, and interested himself in studying the resources of the country, with a view to investment. "Mr. Collins" made friends with the governor, and was shown by that official over the great penal institution, which so interested the alleged American capitalist that he paid several visits to the prison, during one of which he conveyed a letter to the six political prisoners, and soon after met James Wilson, with whom he arranged the details of the escape. Wilson was to have his party ready on a certain day, with a pass to take them through the sentry lines, after achieving which they would find horses, weapons, and allies.

Late in March the slow-sailing Catalpa arrived at Bunbury, on the west coast of Australia. The next day the captain received a telegram from Freemantle as follows: —

Any news from New Bedford? When are you coming to Freemantle?

J. COLLINS.

The captain answered: —

No news from New Bedford. Shall not come to Freemantle.

Two days later "Collins" arrived at Bunbury from Freemantle and put up at Spencer's Hotel, where the captain was stopping. Captain Anthony contrived to be casually introduced as "a wealthy American gentleman travelling for pleasure." Towards evening the captain invited "Collins" to walk down to the jetty, and then took him off to the ship. "Collins" had improved his time in studying the coast, and he explained it to Captain Anthony by means of a chart. They also took a trip to Freemantle in the steamer Georgette and became acquainted with the captain and purser, from whom they secured valuable information concerning bearings and soundings.

At Freemantle they found a British gunboat in the harbor, and decided to make no move until she left; so they quartered themselves at the Emerald Isle Hotel, and from this time they were strangers and held all necessary interviews in secret. Once they rode to Rockingham, 23 miles distant, and selected a place for the prisoners to join the rescuers. In order to see how speedily the trip could be made with the prisoners, Breslin drove a pair of horses 10 miles over a macadamized road in 40 minutes, but the remainder of the distance was sandy and was made in much slower time. At Rockingham stakes were driven to mark the spot, because it was then thought best for the prisoners to land in the night-time. A code of secret signs for telegraphing was arranged, and at the end of the fifth day in Freemantle they took the mail coach to Bunbury. The ride occupied nearly two days, the road for the most part being very sandy.

"When the ship was ready for sea," said Captain Anthony, in relating the story, "I telegraphed the fact to Collins, stating that I should leave the next day. The next day there was a furious storm, and I could not make a start; but I thought I could get away in time to carry out my plans, and so I did not communicate with Collins. The day following, finding I could not get away, I attempted to telegraph Collins, but it was Good Friday, and the telegraph offices were not open. I found a female operator at length, who said the office could not be opened excepting in a case of 'life or death.' I told her it was more important than either, and she decided to send my message. Saturday morning I telegraphed Collins :—

I shall certainly leave Bunbury for the whaling-grounds to-morrow. I suppose you and your friends start for York on Monday morning.

"York is a small village, and it was to signify 'Bunbury' with us. Collins replied :—

I wish you good luck, and that you may strike oil. Au revoir.

"Saturday afternoon we left Bunbury and stood up along the land under short sail. Monday at 12 o'clock I was 30 miles southwest from Rottenness lighthouse, when I picked out a boat's crew of five of my best men and started for the shore. I did not go nearer the shore because there was a signal station at the lighthouse there, from which point the arrival of news is telegraphed, and I did not wish my arrival known.

"My boat was manned by the third mate, two Portuguese, a St. Helena boat steerer, and two Malays. None of them knew my errand, nor did any one on board the ship excepting my mate. I told the boat's

ESCAPE OF THE PRISONERS.

crew I was going to Freemantle for an anchor in the place of one that was broken in the gale at Bunbury."

"But why did you not tell the men at this time?" I asked.

"I kept it a secret for their own good, knowing there was a great chance of our being caught and feeling that in such a case their ignorance would clear them.

"We arrived at the Rockingham shore at eight o'clock the next morning, having worked along slowly the previous night so as to land under the cover of darkness. Collins and the prisoners were not expected until 10 o'clock that forenoon, and I was to wait until noon if they did not come before. Five men were working at the jetty a quarter of a mile away, and one of them came over and commenced questioning me. I told him the same story I had told the men, that I was bound to Freemantle for an anchor, and had stopped to rest. He was not satisfied and intimated that we were deserters. When I satisfied him that I was the master of the ship, his suspicions were again aroused, and he thought we might be after Kenneth Brown, a man then being tried at Perth for the murder of his wife. The men at the quay, I learned, were there to load timber on the steamer Georgette, which was hourly expected.

"Things now looked squally. The boat's crew began to grow uneasy at remaining so long ashore with no apparent object. They seemed to be afraid of being taken on suspicion of some misdemeanor; and when I told them that when I gave the order to man the boat and pull off, they must do it in a hurry it seemed to cause them even more uneasiness. It was now 10 o'clock, however, and I knew the men would soon be along.

"While we watched on the beach I learned that in landing in the night we had come in over a dangerous reef that no boat ever attempted before, and the rocks were now out of water, and the sea was breaking over them.

"Meanwhile, Breslin was carrying out his arrangements at Freemantle. He had sent a note to each of the prisoners, containing the following":—

> We have men; we have money, and we have arms. Let no man's heart fail him. This chance may never occur again.

I must interrupt the captain here for a few minutes and allow him to reload his pipe while I relate how Breslin managed the escape on land, as condensed from his own graphic narrative.

Early in the morning of that 17th day of April, 1876, Breslin and Desmond, with fast horses and light traps, drove up to the vicinity of the prison on to the Rockingham road. King and Thomas Brennan were mounted on horseback to act as scouts. On account of good conduct and length of imprisonment, the prisoners were enabled to communicate with each other with greater freedom than could the other convicts, and this facilitated matters in the escape. After breakfast that morning all the prisoners had managed to be engaged in work outside of the prison wall. Cranston passed out as if going on a message, and, having overtaken the warder, who was marching the working party in which Wilson and Harrington worked, showed him a key, and told him he had been sent to take Wilson and Harrington to move some furniture in the governor's house, which was the nearest point to the meeting-place agreed upon. The warder ordered the men to go with Cranston.

Darragh took Hassett as if going to work in the same direction, and was joined by Hogan, who made an excuse for temporary absence to the warder who had charge of him. Both parties met at the Rockingham road. To jump into the carriages and make off for the Rockingham shore was but the work of a minute. So dazed were the jailers by the boldness of the escape, that it was some time before a party started in pursuit. At half-past 10 o'clock the prisoners and their rescuers arrived at the Rockingham beach, and immediately got aboard the whale-boat and put out to sea. They were two miles out before a body of mounted police who were in pursuit arrived upon the scene.

"The first intimation we had of the coming of the prisoners," said the captain, resuming his narrative, "was the arrival of Thomas Brennan, one of the party of releasers, in a one-horse trap. Next came John King on horseback, to see if all was right, and he immediately hastened back to hurry up the rest of the party. At 11 o'clock all had assembled, and were crowded aboard, leaving the horses and vehicles in which they came to themselves. The wind was dead ahead, and the ship was not in sight."

When about two miles from the shore in the whale-boat, Breslin dropped a letter overboard fastened to a float and directed to the governor. It concluded as follows: —

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,
A few cells I've emptied (a sell in its way);
I've the honor and pleasure to bid you good day.
From all future acquaintance excuse me, I pray.
In the service of my country.

JOHN J. BRESLIN.

"Finally we raised the Catalpa, and set sail for her, the wind having changed. We were gaining fast, when a squall struck us, and the mast went over the side. Hauling in the wreck, we took to our oars again, but after two hours of this

John Devoy.

work we set a jib on an oar. The wind and sea were now increasing, and with 16 men in the boat it brought her into the water, so that every time that she was struck by a sea, water was shipped over her stern, keeping the men constantly bailing. We were all wet, tired, and hungry, the water having ruined the provisions, and at daylight the boat was found to be nearer the shore than at dark the night previous.

"At daylight we raised the ship again, and with jib up and the men doing their best we gained on her. We made signals to the ship, but could not attract her attention. At about 7 o'clock we saw the steamer Georgette steaming out of Freemantle harbor, but gave her little attention, as it was her regular sailing-day. We soon observed, though,

that she was steering for the bark, and learned afterwards that the captain asked Mr. Smith, my mate, if he had seen a boat with a lot of men in it, and he replied 'No.' They asked if the captain was on board and then if there were passengers on board, and finally if they might go aboard, and in each instance were answered 'No.' The steamer then stood in toward land. Those on board knew it had been a rugged night, and they expected to find us inshore. As the Georgette steamed toward Freemantle she made a complete circle around us. As she drew near us on the inshore side, we took a sail and laid low in the boat, working the oars just enough to keep steerage-way on the boat ; and then, as she drew away, put up the little sail again and made for the ship.

"And now she sighted us. All this time, since daylight, the coast-guard boat had been lying near the ship, to watch it while the Georgette went inshore to drive us out. At about the time the ship sighted us the coast-guard boat sighted us also and stood toward us, with the view of intercepting us. It was an exciting race, but the ship reached us first ; and so close was it that the Catalpa did not wait for us to swarm up her sides, but, lowering the falls, grappled us fore and aft, and hoisted boat, men, and all on board. The coast-guard boat then ran by, after identifying several of the prisoners. The Catalpa worked off shore all that night, but the winds were light and baffling. At daylight the Georgette was sighted from the masthead. We were then 18 or 20 miles off shore. The steamer came down and fired a round shot across our bow. The American flag was then run up. We were hailed and a demand was twice made for us to heave to.

"'What for?' I shouted.

"'There are six prisoners aboard your ship.'

"'There are no prisoners here that I know of,' I answered.

"We continued on our course when the captain sang out :—

"'Your government has been telegraphed. Don't you know you are amenable to British laws in this colony ? You have six prisoners on board. I can see them now, and if you don't give them up you must take the consequences.'

"'You are mistaken, sir; the men you see are the ship's crew.'

"'If you don't heave to, I'll blow the masts out of you. I have the means to do it, and I'll give you 15 minutes to consider my request.'

"Meantime he trained his guns upon the bark.

"'This ship is on the high seas,' said I, 'and she flies the American flag. If you fire on the ship you fire on the flag.'

"I had my hatches open and whaling lances and other gear in readiness, and heavy logs of timber to throw into the Georgette's boats if they attempted to board. The whale-guns were loaded, and every man had 50 rounds of rifle and pistol cartridges, and stood ready.

"After about 10 minutes the Georgette's captain hailed again :—

"'Can I come on board ? You have five minutes more.' He held his watch in his hand.

"'No, sir,' I answered; 'I am bound to sea and shall not stop.'

"During the altercation between bark and steamer, Desmond called the men, and said, 'What had we better do, men?'

"They replied resolutely, 'Sink or swim, no surrender!' The mate, Mr. Smith, then deliberately said, 'By —— we'll sink under that flag

before we'll give it up.' Desmond observed by this time that the Georgette was following up the Catalpa and trying to hedge her into the land. He communicated his suspicions to me and I sang out, 'Bout ship, keep off to sea!' and out to sea we went."

So ended the captain's narrative. There remains little to be told.

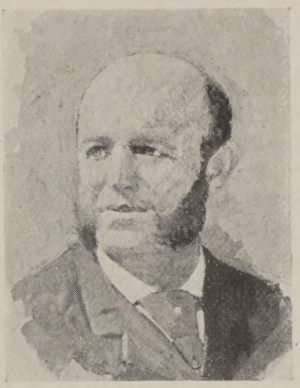
The Catalpa's sails filled, and her bow was directed amidships of the Georgette. As she gathered way, the police-boat, being in danger of being run down, backed hastily out. After following the Catalpa a short distance, she swung slowly around, and turning tail put for home, being entirely beaten in the great American game of bluff. And so the Catalpa sailed serenely on, and the stars and stripes floated bravely in the breeze.

There was an interesting sequel to the affair, inasmuch as there came to New Bedford, some time in the August following, a formidable document directed to "The officer in charge of Police Department." This document came from the superintendent of police of Perth, Western Australia. After telling of the escape, it wound up by saying: —

> I attach a description of each of the absconders, and have to request that you will be good enough to furnish me with any particulars you may be able to gather concerning them.

Now the officer in charge of "Police Department, New Bedford, Mass.," at this time was one Captain Henry C. Hathaway, the same who had rescued John Boyle O'Reilly from captivity, and who had helped to fit out the Catalpa. It is needless to say that he did not show any undue zeal in aiding the Australian authorities to recover possession of the fugitives.

The Catalpa arrived in New York on Saturday, Aug. 19. Five days later she came into the port of New Bedford, where a great crowd had assembled on the wharves to welcome her. Next day a public



Captain Henry C. Hathaway.

reception was given to the heroes. John Boyle O'Reilly was the orator of the occasion, and in winding up his speech he said: "When England said the rescue was illegal, America could answer, as the Anti-slavery men answered when they attacked the constitution, as England herself answered in the cause of Poland: 'We have acted from a higher law than your written constitution and treaties — the law of God and humanity!' It was in obedience to this supreme law that Captain Anthony rescued the prisoners, and pointed his finger at the stars and stripes when the English vessel threatened to fire on his ship."

And so the story of the Catalpa is told. Is it not a story worth the telling, a deed worthy of being immortalized in song and story? It shows that in this commercial age bravery and chivalry have not died in the hearts of men, but only wait their opportunity, which comes perhaps more rarely than in days of old.

THE SHADOW.

A LEGEND.

BY VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM.

A FIRE burned on the field. By the fire sat Jesus, surrounded by a few sincere adherents and friends. A few steps back of him his magnified shadow was cast upon a wall.

Then John, the favorite disciple of the Master, lost in thought, took a piece of charcoal, and with it traced the lines of the shadow till he sketched the whole figure of the Master on the wall. Then he dropped the charcoal and was soon again engrossed in the conversation.

On the following morning as the people passed by the wall, many a one stood still and looked at the sketch.

"That represents a shoemaker, for it has a crooked back," said the shoemaker.

"Nonsense," replied the fruit dealer. "Its bent attitude shows as clear as day that it is meant for a fruit vender, even though it was forgotten to sketch the basket on his back. The half-open mouth shows plainly that he is calling 'Pomegranates! Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A prominent member of the Sanhedrim who was passing, but who of course would not mingle his voice with the voices of the common people, thought to himself: "By the high forehead I see that it represents a learned man, a thinker. It might almost be taken for a portrait of myself. It is surely my picture. Not badly done. Quite likely one of the men made a sketch of me. They all know me a little."

Meanwhile one of the spectators had quietly come up to the sketch. He was a well-dressed man with a gentle and kindly face which reminded one of the face of a child. No one knew much about him, no chronicle has preserved his name for posterity; for he lived in retirement, afraid of all noise, of all sensation. His hands crossed over the knob of his cane, he contemplated the sketch. "What a noble brow!" he thought. "What sublime meekness in the whole figure! Ah, that one might resemble that sketch — but why wish the impossible!"

As he stood there, meekly and quietly, he resembled the sketch so strikingly that all stepped back and, whispering, pointed at him. Modest and bashful, he went away, not knowing why they were looking at him.

He did not resemble Christ, for who could do that? He resembled only his shadow without knowing it. Had he known it—had he, proud with this consciousness, haughtily thrown back his head — the resemblance would have vanished.

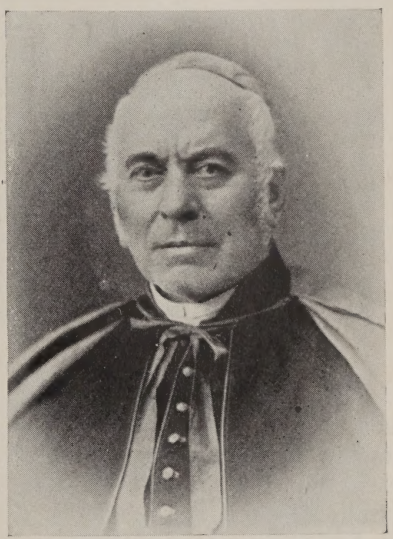
THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

A KING has his parliament; a president his senate. Moses, the leader of the Hebrew people, was commanded by God to choose 70 elders to aid him in the government of the nation, and Christ himself called to the mission of propagating His Gospel 72 disciples. So, too, for the needs of the Church it became necessary that the Sovereign Pontiff should have around him a body of auxiliaries, ministers, counsellors, coöperators, in the exercise of the supreme pontificate, in the high administration of the universal episcopacy.

As the principal part of the body of the Papacy, the cardinals are rightly so called; for upon their action hinges the policy, not only of the Church of Rome, but that also of the universal Church. It was for this reason that the great councils, especially that of Trent, inculcated that the cardinals be chosen from all Catholic nations. Pius II., when once requested to restrict their number, answered that as head of the Church he could not do so without neglecting the ultramontane nations, an effect which would be contrary to all the constitutions of his predecessors.

The title of cardinal and the active office annexed to it seem to have had their origin about the year 154, in the pontificate of Pope Hyginus. In 238 Pope Fabian divided Rome into seven ecclesiastical districts, over each of which he placed a deacon to administer to the wants of the poor. These were regarded as leading men, upon whose action the government of the Roman Church

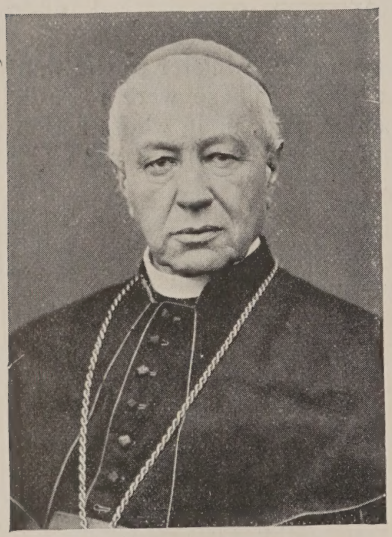


Mertel. Italian. Born 1806. Vice Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church.

then in a manner hinged. Hence their name of cardinal (from "cardo" — a hinge). Their number and prerogatives increased as time went on. They cannot properly be said to have been united into a distinct organization before the eleventh century. Although, however, the historical events of the Sacred College present many interesting features, it will rather be our purpose to examine that illustrious body in its present conditions.

The qualifications necessary for

advancement to the station of the cardinalate are best perceived and easily recognized by those whose good fortune has thrown them much into their company. I say "much" advisedly; for the multitude of "guide-



Taschereau. Canada. Born 1820.

books" and "experiences of tourists" whose acquaintance has been restricted to public formalities and ceremonies, present but limited and often false estimates of their lives and characters. The presence of princely and noble names in the list of their members does not argue a necessity of yielding to the demands of family pride or of wealth. A Howard, a Hohenlohe, or a Bonaparte during the last decade have not been inferior in practical ability or sterling worth to the humblest of their colleagues.

The private life of a prince of the Church is always a subject of wonder to the curious. They are astounded at its simplicity and almost disappointed at what they would term its unromantic character. The cardinal's palace, whether its exterior be of princely appearance or not, is certainly very plain within. His apartments are not adorned with luxurious profusion, and usually contain only such articles of furniture as the demands of his work require.

I remember a visit to the rooms of the late Cardinal Simeoni, in the Propaganda Palace, and was struck by the absence of everything suggesting a life of ease. The three or four antechambers contained but a few chairs for the accommodation of those awaiting an audience. There was nothing remarkable in any one of them. The reception room itself is even more plain: a small apartment containing a long table with the usual covering of green cloth, a dozen common chairs for the use of secretaries, a crucifix, and a few pictures. The only object of real, absolute worth in the whole suite of apartments was the grand old man himself, simple as a child, yet holding in his hand the religious government of over 25,000,000 people.

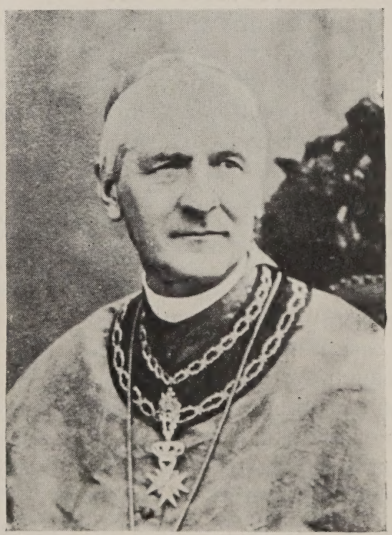
Rising at an early hour, the cardinal's first duties are immediately to God. Morning prayer, mass, and meditation precede the slight breakfast of black coffee, with one or two rolls. His morning is occupied with the routine of business, and it is only in the evening that he can find the few hours of leisure for society. In the social circle, sufficiently large at Rome, the cardinal appears most to advantage. It is then, in the brilliant play of learning and wit, that he is forced to display those charming qualities that must endow him for his high position. The outward pomp, however, which etiquette requires of him is but the covering of a simple, unostentatious life; and if at the end of the day he may be seen walking out upon the Pincian

Hill, like other people, and taking a little rest and recreation, we cannot deny that he has earned it well.

The learning and practical ability of a cardinal are often determined by his age and former surroundings. The lowest age at which it is usual now to rise to that dignity is conceded to be 30 years, though there is no positive law preventing creation at an earlier age. In the present college the average age is about 67 years, Cardinal Mertel, now in his 88th year, being the eldest, while Cardinal di Rende, at 49, is the youngest. This average contrasts strangely with those of former pontificates, especially those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the ages of some of the cardinals presented curious figures. In 1735, Prince Louis de Bourbon, son of Philip V. of Spain, was created cardinal at the age of eight years. In 1619 Ferdinand, son of Philip III. of Spain, was raised to the purple at the age of 10; Coligny at 11; Gaetani, and Della Rovere at 12. Five obtained this promotion at the age of 14, among whom was the illustrious Leo X.

While we are surprised at what might seem an unworthy squandering of these sacred honors, we can yet find sufficient cause for their concession in the motives that induced it. In the first place no rank was thus conferred of higher degree than that of cardinal deacon, and moreover being bestowed usually on princes of royal blood, there was always good reason to know that the young cleric would be educated all the more surely to the duties of his ecclesiastical office, and with less danger of perversion for the future. The dangers, however, which might arise from a misunderstanding of these motives have induced later popes, especially the last four, to select their candidates with more care, and it is safe to say that during the present century no inducement of princely origin or relationship could elevate to the purple any one not gifted with the qualities of respectable age and extraordinary ability.

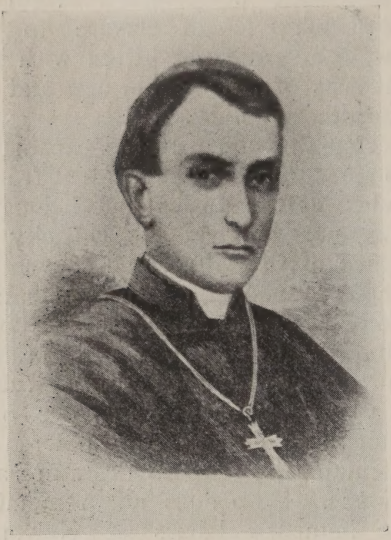
That the office of the cardinal is no sinecure would be evident from a glance at the duties that belong to him, not only in his capacity as prince of the Church, but even as incident upon his own personality. Many of them, such as Cardinals Gibbons, Logue, Vaughan, Moran, and others, are the spiritual rulers of vast archdioceses in their own countries. Others have rendered incalculable services to literature and science. Who does not remember the immense labors of Newman, Manning, and Wiseman, in leaving to



Ledochowski. Poland. Born 1822.
Prefect of the Propaganda.

their language classic monuments moulded for all times? Cardinal Capecelatro is at present to Italy

what Newman was to English-speaking peoples. Cardinals Franzeline, Mazzella, Alimonda, Zigliara, and



Lucian Bonaparte. Born in Rome, 1828.

Gibbons are recognized exponents of the philosophy of the Church they adorn. Others have been remarkable as students of the exact sciences; some are inventors, some artists, and the greater number are statesmen of recognized prominence. It is safe to say that the Sacred College offers no asylum for the idle, and that even the moments of leisure are sacrificed to labors that others would regard as extremely arduous.

Speaking of the duties of cardinals, as such, we need mention only two: their attendance at consistories, public or private, and their work in the sacred congregations. At the consistories, or meetings in the presence of the Holy Father, all the cardinals that happen to be in Rome are present. A private consistory consists of cardinals only, with the Pope, and serves as the occasion on which the Holy Father makes known his appointments to the highest offices in the Church. To the public consistory all persons of rank or reputation and a few private individuals may be admitted. Therein the cardinal, already appointed, receives, amidst many ceremonies, the official insignia of his estate, the red hat.

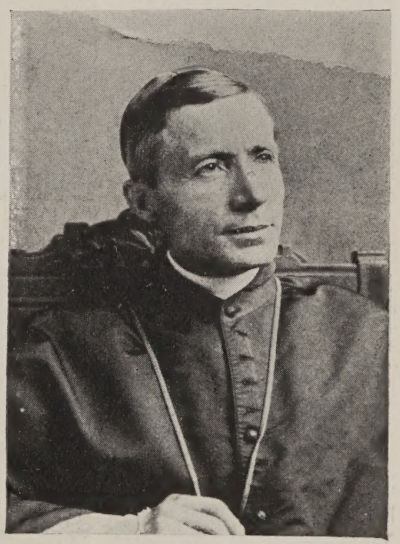
I recall as a pleasant reminiscence the public consistory of 1886, when Cardinal Mazzella, an American citizen, by the way, was elevated to the purple. The ticket of entrance admitted me, together with three ecclesiastical students from New York, to a position in the Royal Hall, that of the consistory, and to a place near the throne of the Holy Father. The hall, itself one of the marvels of the Vatican, is oblong, about 40 feet wide by 100 in length. The throne of the Pope was set against the wall at one end. It was very simple in structure and surmounted by a canopy. Immediately in front of it was an empty space about 15 feet square, enclosed by three long benches, for the use of the cardinals. In the back of the hall was seen a gallery, capable of accommodating 100 spectators. Against the middle of the side walls were erected two smaller galleries — one for the ambassadors, the other for Roman princes.

As we entered, about 10 o'clock, we found the Royal Hall pretty well crowded. The gallery in the back was reserved for ladies, who in their sombre black and crepe, made a setting of jet in the midst of kaleidoscopic varieties. The glittering regalia of the ambassadors in the right tribune contrasted with the simplicity of the princes opposite. On the floor of the hall was an intermingling of Swiss guards, laymen in full dress, and clerics of every kind and description, who moved about easily, taking in the sights and personages around them.

At length, after half an hour of eager expectancy, a murmur is heard through the hall, "Il Papa!" and all eyes are turned to the large doors on the right leading in from the ducal hall. The great damask curtains swing aside, and the procession enters. Guards, Palatine, Swiss, and noble precede, followed by dignitaries of the household, a line of scarlet-clad cardinals moving along in twos, and lastly, surrounded by his chamberlains in sword and cape, or bearing aloft the great peacock fans borne in his sedia gestatoria, His Holiness, Leo XIII. The audience have all fallen upon their knees as the aged Pontiff, to the strains of the welcome hymn from the papal choir, raises his hand in benediction. He is at length seated upon his throne and the ceremony begins. It would be useless here to describe the long and apparently complicated functions that follow, all of which tend to the principal end — the creation of the cardinals, the proclamation of new episcopal promotions, or the like.

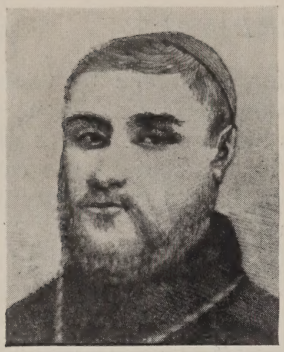
The principal duties of the cardinals, outside of the ordinary ceremonies attendant on the presence of the Holy Father, are contained in the various proceedings of the sacred congregations. These are committees composed principally of cardinals, assisted by many minor dignitaries, and appointed by the Pope for the direction of the various divisions of ecclesiastical government. It would be well to remember that the Holy Father may be considered in three capacities: as Bishop of Rome, wherein he is assisted by the Sacred Congregation of Apostolic Visitation; as temporal sovereign of Rome, wherein he consults the Sacred Congregation on the affairs of the states of the Church; and finally as the head of the universal Church, and thus looks for assistance to twelve universal congregations. Each of these bodies has for its prefect one of the cardinals, except in the case of four which have for prefect the Holy Father himself.

A general idea of the business of these organizations may be gained from their names alone. The Congregation of the Consistory prepares all matters to be discussed and decided in consistories. The Inquisition, or Holy Office, investigates current heresies. The Index examines books, and makes a list of those

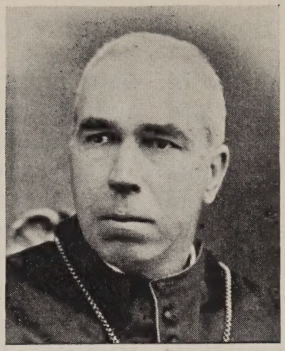


Cardinal Gibbons. United States. Born 1834.

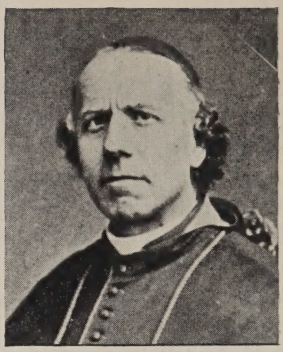
which it considers unfit for perusal. The Council is charged with the interpretation of the Council of Trent. The Propaganda has entire and exclusive charge of the ecclesiastical affairs of missionary countries. Under its direction are over 25,000,000 souls in the various parts of the world, especially in the United States, Ireland, Asia, India, Africa, and Australia. The immense amount of business to be transacted requires



Persico. Italy.
Born 1823.

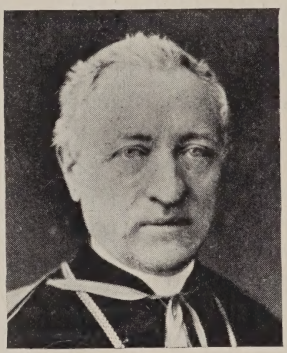


Logue. Archbishop of Armagh.
Born 1840.

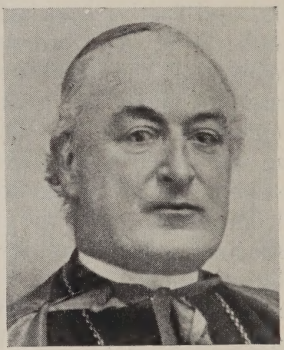


Oreglia. Italy.
Sub-dean of the Sacred College

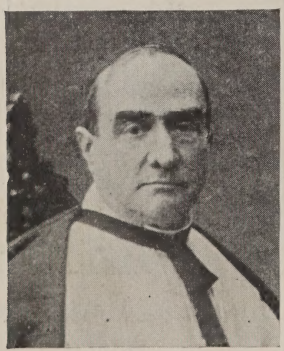
Mazzella. Italy.
Prefect of the Cong. of the Index.



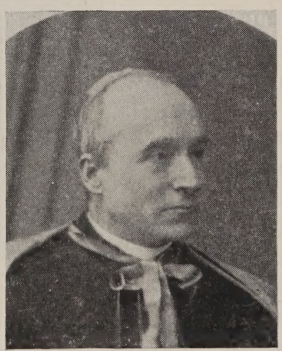
Di Pietro. Italy.
Born 1828.



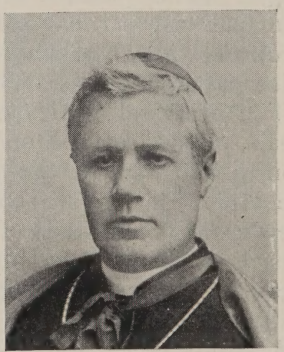
Vaughan. England.
Born 1832.



Bausa Italy.
Born 1821. Archbishop of Florence.



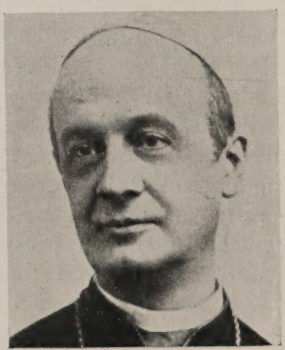
Verga. Italy. Prefect of the
Cong. of Bishops and Regulars.



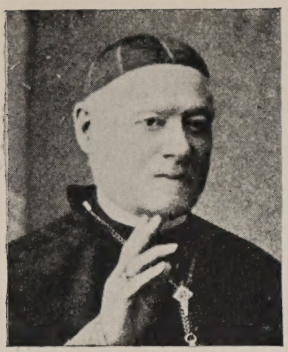
Sarto. Italy.

Guarino. Italy.
Born 1827.

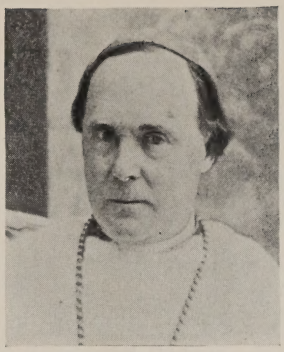
Macchi. Italy.
Born 1832.



Sanfelici. Archbishop of Naples.
Born 1834.

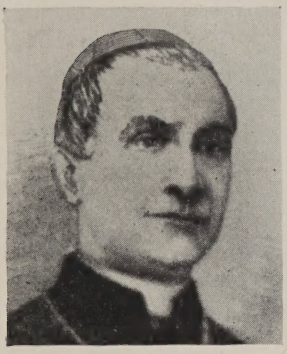


Benavides. Spain.
Born 1810.

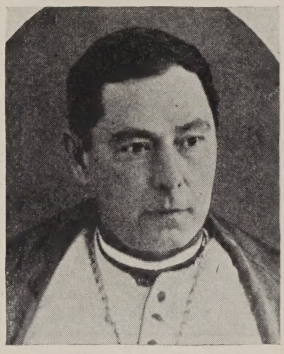


Kopp. Germany.
Born 1837.

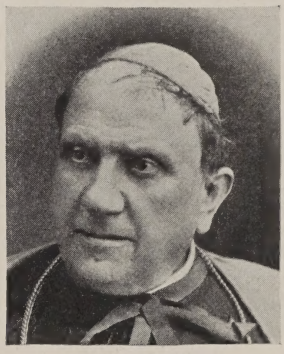
Monescillo. Spain.
Born 1811.



Laurenzi. Italy.
Born 1821.

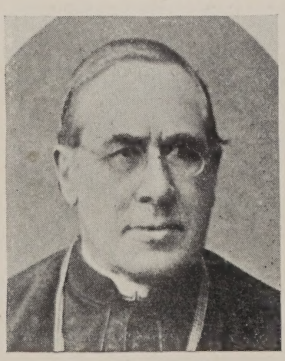


Gonzales. Portugal.
Born 1831.

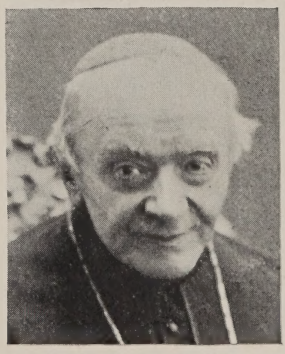


Galeati. Italy.
Born 1824.

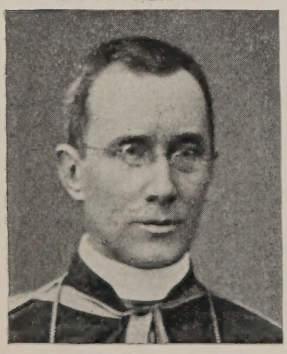
Vincenzo Vannutelli. Italy.
Born 1836.



Gruscha. Austria.
Born 1820.

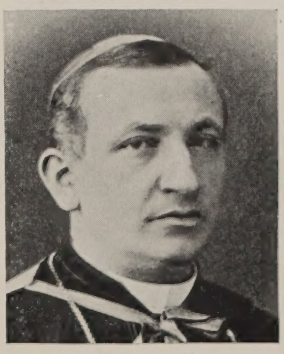


Seraphini. Italy. Prefect of the Cong. of the Council. Born 1808.

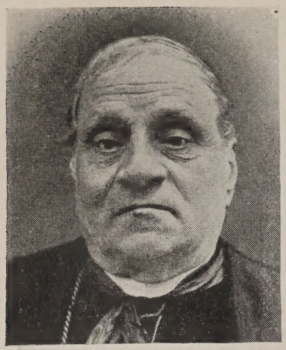


Moran. Archbishop of Sydney, Australia. Born 1830.

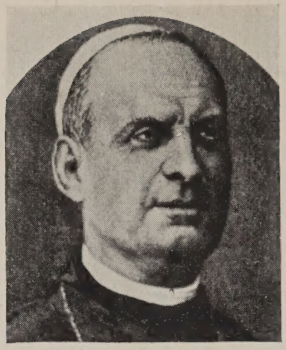
Krementz. Germany.
Born 1819.



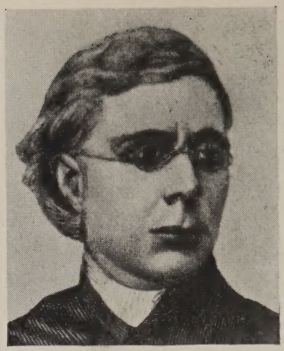
Ruffo-Scilla. Italy.
Born 1840.



Celesia. Sicily.
Born 1814.

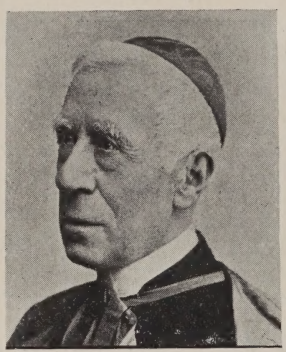


Dusmet. Sicily.
Born 1818.

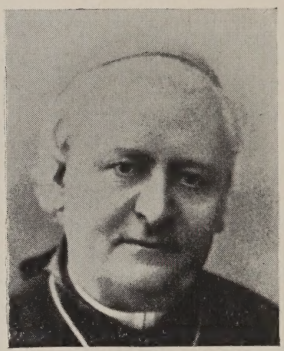


Mocenni. Italy.
Born 1823.

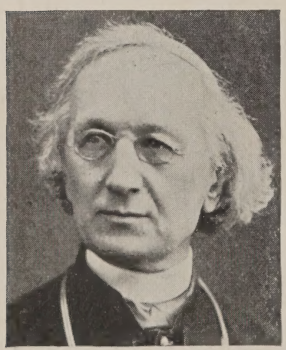
Graniello. Italy.



Di Ruggiero. Italy.
Born 1816.

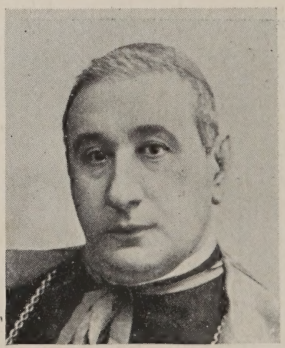


Bianchi. Rome.
Pro Datraius of the Holy See.

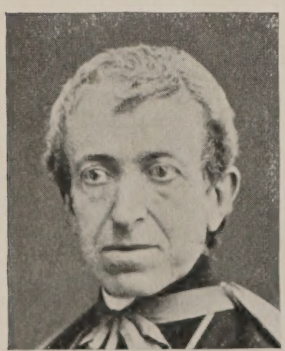


Dunajewski. Poland.
Born 1817.

Vanutelli. Sec. of
Briefs to His Holiness.

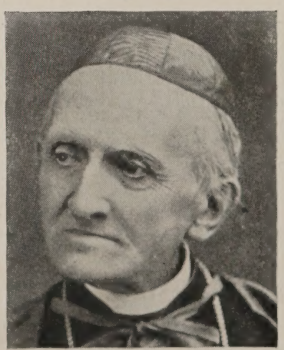


Malagola. Italy.
Born 1840.

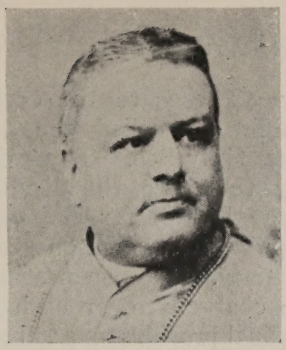


Capecelatro. France.
Librarian of the Vatican.

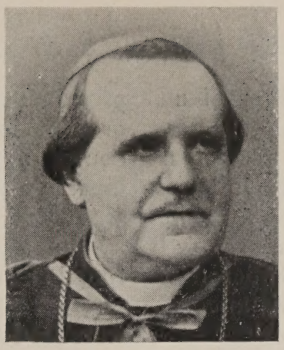
Schoenborn. Hungary.
Born 1844.



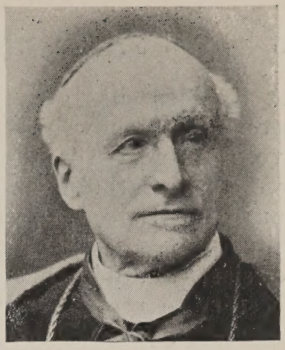
Melchers. Germany.
Born 1813.



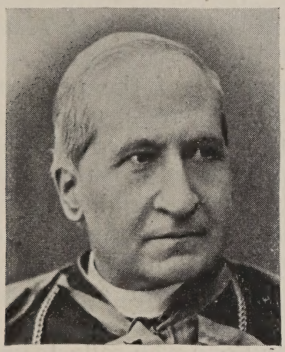
Gallmberti. Rome.
Born 1836.



Langenieux. France.
Born 1824.

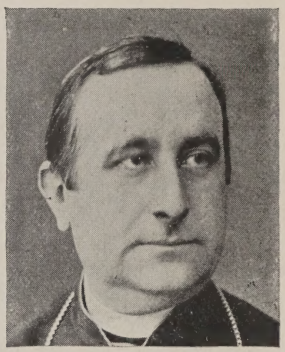


Di Canossa. Italy.
Born 1809.

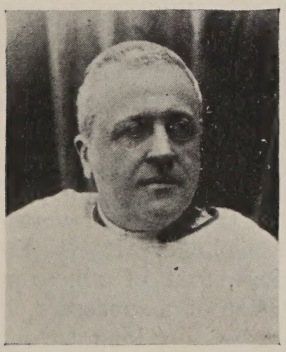


Aloisi-Masella. Italy
Prefect of the Sacred Cong. of Rites.

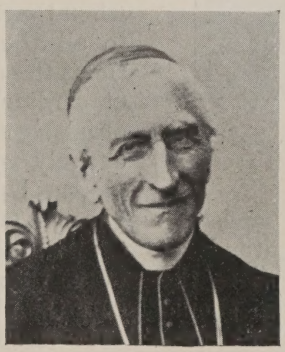
Monaco La Valletta. Italy.
Dean of the Sacred College.



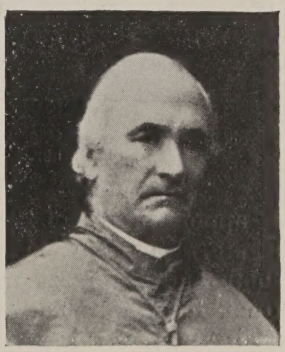
Di Rende. Italy.
Born 1847.



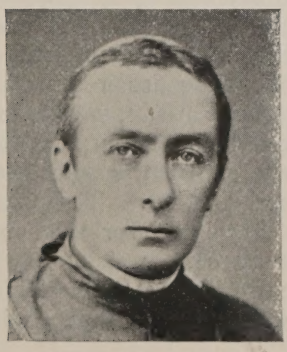
Ricci-Paracciani. Rome.
Secretary of Memorials.



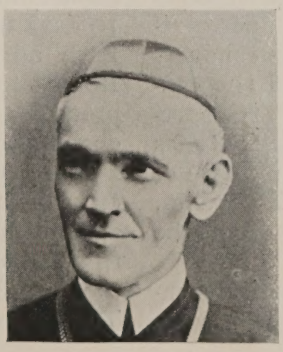
Richard. Archbishop of Paris.
Born 1819.



Desprez. France.
Born 1807.



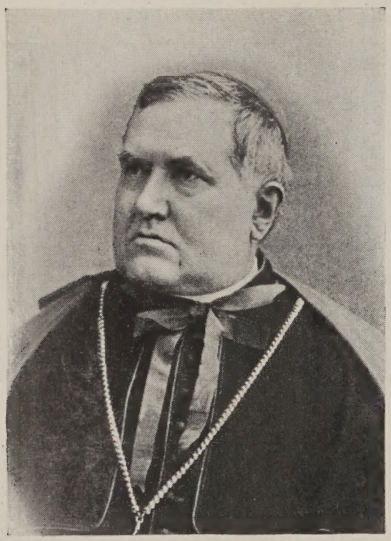
Hohe nlohe. Germany.
Born 1823.



Vaszary. Hungary.
Born 1832.

Netto. Italy.
Born 1841.

that besides its general prefect, Cardinal Ledochowski, it should also have a prefect for the particular direction of Catholics in the Eastern countries. Indeed, even in the United States the accumulation of ecclesiastical affairs has rendered it necessary to resort for assistance to



Parocchi. Italy. Born, 1833. Vicegerent of the Holy Father.

the appointment of an apostolic delegate. The Congregation of Bishops and Regulars regulates the harmonious relations that should exist in the governments of dioceses and religious orders. The Congregation of Rites is the last tribunal in all questions of rites and ceremonies; it, moreover, also conducts the proceedings relating to the canonization of saints. The Congregation of Indulgences and Relics prevents abuses in the matter of indulgences, and authenticates relics, especially such as come from the Roman Catacombs.

There are other ecclesiastical committees in which the cardinals figure prominently. These are the curia, or what might be called the law courts of the Holy See. The principal among them are the Roman Chancery, the Datary for the concession of public dispensations, and the Penitentiary, for dispensations of a private character, over each of which a cardinal presides as a substitute for the Pope. Cardinals also have the direction of the three great secretaryships of Briefs, of Memorials, and of State.

Before speaking of the personnel of the Sacred College let us mention what might be considered as their crowning privilege. To the cardinals alone belongs the right of electing the new pontiff. When or how they received this right is a matter of little interest at present, and that it is a wise provision of the Church is evident to any one who reflects upon the results of papal elections in times when the elective right was extended to all the faithful. Even in such times the real election was the result of cardinal votes, and the opposition of falsely elected pontiffs came almost entirely from factions of intermeddlers. Upon the death of a pope the government of the Church reverts to the Sacred College. It is their duty, therefore, first of all, to procure the election of a successor.

It would take too long to enter into all the details of the conclave. Suffice it to say that after a lapse of 10 days from the death of the last Pope all the cardinals present in Rome at the time are required to proceed to the Vatican, where, in a chapel provided for the purpose, they are to remain until the successful end of the election. Temporary apartments are built for their use, from which all communication with the outside world is strictly denied. They are entirely free in their choice,

having no dependence, at present, upon any government, and thus refusing to receive the annoying dictations which formerly disturbed papal conclaves. Their balloting must result in a two-thirds majority for a candidate before the election is declared successful. The success or non-success of each ballot is regularly announced to the crowds assembled without, in the square, by means of the little cloud of smoke resulting from the burning of the ballots, if unsuccessful, and by public proclamation, if successful. The newly elected Pope, immediately upon accepting the high promotion, assumes a name by which he is to be designated as Sovereign Pontiff, and as soon as convenient proceeds to the impressive ceremonies of his consecration and coronation.

The present number of cardinals is 62, or within eight of the number allowed by the constitutions of the Church. For many centuries no certain number was prescribed, the list amounting at one time to 90. Sixtus V., however, to avoid all possible inconveniences arising from too numerous a college, and following the example of the ancient Moses in the selection of his elders, prescribed that the number of cardinals should not exceed 70. Of the present college more than 30 are of Italian birth, of whom four are Romans. Six are French, five German, two Polish, four Austrian or Hungarian, and there are one or two from Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, Canada, the United States, and Australia. The Sacred College thus, as far as possible, conforms to the desire expressed by the Council of Trent that all Catholic nations be represented among its members. Of the 70 cardinals, six are entitled cardinal bishops, 50 cardinal priests, and 14 cardinal deacons — a distinction which does not refer to their actual rank in Holy Orders, but merely to their position in the Hierarchy of papal assistance. In fact, there are many archbishops, such as Cardinal Gibbons, whose rank in the Sacred College is that of cardinal priest. Of the cardinal priests four must be, by regulation, members of the monastic orders.

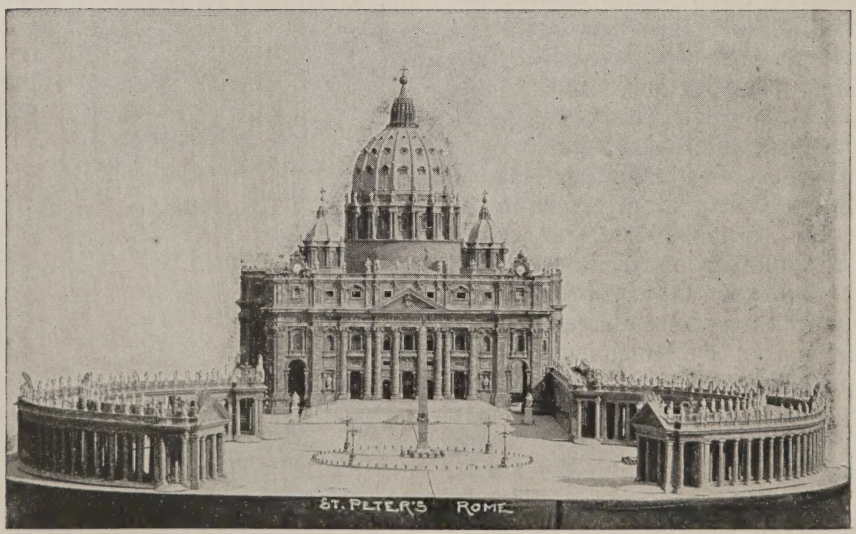
Some of the cardinals are, on account of special abilities, chosen for various special offices in the college. As a chapter the Sacred College has its dean, its sub-dean, and its secretary. The Holy Father is assisted in the government of the diocese of Rome by his cardinal vicar, His Eminence, Lucido Maria Parocchi, a man of the utmost amiability, though of remarkable firmness. Cardinal Rampolla, as secretary of state, ably represents the Sovereign Pontiff in his relations with foreign courts.

Rampolla. Italy. Born 1843. Secretary of State.

Cardinal Seraphino Vannutelli is secretary of briefs, as Cardinal

Paracciani, of memorials. The datarius of the Holy See is Cardinal Bianchi, whose winning smile is not merely a matter for portraits, but lights up his countenance at all times. Cardinal Capecelatro, as the most eminent litterateur of the Sacred College, is fitly placed as librarian of the Vatican. The chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church is Cardinal Oreglia. Cardinal Mertel, the eldest among his colleagues, occupies the important position of chancellor, or rather vice-chancellor, a post to which his long experience in the courts of ecclesiastical law gives him a special fitness.

There are none of the cardinals, indeed, in whom some particular ability is not prominent. Some are remarkable, outside their official state, for prominence in the important families of Europe, for their important parts in various coups-d'état in the affairs of continental nations, for reputation as diplomatists. With a standing in the courts of Europe of princes of the blood, their prestige affords to them many opportunities of working for the welfare of peoples that are accentuated by their reputation for deep learning and spotless moral character. It is doubtful if there be in the world to-day a more efficient body of councillors surrounding their ruler as that which from the halls of the Vatican aids in the religious direction of the 250,000,000 that acknowledge the Holy Father as the Supreme Bishop of the world.



A FEMININE FENIAN.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"WHAT! Another Fenian!"

"Waal, I wouldn't go ez fur ez callin' her thet, James Francis. Of course, not bein' a Methody, er Baptis', either hard er soft, kinder sots 'spicion on her in Otter Crik, but a Fenian!" The worthy postmistress shook her head in charitable doubt. "I wouldn't prefer sich a ser'us charge. She's a pleasant spoken young critter an' not 'tall rev'looshanry lookin'."

"Kelly wuz a Fenian," asserted a veteran farmer, deftly balancing a demijohn of molasses against the sundry contents of a huge bandanna handkerchief. "Pears ez ef this deestric' is jes' runnin' riot after sich firebrands."

Kelly was the late incumbent of Otter Creek, discharged by the selectmen on three counts; age, subscription to incendiary literature, and indifference to arithmetical accuracy, as clearly proven by his favorite formula, "If you come within three figgers of the answer you're nigh enough."

"She hes smilin' eyes," irrelevantly remarked an imprudent youth, sorting out hand rakes in the corner.

"Hit a'ready, Abe," sneered the veteran. "Smilin' eyes be blowed! fer a sarviceable schoolmarm give me a savage lookin' gal. Howdy s'pose this un 'ill rassle 'ith the mill gang?"

"I don't favor her persuasion," candidly admitted the stalwart James Francis, "but for all that I'm for giving her a fair trial, even though she does turn the hoss' head on the wrong road to meetin'."

"'Tain't the hoss' head alone 'at 'ill be turned the wrong way," scoffed the grumbler; "every durn young fool in Otter Crik is ready ter foller suit. Smilin' eyes, indeed! I don't b'lieve she kin figger through fraxons, an' fust chance I git I'm goin' ter stick her on the contents of them logs out'n the schoolyard. I don't b'lieve in wimmin teachers anyway; but ef the Crik can't hire a master fer 75 a term an' board, why then it orter look out fer the homelies' lookin' female 'at could be hired fer the money. Enythin' at all pass'ble makes fair idjits of you young fellers."

And grimly "hefting" his burden the veteran departed, followed by a respectful "Cantanker'us, meddlin' old cuss!" from the enamored Abe.

"Here she comes now, a-caperin' down the hill with them Tucker children," remarked the postmistress, a pleasant smile lighting up her comely face. "It do beat all how a great growed gal, an' a schoolma'am at thet, kin frisk along ez giddy an' friv'lus ez eny of her scholars."

Quite unconscious of the interest she had excited, the young teacher came blithely down the hill, her own rapid step still further quickened by the impatient urging of her small charges, the little sailor hat tilted forward over a face pretty only in its youthful curves, and happy, frank

expression. The postmistress was quite right in deciding that there was nothing revolutionary in her appearance; Abe also was correct in his opinion of her eyes, and James Francis, viewing her critically, became conscious of an alarming indifference to the manifold evils lurking in her persuasion. So impressed was he by the unfairness of his original remark, that, after investing in chocolates for which he had no earthly use, he requested the genial Mrs. Forbes to observe silence on the subject, a favor readily granted and quite as cheerfully withdrawn under the irresistible temptations of a cosey tea, with the girl teacher as her guest.

"A caperin' down the hill with them Tucker children"

Teaching in the country is the ordeal through which nearly every tyro must pass before being allowed to engage in city service. Though not the ideal pursuit painted by pen artists, it is the stepping-stone from which many an ambitious worldling hopes to climb to the heights of fame. In her unobtrusive way Cecilia Desmond was ambitious. She coveted a college course, and indulged in roseate dreams of a future crowned with honors won by personal effort. As a step in the right direction, when the Otter Creek vacancy offered she promptly packed her simple wardrobe and said goodby to the dear ones in her city home. It was the first separation, and the ache of parting throbbing in six hearts expressed itself in a copious shower of youthful tears, quickly dried, however, in a flash of fun as the strenuous efforts of the stage driver to lash the trunk to the

tailboard resulted in the breaking of the rope, sending him sprawling in the roadway.

After a month's experience of the new life the young teacher was beginning to realize that fame asks much of its votaries. The routine of work was wretchedly monotonous, varied only by occasional skirmishes among the different sections of the district. The constituency of Otter Creek academy had many subtle subdivisions based on family feuds or political and religious variance. To unite so many elements in even seeming harmony, and at the same time impart sufficient instruction to satisfy the rather exacting community, was a task of gigantic proportions, and one which the girl in her home letters frequently asserted could be accomplished only by the united efforts of a statesman, a professor, and a police officer. As comparison is a relief or a torture free to all, Cecilia fell into a habit of contrasting her fate with her surroundings, and thus became fully conscious that her lot was not as flowery as were the meadows stretching along the slope and tranquilly monopolizing the fertile interval.

From the meadows her thoughts reverted naturally to their owner, the fair-minded young farmer who had championed her cause even while condemning her belief. He was one of nature's noblemen she admitted rather grudgingly, and censured herself severely for allowing her thoughts to dwell pleasurably on his masterful manner and vigorous, manly beauty. At such times, to atone for her mental vagaries, she locked herself in her sultry chamber, and forcing her intellect to the contemplation of some abstruse problem, beguiled herself into the belief that she was fairly revelling in an intellectual Elysian.

Notwithstanding this severe, self-inflicted discipline, youth at times ran riot and urged Cecilia to the commission of many acts not at all compatible with the dignity of her position, or her lofty intellectual pretensions. The orchards, berry patches, and sweet smelling hay fields were responsible for many of her deviations from the college course, but that the handsome James Francis was also an active agent was fairly well known even before the veteran farmer made his next visit to the post-office, and volunteered the information, "James Francis an' the Fenian air gettin' kinder soc'ble; he's mowin' the long medder, an' she's drivin' the machine. So sot on each other 'at they couldn't see me goin' by."

"She's a-drivin' James Francis ez waal ez the mower," laughed Mrs. Forbes. "You mark my words, Obadiah, afore the snow blows the selectmen 'ill hev the school on their han's. Shucks; the crossest grained old cormorant 'at ever lived 'ud jes' hev to smile seein' them young things go by. Lor' they don't know theirselves how far gone they are; it minds me of when Jabez an' me used ter come from meetin' ez if we wuz walkin' on air."

"You wuz fairly matched," snarled the malcontent, "but this un thinks herself a cut above a farmer; talks of goin' ter collidge: pity she wuz ever hired ter the Crik. Ef they're still in the medder I'm goin' ter hail 'em on my way back, an' say suthin' ez 'ill rile 'em."

"Trust you fer thet, you old cross-patch," muttered Abe, who seemed to be a permanent part of the general store; "it's pizen fer some folks to see others injyin' theirselves.

"There you go, you blame old mees-cheef; I jes' hope ef you go

meddlin' in the long medder you'll git yer legs twisted inter the mower an' cut off at the jints." And with this awful expression of his wrath meadow, hollowed his hands into a trumpet, and bawled across:

"Hull-oo, James Francis! Help so scurse 'at you hev ter hire Fe-

"The sunny head buried in her lap."

Abe went to the door to watch the veteran's movements.

True to his intentions Obadiah crossed the intervening fields, and eaning on the fence enclosing the nians?" Then without waiting for a reply ambled off, his shrill, cackling laugh adding to the annoyance of the haymakers.

"Don't you think you ought to

apologize?" asked the girl, quickly regaining composure.

"For what?" He came round to the horses' heads, and from that vantage point looked steadily into the driver's eyes.

"For calling me a Fenian; you were very unkind."

"I didn't mean to be," awkwardly; then humbly, "haven't I made up for it since?"

"But I was a stranger then," insisting on her injury. "That's why it hurt me so."

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world, you know that, Ceciliar."

The girl winced slightly; his pronunciation of her name was one of the little things that grated on her sensitive taste; but a superfluous letter or two lose force when the aggressor is handsome and spirited. That he was both she acknowledged inwardly and was moved to forgiveness. The moment was fraught with peril for the college scheme. It was receding steadily into the distance; James Francis saw his advantage and meanly pursued it.

"This is as good a time as any to come to an understanding. When I called you a Fenian I hadn't even seen you. I don't know that I even knew what a Fenian meant. I don't know yet, but of this I'm sure, whether you're a Nilhist, a Fenian, or an Anarchist, or all three together, I love you."

The horses tossed their heads impatiently, and the man passed his hand soothingly over their glossy coats.

"Let's cut another swath," suggested the girl, irrelevantly.

"Not another blade," he declared, "till I have my answer. Yes or No."

"Well, since you will have it, No!"

"You don't mean it; say you don't, Ceciliar?" he pleaded humbly, yet hopefully.

"I do mean it," she asserted, passionately. "I never meant to settle down on a farm. I want to go through college and write A. B. to my name."

"Write Journee instead," he said with telling insistence. "Give up the school, and come home to the farm. Say yes, dear, you'll never regret it."

The fringe of elms, shading the brook rippling through the interval, caught the rays of the setting sun and cast them back again like javelins of light; the girl was dimly aware that evening was on the land. The air was heavy with the fragrance of new-mown hay; shimmering banks of clouds sank down behind the tree-tops; the chirping of crickets and the far-off croaking of frogs down in the alder swamp mingled with the lowing of cows, and the soft trilling of birds seeking their nests, the holy calm of nature soothed even the unrest of a wavering heart, and hushed into silence the promptings of ambition.

"Everything living is going home," said the girl very gently; "let us go, too; see, the sun is nearly gone."

"I am only waiting for my answer," he reminded her.

"Do you know, Frank, that you have asked me to renounce the hope of a lifetime? I have struggled so for a higher education." There was a wistful intonation in her voice that love interpreted correctly. She was pleading to be saved from her less noble self.

"We will seek it together," he answered; "dear heart, life has only begun."

Before the snow blew over the meadows, Mrs. Forbes' prediction came to pass. The young teacher

returned to her city home, but not for long.

"I never thought I could settle down on a farm, mamma," she whispered during one of the long confidential talks preceding the final going away; "but Frank is — so — so — different."

The mother's face was beautiful, as stroking the sunny head buried in her lap she answered very softly, "A woman's heart is a vexatious thing, my darling; its depths hold many a secret; but," with a tenderly indulgent smile, "love conquers all."

SINCE WHEN WE MET.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

SINCE when we met I count no more
The winter's lagging days;
In vain the snow-drift bars the path —
I walk in flowery ways.

For she is Spring. Her tender voice
Sets wintry woods atune;
Her blue eyes bring the May for me —
Her red lips are my June.

LOST—THE EQUILIBRIUM OF BUSINESS.

BY MASON A. GREEN.

HE brilliancy of a June day and the gloom of the catacombs make up the incongruous picture of industrial America.

During the past year the weather conditions of this country have been normal, harvests abundant, means of production ample, warehouses and grain elevators well stocked, outgoing ocean steamers laden with a surplus of commodities and grain, pestilence and war retired from view, and social functions in private palaces on a scale of expenditure that would torment even the exchequer of kings.

Projected in dismal outline upon this background of material glory is the figure of a million and a half of laborers in enforced idleness, waiting for something to turn up, in homes where starvation looks in at the window and charity at the door; small shopkeepers and manufacturers failing in business; farmers unable to pay their mortgages; commerce crippled by lack of confidence; tramps drifting like the wreckage of a magnificent merchantman on the shoals; while the hanging cloud of political discontent follows the course of the sun from the Atlantic board to the Pacific.

"To-day," wrote Governor Pennoyer of Oregon last December, "is the first Christmas in the history of Oregon when more than two thirds of its people are without employment and more than a third without sufficient means of support."

A resident of Boston recently rode for a whole day on a Northern Pacific express train on which he was the only passenger.

At an auction sale in Salem, Or., the other day, horses brought only $7.50, hogs $1.50, cows $3, plows 30 cents, and so on,—and this to satisfy a mortgage debt contracted under market conditions which, if maintained, would have enabled the farmer to pay his obligation from the product of the soil.

In Seattle, Wash., the owners of a business block, worth $250,000 three years ago, are now convinced that it will not bring under the hammer the amount of the $50,000 mortgage. Ten thousand people have left Oregon alone since last spring on account of the hard times, and the labor unions are warning their brothers of the East not to be misled by the optimistic resolutions of boards of trade, as times are desperately dull, and there is no sign of improvement.

The distress which for years has afflicted the farming districts of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and the prairie west is beginning to reach the cities of those states. A charitable organization in Omaha, Neb., having exhausted its funds in the distribution of thousands of pounds of provisions among the destitute, has issued an appeal to the well-to-do containing this passage:—

"If you have been doing your own housework, or a little more of it than you have been accustomed to, in order to help the poor; if you

have done more of your own sewing, washing, or minding the baby than formerly, in consequence of the hard times, in the name of our Lord Jesus don't do it! You can afford to be saving in the line of books, pictures, or new carpets for the spring house decorations, which are so much needed, but you cannot afford to be saving when it comes to the hiring of work done in the renovation of your homes. You need the help; they need the pay for it; and you can get a class of house cleaners and day help such as you never had before, who know how to wash windows without soiling the paper and furniture, because they have done it for themselves, and who can work for you without humiliation, but who could not accept your charity without a sting of shame, which might take years to remove from their thoughts."

The distress among the unemployed is doubly acute in consequence of the artificially high market price of certain commodities. Bituminous coal, which is mined at a cost of less than $1 per ton, sells for $6 and $7 in Omaha, and anthracite for $13 and $14. You can buy in Omaha provision stores two chickens for a quarter, and they can be cooked, as is often done by the farmers, over a fire made of 22-cent corn (which costs 28 cents to raise) or of $14 coal (whose cost at the pit's mouth is about 80 cents).

The owner of a small mine in a Pennsylvania village has accumulated a competence by taking out coal and trucking it about town for $1.75 and $2 per ton. His cousin, living in a Massachusetts city, paid $6.75 per ton last autumn for his winter's supply.

The wageworker in the mines is not a beneficiary of the coal monopoly. The average number of days that the 129,050 men employed in the anthracite mines of the United States worked in 1892 was 198. These men supported their families for seven days upon less than four days' wages. Ten and 15 years ago the miners earned comparatively handsome wages.

The factory is sinking by sure approaches to the level of the mine. Of 2,132 typical families working in cotton mills in various states, the Bureau of Statistics has found that only 168 owned houses, and 768 closed the year with a deficit, while the average saving per individual was $2\frac{4}{7}$ cents per day. This income is quite down to the Chinese standard, and much below the income of American millionaires, of whom a group consisting of $\frac{3}{100}$ of one per cent of the population own as much property as 91 per cent of the population.

Not only the common laborer but skilled labor itself has been a sufferer from the almost Siberian despotism of our system. The labor-saving machine does not save labor. A Boston daily newspaper is putting in 30 type-setting machines which means the discharge of 60 compositors. A rival newspaper is preparing to do the same, and it is within bounds to say that no less than 200 printers in Boston will fall before this little gatling-gun of the composing-room.

Boston and the West are very near neighbors, however much they may look over the fence and call one another hard names. After the failure of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, certain families living on the avenues of Boston changed to the side streets in consequence of their losses; others closed a portion

of their mansions and discharged servants. The placing of 71 roads into receivers' hands has injured the New England factories and swelled the ranks of the unemployed, 40,000 of whom have been a burden to Boston the past winter. Boston and the West, I repeat, are neighbors, and in the long run will prosper or suffer together. A hungry farmer in Dakota means in the end a tramp in New England. The funny man of the Boston press may ring the changes on the tramp, and hold up to ridicule the governor of Kansas for issuing his circular to the police advising them not to arrest tramps as vagrants, but students should not make light of any non-producing class.

Tramps are the decayed fruit of competition. A mechanic in Boston, long out of work, being denied further credit by his grocer, recently filched a sack of flour. The grocer called a policeman, and both followed to the tenement of the mechanic, where the mother and children were found eating the flour made into a paste with cold water, there being no coal in the house. The policeman refused to arrest the mechanic.

"These men ought to be clubbed," was the remark of a Boston woman concerning the first procession of the unemployed this winter. "And their hungry families too?" asked a bystander. "Well, you know there is always a certain amount of suffering. God will take care of that. Even salvation comes by grace and not by any right in ourselves."

These expressions, brutal and unchristian, carry with them the ethics of business. A wheat broker of Chicago, whose name I have, issued a confidential circular to his customers Jan. 24, in which was this significant passage: "We look on the situation as unchanged, and believe, until we get into weather markets, prices won't change much. We are in hopes the growing crop will be damaged. If it is, all the grain interests will be benefited." The grain interests spoken of were the speculative interests. The rise of grain is the gambling expression for opportunity to force consumers to pay more for food. The brutality of the broker's hope, quoted above, is even more revolting than that of the mayor of Anderson, Ind., who is reported in the papers to have instructed his chief of police to furnish night patrolmen with black-snake whips to lash tramps out of town.

About Christmas time were discovered, along the railroad between Kansas City and Fort Scott, lines of campfires where tramps had erected shelters from the storm. It will soon appear that there are not rawhides enough to go round, nor policemen enough to do the lashing. As for clubs for the unemployed, their manufacture would be an industry in itself.

There are more tenants evicted in New York City alone in a year than in the whole of Ireland. Speculators understand what these evictions mean. The poor pay more rent per square foot of flooring than the rich, and, other things being equal, real-estate investments in the lower wards pay better than in the more select districts. It is easy, therefore, to understand the rumor in Wall street that a syndicate has been formed to buy property when the real-estate panic strikes New York. It will, however, be a year or two before New York wakes up to the gravity of the industrial situation.

Proprietor Kramer, of Atlantic Garden, in New York, refused to prosecute Charles Plager, who recently

threw a brick through a $15 window-pane. Justice Tainter, of the Tombs court, was about to discharge the prisoner when he cried: "If you discharge me, I'll break another window. I have no work, no money, no home, no friends, and may as well be in prison. I cannot beg and I will not steal." The justice accordingly held Plager for trial.

The Southern States have a better comprehension of the weakness of the political economy of the day. Farmers all through the South go from season to season without seeing a $10 bill. They secure credit at one per cent per month at the store by giving a lien upon future crops, and with this credit secure seed and family supplies. There has long been a currency famine in the South, and among the people silver is generally preferred to paper money. In the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Texas especially, the irritation of the people is assuming threatening form politically. They come together in great numbers, open the meetings with prayer, and often remain encamped for a week at a time. This is one of the remarkable phases of this remarkable epoch in our history. It sometimes happens that in rural districts the planters in the congregation of a Sunday will organize an outdoor political meeting after the church service, call in the minister to offer prayer, and spend the afternoon telling the story of their poverty, and visiting their wrath upon John Sherman and Wall street.

The reform press and orators of the South are working squarely upon a politico-religious basis. I quote from a populist editorial in a Texas paper.

> It is time for the reform press and speakers to get down to gospel.
>
> The inalienable rights vouchsafed by the constitution, the sanctity of home, and the preservation of honor calls, as the voice of duty, for preachers and teachers.
>
> Then let every reformer be heard proclaiming the truth, and, like one crying in the wilderness, calling upon the people to repent.
>
> Our text will be found in Amos viii., 9, and is as follows: —
>
> "That we may buy the poor for value and the needy for a pair of shoes."
>
> That was the condition of the Jews of olden times, forced upon the masses of the people of that day.
>
> Why does the money power desire that the masses of the people of the present day be in a similar condition of poverty?
>
> "That we may buy the poor for value and the needy for a pair of shoes!"

The Southern States are gradually lining up against private trusts, railroad combinations, and Wall street, and they will enter the political battle singing psalms.

The average wage in New Orleans is $1.07 per day; in Richmond, Va., 60 cents; in Augusta, Ga., 73 cents; in Louisville, Ky., 90 cents. Cotton hands can be hired for 50 cents. The average income of farmers in Georgia is 42 cents per day; in Mississippi, 74 cents; in Alabama, 44 cents.

In Alabama the private debts amount to $26 per capita; Florida, $40; Tennessee, $23. In Alabama 15.44 per cent of the assessed valuation of the real estate is covered by mortgage.

Coal from Alabama mines can be laid down in Mississippi at $2 per ton at a profit. The market price is from $4 to $5.

Cotton cannot be raised and sold in the South at a profit below 8 cents, and it has been as low as 5 cents within a twelvemonth.

I shall not cloud this page with the story of hard times in the South in detail. It is a subject for a volume. A workingman fainted away in the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., one day in March. He had been looking

for work for weeks, and it was a clear case of starvation. This did not check the boasts of the daily press that Atlanta was economically in a stalwart condition. The same may be said concerning a destitute baker in San Antonio, Tex., who took his life the same week. A young woman last autumn applied at all the dress-making establishments in a Delaware city, and received one offer from all, — six months for nothing, and after that $2 per week. The city is notorious for loose women.

Heretofore poverty has been considered the special ward of philanthropists. That time has gone by. Poverty is a menace to capital. The unemployed class has become a permanent feature of our civilization.

Let us follow out a trail of disturbances caused by a permanent class of unemployed, who are consequently non-purchasers, in order to show more clearly this loss of the equilibrium of trade.

As the autumn of 1893 advanced, the number of the unemployed in Boston was so great, say 30,000, that the small dealers suffered to a marked degree. They accordingly cut down their wholesale orders of Christmas goods. This injured the business of the middlemen. One Boston firm of jobbers surrendered its stock of Santa Claus goods to a large retail firm, which proceeded to advertise the stock at prices that even rivalled the manufacturer's price. The small dealers could not compete against such odds, and they began to reduce expenses. These disturbances explain the failures of so many firms with less than $2,000 liabilities. They explain also the growth of large retail stores in our great cities. These mammoth establishments are often in league with each other, or branches of the same establishment although located in different cities. They buy the whole output of mills or bankrupt stocks, and retail at or near manufacturers' prices. Rival merchants, after failing, often take salaries as heads of the departments that have financially ruined them. As competition for employment becomes acute, by reason of economies incident to combination and consolidation, salaries decline, and this opens another sad chapter in business — the low wages of shop-girls. Books have been written upon the immoralities and privations occasioned by the low rate of wages in these large establishments.

In Boston dry-goods stores you can buy medicines in packages, canned groceries, pictures, books, agricultural implements, photographs, and so on, at prices within a fraction of what they can be bought at wholesale.

The advertising patronage of newspapers suffers inevitably by this derangement of the course of what is called legitimate business, and to meet the contingency many papers take consignments of goods themselves, and proceed to advertise as though the newspaper were a variety store. Thus has arisen the newspaper coupon business, there being a profit on the goods sold, without reckoning in the coupon. The news agencies get hold of the return copies of the paper, put up the coupons in convenient packages, and pass them on to the newsboys, who hawk them on the street. This in turn disturbs the advertiser, who fears he is paying on a coupon circulation basis, and he at once demands lower advertising rates. There are papers in New England that make more money from the sale of merchandise bought and advertised in

their own columns, than from the regular subscriptions.

This complication becomes the mother of another brood of dangerous birds. Loss of confidence in the soundness of business makes credits high. The banks become nervous. For example, three years ago, ready-made clothing dealers with fair ratings could secure accommodation at the Boston banks. To-day unless the security is "gilt edged," the retailer gives his note to the wholesaler, the wholesaler indorses it and passes it on to the manufacturer, and the manufacturer indorses it and gets it discounted at the bank. This chaining of trade to the banks is again a premium on fear; and we find that in the stress of business the manufacturers have this winter been opening retail departments, just as the coal-carrying railroads are establishing coal pockets in various parts of the country, and forcing the coal dealers to shut up their places or accept salaries or commissions. It requires no powers of prophecy to foretell the extermination of the middlemen in the ready-made clothing trade and a new crop of idle men.

Take another line of disturbances. The loss of equilibrium in railroading brought the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad to book. It had been capitalized upon the basis of dollar wheat, helped to impoverish the sections it professed to serve, and, when it reached the repair shops of the United States courts with a receiver in charge, it carried $70,000 per mile of watered stock. It owned or operated 9,345 miles of track in 14 states and territories, and had entered the commercial field by investing in the Aztec Land and Cattle Company, the Ranton Coal and Coke Company, the San Pedro Coal and Coke Company, the Mineral Belt Coal and Iron Company, etc. Its plant can be duplicated with a sum of money equal to the nominal value of its watered stock. But competition, with other systems, forced it into an indebtedness of $240,000,000. The time came when the problem of railroading became a problem of financiering, and lawyers and financial experts undertook to restore the equilibrium. Other systems were bending under similar loads. While two years ago 42 railroad systems controlled nearly half of the mileage of the country, one year ago 43 systems controlled 57.86 per cent of the mileage. In the wreck of roads that followed, 71 landed in receivers' hands, with freight rates rising and wheat and corn continually declining. These systems fought each other with one hand, as it were, and struck at the vitals of the people with the other.

Not the least demoralizing feature of this grand game of self-destruction, called free competition, is the incidental degradation of the legal profession. The law firm that had the Santa Fé receivership proceedings in hand has been known to charge as high as five per cent of the indebtedness of a road for foreclosing its mortgage. When the application for a receivership for the Santa Fé system was made before a federal judge at Little Rock, Ark., three ex-judges appeared as attorneys for the Union Trust Company of New York, a fourth ex-judge for the Santa Fé system, and a fifth ex-judge for the St. Louis and San Francisco road. Some light is thrown on this round-up of retired judges by a remark of President Clark, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road, concerning the appointment of an ex judge for vice-president of his road: "The directors

see that the methods of managing the property must conform to its growth. Our experience is that of other railroad systems. Instead of having a technical railroad man as vice-president, they have selected Judge Hall for that office." The chief justice of the state of Pennsylvania retired from the bench to become one of the Reading receivers. The roads of Nebraska last autumn forced the chief justice of that state into private life, because he rendered a decision against their interests.

An investigating committee of the Virginia legislature recently found that three railroads had spent $5,000 each in the legislative campaign of last year. The legislature has elected a railroad attorney to the United State senate. Ex-Governor Lee is reported to have said in this connection: "I believe the railroads have a right to contribute money for campaign purposes to protect their property and interests"

"If the moral character of state legislatures," observes the New York Journal of Commerce, "has deteriorated in the past 40 years, as there is too little room to doubt, the decadence is partly due to the methods employed by railroad corporations for getting concessions, most of which they ought not to have had."

The ablest legal talent in the country is retained by the railroads and pledged to obstruct the evident intent of the interstate commerce law. The president of a road running into Chicago declares openly that his road is defying the commission, but the district attorney cannot force him to confess in court to the cutting of rates. Congress amended the act by exempting railroad officials from prosecution for any offences revealed as witnesses in an action to enforce the interstate commerce act; but a federal judge has recently declared the amendment unconstitutional. Thus has the policy of running railroads by ex-judges and politics lowered the moral tone of two professions, impoverished the farmer, oppressed 800,000 employees, and hastened the catastrophe of business generally. By a curious logic of events the economic disturbances have contributed to a widespread distrust of democratic institutions on the part of the very men who by their votes have permitted a political democracy to ripen into a moneyed aristocracy.

The conclusion to be drawn from the condition of the country is that the equilibrium of business has been broken. Monopolies, through combinations of private capital, special franchises and inventions permit the work of production to go on without employing more than a fraction of the people willing and able to work. The profits go largely to those who have but a remote connection with the essential functions of production. Over 50 per cent of the wealth of the land is now in the hands of less than one per cent of the population. The rising generation, under our system of property inheritance cannot start in life on even terms. The principle of free competition is therefore shorn of what virtue it ever had. There are 1,700,000 tenant farmers in the United States, and 700,000 of them pay one half of the gross products of their farms in rent alone. The total debt of the country, public and private, is $31,000,000,000; that is, one half of the wealth of the country is due, not to half the population, but to less than one per cent of the population. This open account cannot be paid; and while the adjournment of congress may be followed by a

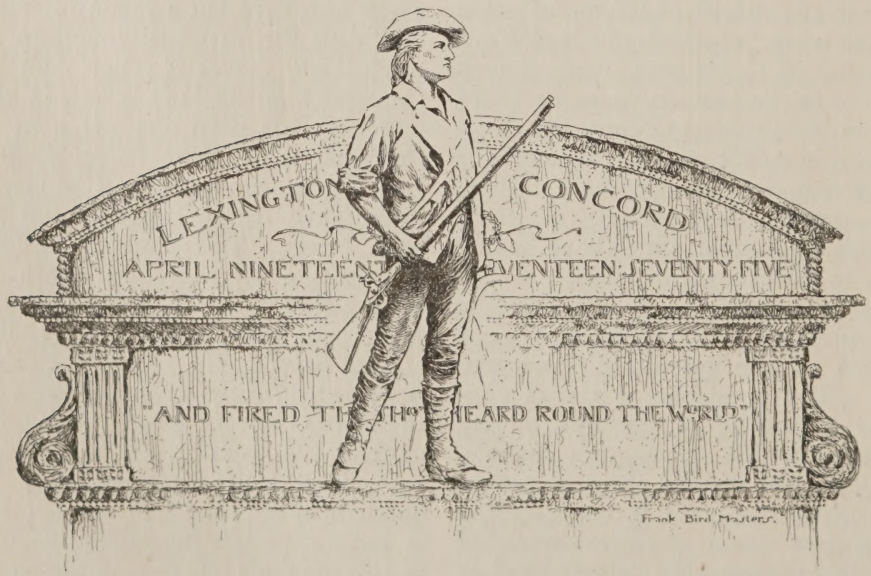
revival of trade, it is the height of folly to look for permanent relief. Under the present system the equilibrium of business cannot be restored.

The number of manufacturing establishments in the United States is 253,852; number of persons employed, 2,722,595; wages paid, $947,953,795, or about 95 cents a day. These figures are taken from the Tenth Census Report. A standing army of the unemployed is thus provided. These unhappy people, together with the distressed rural districts, are taken out of the purchasing classes, and disturb business by reducing its volume while the population increases.

"We must educate our masters," was Robert Lowe's famous remark after an extension of the elective franchise in England. We are beyond that in America. We must contend with what the Boston Herald calls "a lettered ignorance."

The political economy taught in the colleges is founded upon a false doctrine. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss a better one, but to show that the present system is not workable, and will bring disaster in the long run. It is economically insecure because ethically unsound. It presents an ocean swarming with privateers that are organizing into fleets of pirates. Competitive business is founded on a principle of war.

Samuel Adams won a place in the affections of Americans by raising his standard against what he called the tyranny of "a nation of shopkeepers." There is need of another Adams to resist the tyranny of one class of Americans over another.



FERNANDO'S REPENTANCE.

A BALLAD.

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON.

THE Vestal moon in the midnight sky
Her faithful vigil kept,
As homeward down the mountain glade
Fernando slowly crept.

"Now Heaven direct my steps aright
Amid these wilds!" prayed he,
"That once again my cottage home
And loved ones I may see."

A cloud arose from out the East,
The Vestal veiled her face;
The tortuous path more doubtful grew,
The darkness spread apace.

"O Heaven, direct my steps aright!"
More fervently he prayed,
And still more slowly felt his way
Adown the narrow glade.

There came a whirr of mighty wings;
A figure huge and black
Uprose against the darkened sky, —
Fernando started back.

"'Tis some foul demon of the mount
Hath come to block my path!
'Tis thus kind Heaven doth answer prayer!"
He scoffed in bitter wrath.

But yet he drew his trusty sword
And kissed its sacred hilt.
"Give way!" he cried, "whate'er thou art, —
Or meet this, if thou wilt!"

With that he prayed a silent prayer
And dealt a furious blow.
The monster screamed, but forward rushed
And laid Fernando low.

Bereft of sense, an hour he lay;
Then roused him from his swoon.
The cloud had passed, and there, behold!
In the clear light of the moon,

An eagle dead beside her nest
On the edge of a precipice!
Fernando rose and shuddering gazed
Into the black abyss.

Then down upon his knees he fell;
His hands he lifted high,
And from his pallid lips there came
A wailing, trembling cry:

"O Heaven, forgive my blasphemy,
Forgive my traitor faith!
An angel, not a fiend, thou sent
To turn my steps from death!"

And every morn, for many a day,
Returned Fernando there,
And the eaglets in their eyrie wild
He fed with tenderest care.

IMPRESSIONS.

BY WILLIAM D. FORREST.

PROCRASTINATION.

THE white paper is before me; the ink is blackest of the black; the pen is of gold: to-night I must write the poem which has been running in my mind for the past week. But I must smoke a cigar first; it will compose me. I light the wax taper. A few puffs of flame, and the tobacco is sending up its fragrance. I sit back idly and smoke. The soft smoke wreathes in clouds before my eyes. How delightful it is to write and watch the words as they form themselves in the smoke. They are carried to the ceiling with it and fade away.

Yes, I must write the poem — but not to-night. Then I draw grotesque figures on the white paper with the golden pen and ink the blackest of the black.

PITY.

An insect is buzzing in the room: its wings have been singed in the gas-flame. I watch it as it flies around wildly in its pain. Now it strikes the wall and bounds violently back. Then from a dark corner I hear it buzzing. It interests me. Alas! that I am no longer a child: then would I pity it.

REGRET.

There is a child sobbing. How beautiful her eyes look through the tears. I hush her sobbing and brush the tears from her eyes. Her little face is grave for an instant. Then her eyes brighten and she smiles. But her eyes no longer shine beautiful through the tears.

OLD HOLMES.

BY REV. JOHN JOSEPH CONWAY, A. M.

There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee;
Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings!
And my words that would praise thee are impotent things.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S lines form but a faint picture of the affectionate esteem in which young Kathleen Barnwall Emmet was held in her part of the country. Physical beauty always attracts, and Kathleen was conspicuous even among a race remarkable for the delicate charms of its women. Yet she lacked the blue-black tresses of her kinswomen, although the purple shadows of her eyes showed clearly a striking feature of the exquisite beauties of her ancient race. Poets might sing of her love-lit and lustrous eyes, of her flower-like lips and her burnished hair, of the roses living in her cheeks, of her glowing blushes rivalling the soft sunsets of southern climes. The author of the "Dream of Fair Women" could have eased his soul by saying of her that she was

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair.

Nor were her attractions limited to those subtle, dreamy qualities of physical beauty which made people look upon her as a poem incarnate. She had intellectual ability such as few women possess, save those who are mental hermaphrodites. Her reckless contempt for tea-fights and tittle-tattle and the ordinary idiosyncracies of women had not yet made her unpopular among her own sex. She was a firm believer in the teaching that as the mind becomes cultured the capacity of the soul for pure enjoyment is correspondingly increased. From her home in the heathery hills of Waterford, whither Miss Braddon went to impress her soul with wild scenery for one of her novels, Kathleen loved to make frequent visits to, and prolonged stays in, Westminster Abbey, the Valhalla of the English poets. There the soul expands to the fullest extent of its God-given dimensions. The grand old minsters of England are mean when compared with this historic pile. You hear the monotonous prayer of the monks of the olden time; you see the frowning splendor of kings and the stately grace of queens; you look at the proud faces of the nobles and the stern aspects of the warriors; you

gaze on the meek mien of the martyrs and the costly adornments of the court beauties ; you listen to the glowing eloquence of the orator and to the argumentative periods of the statesman ; you learn law, theology, philosophy, history, science, and literature, from their many able exponents whose bones are mouldering in the dust of this glorious old pillared temple which owes its origin to a saint of the sixth century. The dim lights, the shadowy distances, the painted windows, the clustering pillars, the numerous chapels, the multitudinous memories, had an almost irresistible fascination for the fair pilgrim with the rose of Erin in her cheeks.

One evening, as the wild girl from Waterford knelt in prayer before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the rustle of a woman's dress brought her thoughts back to earth, and soon her gaze was fixed upon a gorgeous glint of golden hair. The new arrival knelt in front of her. For the first time in her life Kathleen felt a feeling of dislike arise within her. She thought she saw the soul's passion of lawless love show itself upon the face of the bejewelled beauty who knelt near her. She feared that this married woman was either given to, or at least capable of, wife-errantry. And if the misfortunes which invariably overtake such a one had not yet become evident, Kathleen thought that the unknown woman merely masked misery in smiles, hid sorrow in dimples, and prayed after the fashion of the Pharisees.

The next afternoon found Kathleen in the very soul of the abbey, her favorite haunt — Poets' Corner. She could not study ; she felt unhappy, a rare feeling for one whose warm southern blood ran riot in her veins at all seasons and under all circumstances. But her conscience smote her, and she must confess. This is her confession : —

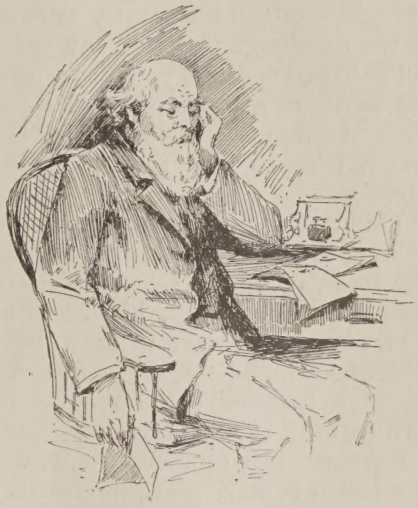
Into the half-light while I stood and stared
A woman bounded, with a happy gait;
Transport in every step, up the long aisle.
. . . When she paused awhile.
Then with her head bowed down, but voice elate, —
She wotted not of me, I know — nor cared!
She prayed this prayer: "O Lord, I give Thee thanks
I am not like the rest of womankind.
I know not why, dear Lord, Thou hast decreed
That I, without desert, should get this meed
Of helpful human love to me consign'd,
Least worthy in the serried struggling ranks!
But this I know, I thank Thee night and day
Nor ask Thee to remit one care or cross
That meekly borne for Thy dear sake can be
Some small return for this, Thy gift to me —
Riches, and rank and fame to me no loss
With Thee and 'him,' dear Lord, to cheer my way —
Bless then our loves and lives, and blessing waive
All stress of sorrow from his winsome soul.
Let me his burdens bear, his needs supply,
Thro' Thy sweet suffrage — and should men decry
My love as folly, so that Thou control
It, what care I? This life o'erleaps the grave!' . . . .
. . . . . .
She turn'd . . .
I saw the face of her who was my love,
The tense and sinless face, so sweet, so fair!
I saw the glory of her Titian hair
That waved and wander'd o'er the brow above.
Her buoyant footfall thrill'd me from afar,
I did not move nor breathe as she pass'd by.
I felt the garment's hem unfit to touch
Of such a pure and peerless "Pharisee,"
Tho' all mine own — a self-given gift to me.
I knelt down by the porch, repenting much
The sin I sinn'd no more . . . .

Kathleen's literary ambition was boundless. She never studied the philosophy of the schoolmen, but she was wise enough to know that the pleasures of the senses are no worthy of the consideration of the philosopher, that intellectual pleas-

ure is the most lasting of all human joys, that intellectual culture is the one human thing worth striving for. In the pursuit of this pleasure she spent many an afternoon amid the dead yet immortal heroes of English poetry in Britain's far-famed sanctuary of song. Poets' Corner was to her what Jerusalem is to the student of scripture or Stratford-on-Avon to the student of Shakspeare. She looked upon poetry as the soul of literature, and she was determined that this soul should be a part of her being. The selected glories of 500 years of English song were around her as she stood in the splendid solitude of her favorite Corner. If George Gordon Byron, the best descriptive poet in the language, and Percy Bysshe Shelley, who poured forth his poems in strains as profuse and art as unpremeditated as his own "Skylark," were neither buried nor commemorated in the Abbey, she still had sufficient to study from the latest and best poet-laureate back to the "morning star of English song," as Tennyson called Geoffrey Chaucer. Spellbound she stood between the rather newly made graves of Browning and Tennyson. She did not utter such empty phrases as "perfectly lovely" and "too sweet for anything" over the soft schoolgirl verses of Tennyson's earlier years; but when reading his "In Memoriam" and his "Idylls of the King," she experienced all the glowing raptures of a boundless love. And as she lisped some selected stanzas from the late laureate's master-piece and looked with lingering fondness upon the chaplets of flowers which living love had sent from a desolate home to deck the grave of the dead singer, a sharp eye might see that Kathleen's quotations made her sweet eyes wet.

II.

Old Holmes was a typical knight of the quill. He had seen the ups and downs of life. One week saw him entertaining his friends as



though he commanded millions; the next found him, like Opie Read's journalist, borrowing $2.00 to start the Bankers' Review. When he had money he helped an impecunious brother with the graceful ease of big Sam Johnson ministering to the wants of ugly Oliver Goldsmith. He had been a journalistic man-of-all-work in the office of a paper published in a rough border town of Northwestern America — a town where men made direct for one's pocket-book and where artists starved to death. He had long listened in eloquent silence to the sententious suggestions of his rural neighbors as to how to conduct a newspaper; he never once murmured even when his constituents made complaints ranging from the excessive strength of his political opinions to the fact that the tag was put on the wrong part of the paper. He

had firm faith in an independent press, particularly independent of the type-founder, the paper-man, and the spring poet. At times he was lenient towards the latter through fear of discouraging a budding Whitman or an embryonic Kipling. He still retained the courtly elegance of the cavalier and the many graceful gallantries of his youth even after the snows of many winters had long since extinguished the warm fires which used to lend them additional life.

One evening as he sat in the office looking at the moon shining through the trees, making a pattern of silver lace upon the water, his attention was suddenly directed to a letter which had lain upon his desk since the early afternoon. The foreign handwriting aroused him ; the seal, bearing a Norman crest of ancient date, with the motto boutez-en avant inscribed, called forth the old man's curiosity. A thousand years earlier the battle spears of his ancestors flashed upon the fields of Normandy, and now in the winter of his life comes the tiny crest to awaken the dead history he knew so well in his fiery youth. These circumstances made the old man read with unflagging attention the contents of the large letter. A timid note told him that the accompanying manuscript was a young woman's first effort to appear in print. Old Holmes had been made the recipient of the earliest fruits of Kathleen Emmet's literary love. The bad poetry and worse prose of the frontier geniuses had dulled his taste; but Kathleen's warm sentences restored the wild rush of rapture, which, in the dead years, that had long been but spectral visions, he experienced under the summery influence of the Celtic element in literature. He saw vigor in her pen and versatility in her talent. At first he hated to admit her ability, for he was a man of the old school, and held that the uncomplicated brain within the shapely head of woman was never meant to create the higher products of the literary realm. The use of women, he said, was to look pretty and rock cradles ; not to write novels or to mount Parnassus. Had they seen her speaking eyes, the younger men of his club might have forgiven him for deserting his principle regarding the sphere of woman. He tried to console himself with the thought that Kathleen was an exception to her sex. Her intellectual conquest was complete. As Holmes re-read her etching he grew more and more enthusiastic, until later on in the night he found himself penning these hasty rules to her : —

" Make your sentences short."

" Remember that clearness is the chief quality of style."

" The palmary principle of punctuation is to use the point which best brings out the sense."

" Put the greatest number of ideas in the fewest number of words."

" Keep your excessive brain power from growing wanton."

A hurried note to his new-found protégée, a few short letters recommending her work to friendly editors, and the old man was living life o'er again ; building castles in Kamchatka, serenading in Spain, singing sonnets in Brittany. Half an hour later found him philosophizing and soliloquizing thus : —

" Money may buy cut flowers and champagne, but it cannot bring forth fair women and brave men. Nor wealth nor fame is mine ; but what care I ? For what is wealth but a source of trouble and of all-consuming care ? and as for fame it is only

a false meteor dazzling with the distant brightness of its uncertain glare. Love and hope are mine. Love is the morning sunbeam whose memory gilds the day; hope the lone star lighting up the barren moor."

Old Holmes felt little desire for early slumber that night. Intellectual pleasure had made his heart bound and his pulse quiver in a way he had not known since the heyday of his youth, when like effects were produced by other causes. He must find some relief for his heated brain even if he had to try his hand at verse. He began to conjure up visions of the fair writer he had never seen. It was not easy for him to put his thoughts in words. He knew little of Kathleen's people or of her native land save such as he had learned long ago in a hasty visit to the Irish metropolis, when he saw the finished beauties of that city taking their daily walk down Grafton street at four o'clock in the afternoon. But the mad fire of the muses was upon him, and he must make a Kathleen from his own imagination. His effort finally took the following form: —

Soft the words of my own dear girl,
  Softer than spring in a southern clime,
Sweet the breath of my beauteous Pearl,
  Perfumed with roses and rich wild thyme.

Arched her neck, inviting caresses,
  Blue her eyes as the skies above,
Hair of gold descending in tresses,
  Lips as rich as the sun of love.

III.

When Kathleen sent her little letter and her unpretentious story over what seemed to her to be a world of waters, she never dreamt of receiving such sympathetic encouragement as was contained in old Holmes's reply. On seeing her first effort in print she did not cry, as Dickens did. She was delirious with delight. Her companions concluded that she had either received a present of a new saddle horse or was about to marry a prince. The literary frenzy was fierce upon her. She became a word painter. She filled her soul with beautiful colors from the amethystic tints of her native hills. She wrote a letter to her far-off friend breathing the deepest gratitude, and promising to hold the sword of Damocles over her sentences so as to keep them from being too long. Old Holmes's heart grew young as he read that it was not want of depth of feeling but rather a superabundance of it which defeated its own object and hindered Kathleen's fuller expression of her thanks. In a few months her success was assured. She had more requests for articles, stories, poems, than she could write. Her hard work seemed to heighten the delicate hue of her cheeks, to deepen the Italian blue of her eyes, and to chasten her reposeful beauty until she looked like one of Raphael's

Madonnas. She always loved the sunlight and the woods; now most of her hours were in her study. When her companions questioned her as to

how she spent her time, her quick answer was that she spent it "falling in love and falling out again."

Old Holmes was infatuated with the brilliancy of the unknown girl. Every letter she wrote to the gallant old man brought him, in the evening of his life, a brief renewal of all the wild freshness of its morning. The sensation felt by Holmes when he followed the fortunes of a French marshal on the battle-fields of Algeria long years before, the reckless pulsation of his breast through all the glories of a mid-Atlantic storm, were not even as the rippling stream to the rolling ocean, compared with the thrill which each letter from Kathleen brought him. He watched over the interests of his literary ward with all the anxious care of a tired mother who is afraid to sleep lest her charge should call her and she should not hear.

Old Holmes had never been remarkable as a letter writer. Under the influence of Kathleen's sparkling gems he developed into another Chesterfield or a Sir Horace Walpole. They discussed literature, art, culture, character, theories of life, all manner of questions, by letter. But the old man could no more divest himself of his pet phrases of gallantry than he could drop his military bearing or change his journalistic habits, and the result was that here and there might be met such expressions as, "I 'm weary and sorrowful that I cannot see you," "I 'm jealous of the very zephyrs which fan your fair cheek," sandwiched into a learned dissertation on Conan Doyle's latest novel

It was a curious correspondence, the offspring of electric friendship and literary love. Kathleen's letters were always cordial, frequently playful, occasionally serious. When old Holmes expressed a cheery hope of seeing her some day in her native mountains, though full of fitful joy at the thought, she could not deny herself the girly pleasure of adding a little of her sunny philosophy in her reply, thus: —

"I am converted to the belief that in this world it is better not to think too much of pleasant possibilities lest we may be out of humor with present monotonies."

When she wished to be playful by reason of the journalistic brevity of his first letter, she wrote: —

"If the ordinary rule be applicable to you; that is, if the first letter be the truest and largest expression of feeling, then our friendship's close is within measurable distance indeed."

In his correspondence, at times he referred to her as though she were a mere child with a too highly developed brain, or at most but a girly girl with sunny curls concealing a man's intellect. Taking advantage of one wrinkle inherited from the military frown of a long line of warlike ancestors, and using the idea which two apparently whitish hairs in her auburn tresses suggested, she replied: —

"You have sometimes called me a child. But it might serve you to know, in these moments of the mortal day, when it is, perhaps, not good for man to be alone, that the child's passport to the confidence of older friends is written imperishably on her seamed brow (though the curls hide it), and countersigned by two silver touches, where the head aches lately."

The old man's heart smote him when he learned that Kathleen's head ached from hard study. A time was when he did not believe it possible for a girl to study hard enough to make her head ache. His frank

encouragement of Kathleen had sent her enthusiastic nature to extremes. He wrote her a military letter commanding complete rest and entire change, to be followed by lengthy lingerings in God's glorious sunlight. She thought she could find changeful rest in London; sunlight she would leave for a later day. Two days after the receipt of Holmes's savage letter Kathleen's elastic footfalls were lighting on the very flags in Fleet street which resounded to the ponderous tread of Dr. Johnson more than 200 years before. Kathleen was herself again. A year's hard work could not chill the rich blood of her race. Her next letter to old Holmes contained this passage: —

"Acting on your advice (command), I went to London, more anxious to rest and recreate in seasonable consideration of the autumn fashions than to spend my time in tower or museum. But London is London, and woman is woman, and I could no more escape the influence of those storied streets and the plaintive testimony of Westminster and St. Paul's, and the Inner Temple, and the little cottage in Camden Terrace, where Southey visited Charles and Mary Lamb, than I could walk dry through the city's autumn mist. And then the sustained and far-off war of the great Babylon at night, with everything in it that makes life grim and dark and dreadful! St. Martin's-in-the-Fields calls out vainly every now and again, 'Twelve is the clock,' 'One — two — three — is the clock,' 'Be still, sad hearts.' But the war goes on; and whether the feverish fancy of the wakeful and bewildered stranger supplies it or not, I cannot say, but towards the dawn the great wail does seem to subside in an ominous throb of threatening despair — then London sleeps."

. . . . . .

The change of scene worked wonders in Kathleen. Her brilliant brain and all-conquering ambition would brook no rest. The next day she was in Oxford and the next in Chester. She wrote her thoughts to old Holmes as follows: —

"Three days ago I went to Oxford to see the colleges. I walked down that marvellous aisle formed by the old lime trees in Trinity lawn. It stirred the pagan in me so! I had an impulse to fall down and worship those Gothic arches wrought by the

invisible but cunning hand withal, of the busy builder, Nature. What is it one feels in places like these? Has it a name? Or is it to its vagueness and mystery it owes its power to thrill and enthrall us? I fancy that gravitation ought to move the apple to its core, as it draws it earthward. I cannot conceive any inertia or insensibility so complete as to resist these subtle forces that work in the darkness around us and within us. I won't talk tourists' twaddle about Newman's alma mater or Christ Church. I came, I saw; they conquered. I went from Oxford to Chester. Fancy the leap from the hot-beds of Elsmerian ethics to the remains of a monastery built in 910! I wonder does history really repeat itself, and shall we lapse again into mediæval beliefs when we shall have weighed all the resources of a free agency, and found even the rose-pink doubts and denials of our well-bred modern infidelity wanting?"

IV.

Kathleen's affectionate nature responded generously to Holmes's sympathetic interest. Though she was well able to live in the present and rarely allowed memory or presentiment to plunder her of any of her pleasures, she could not suppress a sob when old Holmes wrote to her to return his letters. He did not mean to be unkind; he merely wanted them for his memoirs. Kathleen had made a world of her own and had peopled it with Old Holmes. Now she feared that her idol was deserting her. As she looked out from the window of her study and saw the sun shining on the frozen snow of the distant hills, the picture reminded her of the smile which comes on the face when love is dead. Her next letter was tearful. Her passionate pride could not help her as against Holmes. She wrote to him thus: —

"Perhaps I am no longer capable of causing you a sensation. I thought I could be the safety-valve to receive your worries and discontent with life; and though unfortunately I am not fitted to be a help to you in any way, I could give you the assurance at least of constant and loving sympathy. I am heart-broken to think that you will grow weary of me and forget me. But even in that I shall have to be happy, for then it will be your pleasure. Already I feel the finger of fate unfastening the ties which bind us together. When you will have forgotten my very existence your letters will be a source of retrospective pleasure to me, and I cannot afford to surrender them without a protest."

Old Holmes's chivalrous spirit asserted itself. To use his own forcible expression, he could have kicked himself for having brought even a thought of sorrow to the young life of her whom his fancy had painted so beautifully yet so truthfully. He hastened to set himself right. His whole soul went out into the next letter to Kathleen. After the most languishing protestations, such as he had not uttered since he was a young lieutenant on his way to Algeria, he ordered Kathleen to rest and to ride. She was the best horsewoman in Ireland. Elizabeth of Austria had the reputation of being able to beat Kathleen in the hunting-field, but the fame of the former was largely based upon the fact that she was an empress and that she was the guest of Kathleen's country. Four days out of every week saw the brave young girl in the saddle. The Marquis of Waterford not being permit-

ted to hunt since the day when boycotting flourished, Kathleen used to go up to Tipperary and ride after the hounds of a popular Irish gentleman who had the good taste to marry a bright American girl not many years before.

One night, crisp and clear even in dull December, as Kathleen rode home from the hunt with her cousin, she had to cross the curious bridge and to ride down the dreary quays of the quaint old Danish city of Waterford. She rode one of those magnificent Irish hunters which combine the strength of the Clydesdale with the speed of the Arab. As she gained the end of the long bridge a thoughtless lad gave the horse a vicious cut. No hand, save the hand of love, had hitherto touched the noble animal. His confidence in his mistress was unbounded, but the sharp and sudden and deep cut of the lash made the high-blooded beast frantic. Kathleen was powerless to control him. His fiery eyes, his distended nostril, his heaving chest, showed the intense excitement of the beautiful steed. As he dashed furiously down the rough pavement he became quite wet, so wet, that his color seemed to have suddenly changed from bright bay to jet black. As they were nearing the end of the dark street, the horse shied, slackened his speed, curved himself, and then with one sudden lurch into the air he dashed Kathleen with deadly violence against the ancient walls of the tower of Reginald the Dane. Eight hundred years before, in the ballroom of this same tower, the dreadful doom of Kathleen's country was sealed by the marriage of Eva MacMurrough with the Saxon Strongbow, and now the brains of the most beautiful and accomplished girl of her race besmeared the walls of the last remnant of the Norseman's power in Ireland.

Old Holmes was heart-broken and would not be consoled. Hitherto he had said that his interest in the fair young girl from over the ocean was but the immortal friendship which literature inspires, and he used to quiet his qualms of conscience with

the thought that the "imagination may be a volcano while the heart is an Alp of ice." The club men would have laughed such philosophy to scorn. Nevertheless there is romance in literary friendships; there is in them an intellectual tenderness akin to that passion over which the blind Deity is supposed to preside. Another week, and old Holmes was dead. Scoffers said derisively that he died of a broken heart; people generally believed him to have died of old age. His ghostly adviser, who was a close personal friend of old Holmes and a careful student of Newman's theology, took the liberty of telling the old man that death was one of the conditions of his meeting Kathleen again forever.

THE JUST MAN'S DEATH.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

He does not fear to die
  Who, living, dies. The man righteously great
  Knows that for him Death is the golden gate
To deathless life on high.
If truth and faith sublime
  Had budded, grown, and blossomed in his soul,
  Through these he trusts that, marching to the goal,
He'll reach that Eden clime.

Death is a magic wand
  That floods the sombre tomb with radiant light—
  Lifting sad lives from solitude and night
To Sinai's heights beyond!
There moon and stars and sun
  Will greet him through the immemorial years,
  While the good God shall murmur in his ears,
"Welcome, thou faithful one!"

A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

First of all, a few words of personal explanation. I was eight years among the Jesuits — two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy, and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges, writes M. H. Dziewicki, in Blackwood's. I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our relations since that time, though infrequent, have not been unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church. My position is therefore characterized by perfect independence on one hand, and on the other by the want of any incitement to injure an order with which I parted on good terms. Startling revelations will be wanting, as I have neither talent nor motive for inventing lies. Private, possibly even trivial, details — all depends upon taste — will be found in abundance. Jesuits, so far as they are known to me, are neither good nor bad angels, but men; and it is as men that I intend to portray them. This would seemingly imply a certain amount of indiscretion, and something like a breach of confidence on my part. Some points, indeed, seemed to me so private that I hesitated about writing these pages; for all or nothing ought to be the motto of every faithful memoir. But on perusing narratives of a similar sort, composed by expelled members, and others whose knowledge of the society must have been inferior to mine, I found all these particulars already in print, and often enough with exaggerations, alterations, and additions. This put an end to any reluctancy that I might have had before; for when I found those "family matters" long ago exposed to the public gaze, I saw that my silence was immaterial, and that it was perhaps better for me to write all.

I ought besides to observe that the following account cannot be considered as correct except as a statement of facts in one particular novitiate of one particular province, and at one particular time. Many, even considerable, differences are to be found between one province and another. I noticed that myself whilst spending a few days in a Spanish novitiate during a pilgrimage that we had to make. I am told, moreover, that between the English province and the others the difference is still more strongly marked. It is, for instance, the custom throughout the society to give the "kiss of peace" whenever a member comes to or goes away from one of their houses. An English novice who was visiting Pau on account of his health, came to see us, and went through the ceremony. I saw that he did not like it, and asked whether it was done in England. "Never," answered he; "we only shake hands." Now the "fraternal embrace" is explicitly alluded to in the very text of St. Ignatius's rules. So this sketch, though I can vouch for its faithfulness, might convey a very false idea if supposed to picture any other province or any other time.

Any person at all acquainted with Pau knows the Rue Montpensier, and has probably noticed the Jesuits' chapel, next door to which stands the residence and novitiate.

On entering the residence we notice a peculiar air of calm — call it monastic gloom if you are worldly minded — that pervades the whole place. All is silent. The sun shines dimly through ground-glass windows and Venetian blinds at the end of a long, stone-paved corridor downstairs. No one is there but one or two priests, walking to and fro noiselessly like shadows, saying their breviary. First and second floor: corridors ditto, shadows ditto; more

of the Venetian blinds and less of the sunlight. All the novices occupy the third story; the pères de résidence alone live below. They are old or middle aged for the most part; authors, confessors, preachers getting their Lent, Advent, and Mission sermons ready, and aged men "preparing themselves for death," as the "Status" (or annual register) used to put it I am told: "Pater X. parat se ad mortem." As everything in the chapel bore witness to opulence and taste, so everything in the residence testifies to cleanliness and affluence. The tokens of affluence, however, stop short at the threshold of the fathers' rooms; those of cleanliness go further. You will find in their cells — large, indeed, and airy enough — only a few almost indispensable objects: a writing-desk, a lamp, a small bronze crucifix, a prie-Dieu, two or sometimes even three rush-bottomed chairs, a curtained bedstead in a recess, a broom peeping out from a corner, and a wash hand stand; no carpets, flowers, mirrors, pictures, or curtains. No luxuries, in a word. All that is not strictly necessary is strictly prohibited.

But we are visiting the novitiate, not the residence. Let us accordingly go upstairs to the third floor, a few minutes to four o'clock A. M. All is dark in the passage. A light is suddenly struck. The bell must ring at four precisely, as the novices, like the rest of the society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the frère réglementaire is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure, for I have reckoned that he rings the bell 35 times in 17 hours. It sounds — and at the first "ding-dong" a series of jumps onto the floor is heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would, even for a second, hesitate to obey the divine call. The frère goes down the passage with a lighted queue de rat in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes, "Benedicamus Domino!" to which each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, "Deo gratias!" Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in 25 minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the "master of the house."

Here they come — and first of all the most fervent and saintly amongst them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4.15, so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas! seraphic brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth brush is dry, and even your hands might be whiter. Mon frère, with all your fervor, you will never be a son of Ignatius; that old saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the novitiate to become a good, pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Now go in and sigh, and lean your head on one side, languishing with burning love for Jésus Hostie! All that is very well in its way, but — discipline must be maintained.

Second on the list comes another young brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the meditation, without thinking of an old tar with a "southwester" on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth. But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings, and, in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin — and, to say the truth, his demeanor is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect, not with a gentle curve forwards, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can he remain in the society when

Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good, solid work in the colleges, too.

Here comes at last the rest of the community, all stepping lightly on tiptoe, as the "master of the novices" has ordered. Were they fifty together, they must all walk along in this fashion, which looks rather ridiculous, but is meant to inculcate respect for silence. All hurry towards the sink, carrying each in his hand the requisite vessel. Rectors, provincials, nay, even generals, are also bound to this rule of "self-help," and not novices only; unless, indeed, they are too much engaged, and then a lay brother does the work.

Five and twenty minutes have elapsed; all novices coming henceforward to the chapel must kneel down outside the door, not to disturb the others, and there is often a whole string of them outside, when a long walk on the previous day has made them so sleepy that they are not able to do everything both speedily and well. For besides their outward occupations, their mind has all the time to be busily at work. They must take their morning resolution for the day, what evil specially to avoid and what virtue to cultivate; and then there is the meditation to be thought about; and they must offer the coming day to God. All this not unfrequently delays them.

The hour strikes; the novices all trip upstairs — for the private chapel is on the second floor — to meditate from 4.30 to 5.30. The subject was given out the day before, and is taken from the "Exercitia Spiritualia." Leaving the novices to kiss the ground in the presence of God, and then to work out the different heads, we may remark that some of them take advantage of this hour to practise a most painful kind of penance, insupportable to not a few. They remain all the time absolutely motionless on their knees. Now in England immobility would signify little, but we are in France, and in the south of France, where the utmost cleanliness fails to keep a house clear of fleas, at least in summer. Novices are forbidden to wear sackcloth on account of their health; but the crawling, tickling sensation here — there — everywhere — and then the sharp, unexpected bite, is a great deal worse, and more irritating — Experto crede! I had to give it up very soon; and as the slightest movement was enough to frighten the torturers, it was not difficult to keep them off.

The meditation coming to an end, pens run over paper during a quarter of an hour devoted to the review. This part of the exercise, considered so essential a part of the meditation by St. Ignatius that he will on no account suffer it in any case to be set aside, is a mental glance or survey of the hour that has just gone by. The grand principle of practical reflection on the past, with a view towards progress, is brought to bear on the meditation; whether it has been successful or not, and why, is noted down in the "Spiritual Journal." The beds are then made, and this is no easy task. If the furniture of the fathers downstairs seemed to be the acme of simplicity, that of the novices is the acme in very deed. We pass over the want of fire (supplied, in cold weather by a box of hay or a foot-bag), of a wash-hand stand, of a prie-Dieu, and even of matches. The bedstead consists of two trestles, across which three or four deal boards are laid; the bed is a mere sack filled with maize-straw, covered with sheets and blankets. The art of the bedmaker is to give this a decent and neat appearance — and he succeeds.

Again the bell rings, and again the novices troop away — to mass, this time. One brother, rather sulky and stubborn looking, with a high forehead and a dull eye and complexion, comes in late; he was intent on doing something else, and would not put it by at once. And the rule insists on complete, instant, and joyful obedience. A bad omen, brother, if at the boiling point of fervor you give neither. Besides, you were (a most irregular thing indeed!) looking out of the window a few days ago; hankering, perhaps,

after the world you have left. You will remain in the society just as long as the Frère Séraphique, and what will become of you afterwards, I cannot tell.

Mass is said in the little private chapel, carefully waxed, ornamented with red hangings, white window curtains, and plentifully gilded all round. It smells a little too much of paint. A statue of the Immaculate Virgin and another of St. Stanislaus stand to right and left before the sanctuary; but the paint makes them too life-like, and their immobility too death-like, not to offend æsthetic taste. Another figure produces a widely different impression. In, or rather below, the altar is a deep recess, with a large sheet of glass before it. By the dim light that shines through the glass, we can perceive a pale, a deadly pale wax figure, reclining on a couch, clad in the toga prætexta, and with a palm in his hand. By his side stands an earthenware phial, and the inscription: "Dormi puer in pace." Enclosed in the waxen mold is the skeleton of some unknown child-martyr, thus exposed to veneration in a manner sufficiently realistic to strike, yet not crude enough to repel. Before this shrine the novices kneel nearly the whole time of the service. The attitude generally considered the most correct is as follows: Head slightly bent forwards, neither to right nor left; eyes cast down; body straight as an arrow; face serene; hands folded or clasped. This attitude is recommended at all times, mutatis mutandis, according to the dictates of common sense. An assistant in a college could hardly be required to see "with downcast eyes" what his hundred boys are about.

These details may be looked upon as minutiæ unworthy of the genius of Loyola and reducing every Jesuit to the station of a mere actor. Waiving that question (as also the other one which it includes, viz., whether "all the world" is not "a stage," as a contemporary of Ignatius seems to think), I can only state that he considers his "Rules of Modesty" to be of supreme importance. His idea was — Jesuita, alter Jesus; and he wished his disciples to imitate the exterior of Jesus. And instead of leaving this imitation to the judgment of his followers themselves, each man copying his own ideal, Ignatius thought it best to lay down directions for them according to the model he had in his own mind. His soldier-like love of order and uniformity amply accounts for this; but there are other reasons. Our master, in a lecture on the subject, once used words to the following effect: "There are two converse methods. One is, sanctify the exterior by first rendering the interior man holy; the other, render the interior holy by previously sanctifying what is exterior. Be a saint, and you will by degrees come to look outwardly like one. Take care to act outwardly like a saint, and you will gradually become one. Either plan may be used with profit. The monk whose life is passed in solitude confines himself to the first exclusively; but given our position of men that have to appear much in public, the latter also is of great importance."

After mass, until half-past seven, the novices read a commentary upon Holy Scripture. But let it not be thought that they may choose the commentary which they prefer or the part of the Bible they like best. They have to submit their preferences to the master, and he chooses for them; so likewise for all the books read in the novitiate: so likewise for everything else. From the moment they rise till the time when they stretch their limbs in bed, they are under obedience, drilled all day long. The lesson of self-denial is taught them not by a few great sacrifices, but by a continued series of trifles to be given up. Obedience is incessantly present, in season, and, one might think, out of season too. See the novices going down into the refectory; it is a fast day, and all of them must pass by the master standing at the door of his room. Why? Because they must ask permission to take the frustulum, a morsel of bread allowed by dispensation to all who fast. And if they do not wish to avail them-

selves of the dispensation? They must also ask leave not to avail themselves of it. "We," said a Capuchin friar to me one day, "we have severer penances than you, and yet you have more to endure. One can little by little get hardened to the scourge, but not to never doing one's own will." Perhaps the good Capuchin was right.

After breakfast, work; travaux manuels. It is not the admonitor who commands here, but the frère directeur des travaux. Novices must, from the very beginning, learn to obey their companions, so as to have less difficulty in doing the same in after years; and if superiors are afterwards strongly advised to give hints and counsels, rather than orders and commands, it is quite the contrary now. The directeur des travaux has to say: Go there, and they go; Do this, and it is done. Novices, being extra fervent, can support without so much danger an extra dose of obedience; and besides, O Ignatius, hast thou not learned, when yet a soldier of the world, that the strength of cannons is tried by firing them with extra charges? So each novice goes and humbly asks for work.

There is plenty to do: sweeping rooms and passages and garden paths; waxing the floor of the private chapel — terrible work; down in the cellar drawing wine; or up in the garret cleaning shoes; or out of doors digging; or within, laying the table for dinner. Not one novice is unemployed. Some are sitting in the lecture-room, to learn the way of making rosaries, disciplines, haircloths, and those chains whose sharp points enter into the flesh. A dozen or more are working under the superintendence of a strict, morose, lantern-jawed brother, who has a little of the Bonaparte type in his face, and a good deal of sombre obstinacy in his character; he will remain in the society only five years, making himself generally disliked and brooding over imaginary wrongs done to him. In a corner are two of the youngest brothers, one of whom sometimes glances at the other full slyly, and then shakes with suppressed laughter; for that other is engaged upon an awful girdle, at least six inches broad, ordered for penitential purposes by some tough old father. All this is very pleasant to see; but the sly brother is a trifle too friendly, though perhaps he does not know it as yet; it is only his first week here. Particular friendships are not allowed; that is, though one may feel greater sympathy for one than for another, one ought not to show it. The wrong is, not in the feeling, but in the injustice done to others by a show of that feeling. As a member of a community, equal kindness is due to all; and any extraordinary amount of kindness received by one is taken away from the rest. So the motto is: "Tous mais pas un!" And this rule applies even to brothers according to the flesh, if any such happen to be together in the novitiate; they must be to one another neither more nor less than the first novice that comes. Spiritual fraternity ought to predominate over natural brotherhood; the indissoluble links of religion form a far stronger chain than those ties which, springing out of corruption, are again to dissolve into corruption; eternity is more than time.

When I came to the novitiate, I had been told of many most extraordinary things I should be required to do as a test of my obedience; and I was rather disappointed than otherwise, on finding that nobody ordered me to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, or to sweep out a cell with the wrong end of a broom. I was expected to take it for granted that the orders given me were reasonable; if I did not think them so, my duty was to ask for explanations. Nothing is falser than the idea that a Jesuit is a mere machine for obeying orders. Let us say rather — setting aside cases in which it would be a duty to disobey — that he is a machine for understanding the true sense of the orders given, and for carrying them out in their true sense. "I have done," writes Laynez to Loyola, "not what you ordered me, but what, had you been present you would have ordered

me." And St. Ignatius approved him. Yet the conduct of that novice who remained a whole day in the master's room without stirring, because he had been told to remain there, and had then been forgotten, is held up to public admiration. To admiration, yes; to imitation, no. This example ought to have no more influence on the ordinary course of life than that of the other novice who on his death bed asked permission of his superior to quit the novitiate, thinking that he could not possibly die without leave.

At 8.30, leaving a bottle of wine half filled, a link of a chain half formed, or a garden weed half pulled out, all the novices run to get their book on "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez. We may call it the standard ascetic work of the novitiate; even on whole holidays, even during the vacation, it is regularly read for half an hour every day. The peculiarity consists in the manner of reading. The frère admoniteur goes down into the garden and opens his book; all the novices follow him at random, one after another; while he takes the lead with a rapid step, they have to walk after him at the same pace, taking care not to tread on the heels of their neighbors. This is technically called tourner Rodriguez, and certainly does look very absurd. The reason for this strange manner of reading is to give the novices a sufficient amount of exercise in the morning, together with fresh air. In the afternoon there is plenty of motion: two hours of recreation, besides manual work; and three walks in the week.

The lecture on the rules, or conference, follows Rodriguez. The master, a man of evidently sanguine, bilious temperament, though both elements of his character are well under control, comes into the room, — not on tiptoe, and yet with a noiseless step, — kneels down, and says a short prayer, after which he asks a novice for an abstract of what was said last time. His manner is cool, restrained; his style almost dry; and yet his voice thrills at times with suppressed emotion; his gestures are almost as few as those of an ordinary English speaker; he speaks in so low a key as not unfrequently to be inaudible, were it not for his very distinct utterance of each word. This manner of lecturing, though perhaps disappointing to one who expects the noisy pulpit eloquence of the south of France, is, however, specially calculated for those to whom the oratorical "ways and means" of creating a sensation have become contemptible through familiarity. Here emotion must spring from no other source but the subject itself and the thoughts directly connected therewith; the speaker cannot keep himself too much in the shade. Hence this attempted suppression of all feeling — this outward dryness — this low pitch of the voice. The hearers, whether pupils fresh from the study of Bossuet and Cicero, barristers from the law courts, or young vicaires accustomed to criticise the sermons of their fellow-priests, might otherwise have been too sorely tempted to forget that the conference is a lesson to be acted upon, not a performance to be judged.

The master's voice drops; the conference is over, and he goes out. Then follows the repetition — a strange scene of apparent hubbub, rendered still more striking by the solemn silence in which the "still small voice" of the master has been heard. Groups of novices, each of them with a note-book in his hand, are told off by the admoniteur. One in each group begins reading his notes, his voice rising louder and louder as other voices rise in succession, until 12 or more are speaking at once in the room — not a large one — and the din becomes almost deafening. To an outsider this would appear excessively ridiculous; but here, intent on comparing and correcting notes, they do not even remark the clamor that is going on around them.

Again, after a short visit to the chapel, the novices proceed in single file to the garden, to learn a few verses of Scripture. This is the "exercise of memory," the only study (with that of foreign languages) permitted by St.

Ignatius. Foreign languages even were not allowed in my time, and for two whole years I did not speak English, though there were some who knew that language in the novitiate. On the whole, this exercise of memory is rather a formality than anything else. Twice a week it is missed; the recitation is not seriously insisted upon; the novices are free to go upstairs as soon as they think they know, and they enjoy free time as soon as they come to this conviction. And in that short space of free time, that lasts only till 11 o'clock, how much they have to do! Shoe-cleaning, clothes-brushing, reading the "Instructions" (a book that must be got through once a month), writing applications to the librarian or the substitute for the next volume of Rodriguez, or for a wearable hat; they must, besides, see and confer with the master once in a fortnight. Soon, too soon, 11 o'clock strikes.

The class of pronunciation, from 11 to 11.30, is a very important time, particularly here; for a good accent is absolutely necessary to a public speaker, and the accent is very bad in the south of France. An explanation of the rules takes up about half the time; reading and criticism by the fellow-novices occupies the other half. Now and then two or three giggles, threatening to become general fits of laughter, are occasioned by some slight mistake, or even without any visible cause; for the novices' nerves are highly strung, and they are perhaps more inclined to laughter than any other class of human beings. They are generally young; they are continually striving after supernatural gravity; they have no cares, no cause for uneasiness or sorrow; so the veriest trifle — even a recollection of past fun — is enough to set them laughing, sometimes in very undue places; but they cannot help it: "Novitius, animal ridens et risibile, scandalisabile, frangens vitrum, fundens oleum," was the humorous quasi-scholastic definition of the species given by some unknown wag many years ago.

Before dinner there is a private examination of conscience for one quarter of an hour; before bedtime, similarly. These are, if not the most important, at least the most indispensable spiritual exercises of the day; St. Ignatius would rather, in case of want of time, sacrifice the morning meditation. And he was not satisfied with these alone; he wanted every one of the actions done to be reviewed in like manner, so as to cultivate a habit of reflection. One day he asked a father how often he examined his conscience. "Every hour," said the latter. "That is very seldom," answered Ignatius.

At last the angelus rings; it is noon, and the novices, hungry as hunters, and quite willing to obey the call, rush down on tiptoe and with downcast eyes. The bill of fare cannot be reasonably complained of. Before each plate there stands half a litre — about a pint — of vin ordinaire. On festivals, one bottle of dessert wine is allowed to each table. The first dish, according to the Continental custom, is always soup or broth. Then comes boiled meat, and then roast; a dish of vegetables follows them. Between this and the dessert, consisting of cheese and some kind of fruit, there is sometimes, on festival days, either salad or a sweet dish of custard or pudding. Without special leave a novice may not refuse any of the dishes, though he may reduce his share to an all but infinitesimal quantity. Look at this pale young man pouring three drops of wine into a glass of water — and at that one, paler still, helping himself to one leaf of salad only, after having put a microscopic bit of meat on his plate! His neighbor, a kind-hearted though surly original, with a huge nose and a very dyspeptic stomach, is furious at the poor fellow's excessive penance, that ruins his health; he tosses the rest of the salad into his own plate, and eats it all up, with his head defiantly on one side, in mute protestation; for usually he does not care for salad, nor indeed for anything in the way of food. "You see I am not afraid to eat!" The neighboring novices, who have

somehow or other managed to see all without looking up, are vastly amused at the sight.

During dinner-time those novices who (with permission, of course) wish to accuse themselves of some fault — a glass broken, negligence in duties, useless words, etc. — do so, kneeling in the middle of the refectory; after which "the reader drones from the pulpit." Scripture first, as by right; then Church history, by Abbé Darras, very brilliantly written, sometimes too brilliantly. When, for instance, he ends a phrase with a metaphor like this, "C'est un point d'interrogation suspendu à travers les siècles," the novices, satirical creatures! venture to laugh at the author's affectation and bad taste. The more they are kept apart from literature and politics, the more easily they are impressed by whatever concerns either.

Dinner over, the holy sacrament is again visited, in order to prepare for the most difficult exercise of the day — the recreation. Why I call it the most difficult will presently appear. To pass it correctly, an all but impossible combination of virtues is required. Its aim is "the unbending of the spirit," in order to rest awhile from the constraint produced by the self-communion of the morning, and to give the mind fresh vigor for the exercises of the afternoon. At the same time, it is recommended to remain perfectly self-possessed from beginning to end, keeping a strict watch over the lips, the eyes, and the whole demeanor, lest anything should be said or done unworthy of one's high calling. It is recommended to speak of pious subjects, though not in too serious a manner. Discussions, tiring to the mind and too often irritating to the temper, are to be avoided. Jokes are not well looked upon, as they are apt to be remembered when the recreation is done, and cause distractions; besides, Christ and His apostles, whom Jesuits ought to imitate, cannot be imagined as joking together. No conversation about studies, literature, or science is allowed; and it is still more severely forbidden to criticise the conduct of any brother or father. Such criticism is, however, not only allowed, but enjoined, on another occasion — in presence of the criticised person. I allude to the "exercise of charity," which ought regularly to take place once a week, instead of the conference. A novice, designated by the master, goes down on his knees in the middle of the lecture-room, and listens to all that the others, when questioned, have to say against him; they, on their part, are bound to state whatever they may have noticed amiss in his conduct. Of course, external defects alone are to be mentioned. Instead of saying, "Notre frère is not fervent," they must point out fixed acts of seeming negligence in religious duties, which may spring from absent-mindedness quite as well as from lack of fervor. This exercise, properly practised, effectually stops all backbiting or complaints against others; while the defects are made known to the person himself, so that he can take advantage of this knowledge. It is quite an upside-down world.

The fact that so many virtues — charity, modesty, cordiality, piety, self-possession, gaiety — are requisite to pass the recreation well, is the reason why the result is so generally unsuccessful. Some, striving to be supernatural in all things, contrive to be only unnatural and highly disagreeable in all. Others, very rightly laying down as a first principle that one must be natural, forget their position, and talk as they used to talk before they "left the world." A few sentences having been exchanged about the weather, one novice, eager to avoid "useless words," effectually puts an end to the conversation in his group by relating, immediately and without transition, what he is reading about the torments of hell. Another has filled a little note-book with anecdotes and sentences of the saints about the Mother of Christ; he begins the recreation by asking his brother novices to "tell him something about Mary," and, on their professing themselves unequal to the task, launches

off for a whole hour into a sea of words learned by heart. The Franco-Irish brother makes his companions roar with laughter at the tricks he played on his teachers whilst at college; but by his side walks a mournful one, who, mindful of Seneca's saying, "Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo redii," and of the Eastern proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," has resolved to be silent, and does not even look up once during the whole time. And the difficulty is greater still, because one is never allowed to choose one's companions; the first group you find is your group; they are, besides, generally formed by the admoniteur at the beginning of the recreation. He, according to instructions received, often puts together, as a test of temper, the most opposite characters of all. How amusing it is to see the frère directeur, late a lieutenant in the Mobiles during the war, — a rollicking, jovial lover of harmless fun, and a great hater of what he calls "mysticism," — walking about day after day and week after week with the Seraphic Brother above mentioned, who never will speak of anything less holy than the Sacred Heart, the conversion of the whole world, or a scheme formed by him for administering all railways by some new religious order, designed to stoke and convey the passengers gratis, for the love of God! If you step into the novitiate a month later, you will find them both in the same room. When Frère Seraphique begins sighing and groaning in his meditations, Frère Directeur has orders to put a stop to this piété extérieure by a loud, dry cough.

Then there are differences of principle too. Who would fancy that in the novitiate, on a mere question of interpretation of the rules, there could be found a vestige of two great parties? Yet so it is. Frère Admoniteur is waxing very red in the face, having a serious tussle with the stoutest brother in the whole lot. The latter, who has been a barrister of considerable practice at Angoulême, is now trying his professional abilities in the novitiate. The rules contradict each other, he says. In one place we find that brothers who are "in experiment," i. e., having their vocation tested by menial offices and labors, are not to speak with those who remain after the first recreation is over until two o'clock. In another, it is said, on the contrary, that they must be present at this second recreation. Frère Admoniteur, full of zeal, thinks to reconcile the contradiction by laying down the law thus: they are to be present, but not to speak. The ex-lawyer has him on the hip at once. What absurdity! a speechless recreation! Both are indignant, but their indignation soon cools down, and they will beg each other's pardon very frankly before sunset.

In recreation again, the two contrary currents that must always be found in any Christian body of men are clearly noticeable; I mean the worldly and the unworldly tendency. This, of course, is very relative, and perhaps the term "worldly" may be found too strong when describing a man who regularly scourges himself once a week or oftener. Still, in a community where this is the fashion, it is no decisive proof of unworldliness. A dislike to such as are more fervent; an undue notice and nervous horror of those little exaggerations to which pious persons are liable; an inordinate esteem of the purely natural qualities, — wit, energy, imagination, etc., — are much surer signs of the contrary direction of mind. Placed in a very different situation from men of the world, they judge of things, so far as it is lawful for them to judge at all, with the very same eyes as the latter. "Ah, mon frère!" says Brother Seraphicus, "on retrouve le monde au noviciate." Rather disappointing, but very much to be expected; no man — and a fortiori no number of men — being quite unworldly. All is relative, mon frère! This worldly tendency is of course kept down and severely dealt with; but that those in whom it is found the most are the most opposed to the "spirit of the society," I am not prepared to affirm. Worldly-minded

men are usually practical; and practical men are of great use. Certainly, among my con-novices who left, as many left on account of exaggerated fervor as of worldliness. The lofty mystic will find more difficulty in getting on with St. Ignatius than the terre-à-terre man of business; and yet Ignatius is mystic too.

No wonder that, under these difficulties, the recreation is followed (for many) by a very remorseful visit to the chapel, deploring broken resolutions, schemes of "interior life" blown up, sore feelings of irritation, or headaches caused by too much constraint. Shortly after, the bell rings again for another exercise — that of the "tones." It is a short sermon, only one page in length, which every novice knows by heart; it contains in that brief compass, and without any transitions, all the principal tones which a preacher can take. The calm, measured notes of the exposition; the thrilling call of tenderness and mercy; the ecstatic invocation to God; the thunders of rebuke, followed up by a long Latin quotation from Joel; a yet more vehement cry of holy indignation, swelling at once to enthusiasm, and then suddenly dying away on a key still lower than that of the exordium, all these so short, so condensed, as to render it quite impossible really to feel sentiments of so brief duration; — such is this exercise. A good delivery of the tones is almost as seldom to be met with as a black swan. But then, say those who favor it, that is the great advantage of the thing. If you can once get to deliver the tones with effect; if you can manage to pass from this sentence, "Agneau plein de douceur! qui vous a donc force à vous charger de nos fautes, à accepter la mort pour nous donner la vie?" to the following: "O hommes stupides! ô hommes plongés dans le sommeil du péché!" giving their full and natural emphasis to each of these sentences, both so vehement in such a different way, you are not very likely to have much difficulty in delivering an ordinary sermon.

After the tones, the bell is rung for catechism, an exercise in which the novices have to learn, both in speculation and by practice, the art of teaching in general, and especially the art of teaching religion. The father who presides (sometimes a novice, at others the socius of the master) first gives general rules and hints, both as to what to say and how to say it; and notes how much severity, with what temperament of kindness, is required to maintain discipline. Then a novice stands forth in the middle, and for the nonce becomes the catechist; all the others are Sunday-school children. He proceeds to explain the first notions of religion to them; questions them sometimes; they, on their part, must personate children. They rather overdo it in general. Such laziness, such disorder, such insubordination, could hardly be found in a reformatory. He has here to show his presence of mind, his energy, his self-command, and all the qualities indispensable to a good teacher. Then comes, as usual, the criticism; sometimes favorable, sometimes severe, always useful. In after-life, the teacher will have no witnesses of his class but the boys, and no one to give him good advice. True, it will be more serious then, and this is but a sort of child's play; but there is no objection to sham fights, naval manœuvres, and the Kriegspiel — why, then, should not this sort of game have its value too?

Here I may add a word or two about a similar exercise, which, as I have heard, is practised during the third probation (or second novitiate) by the priests who, after their theological studies, pass a year to prepare for active life in the ministry. I allude to the "exercise of confession." Certain of the "tertiaries" are appointed beforehand, and have to study their parts as penitents, so as to give the most trouble possible to the confessor. One is a dévote, laden with the sins of other people; another, a nun, with no end of scruples and peccadilloes of her own; a third is a soldier, rough and ready — says he has done nothing, but lets plenty of sins be wormed out of him by degrees. A man kneels down, — he

is a Voltairean workman, come to dispute, — followed by an innkeeper, whose earnings are not always of the most honorable kind; and then there comes a monk, with an unintelligible confession, having done something he does not like to say, and fears to leave unsaid. After all these have been questioned, counselled, rebuked, and (if possible) absolved in turn, there is the inevitable judgment upon the performance. "Notre père might have shown himself a little more authoritative in dealing with the Voltairean . . . perhaps patience was wanting in his treatment of the monk . . . he seemed to listen too willingly to the dévote's tales," and so on. This exercise, though highly comical, if properly prepared by the characters, is also of great and undeniable value to the Catholic priest. It certainly seems at first sight irreverent; but then, let such as are shocked at the idea of "making game" of confession remember that by no other means can a priest, on account of the inviolable secrecy of that sacrament, discover either his own defects, or the remedy to them. Other priests cannot hear him while he confesses, and he is not allowed to hear others. The penitent may not correct him when he is wrong, and no one else is there to set him right. Long experience will of course help him, but at the cost of the penitents; and besides, time and age too often only confirm a bad habit of undue sternness or leniency.

After the catechism, half an hour of manual work. I pass rapidly over the rest of the day, in which the exercises are of less importance. A writing lesson, French grammar class, reading of the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Life of a Saint," a short meditation, the recital of the rosary, and the preparation of the meditation for next day, bring the novices down to supper before they have time to think about it. Busy hours fly swiftly.

At supper the menologium is read — a short biographical notice of the most remarkable fathers.

The evening recreation, from 7.30 to 8.15, is enlivened by several interesting incidents. One is the arrival of a new brother, who, having gone home after his retreat to bid his relations farewell, is rather low spirited and dejected, and will remain so for about a week or two; but there is great jubilation over him for all that. Another is the visit of the father minister, who has to take charge of all temporal affairs in the house; an aged, hoary-headed, and white-bearded priest, who looks older than he is on account of the scorching sun of Madura, where he was a missionary. He generally has plenty of tales to relate concerning the Hindus; revolts of the native Christians against their missionaries when the latter are too high-handed; arrival of an excommunicated priest from Goa to take his place; the state of drunkenness in which the latter is found shortly after; disgust and repentance of the natives, and subsequent recall of the missionary; also his poor opinion of the English Church in those parts, and his high appreciation of the impartiality of the British government. But to-night he comes on a very different errand. As minister of the residence, he is in want of money. Things are going on very badly indeed; expenses are high and few alms are given, because the Jesuits have the reputation of being rich. "It is our churches," says he. "When people see the churches adorned as they are, they cannot believe that we are sometimes at a loss to know what we shall have to eat to-morrow." And it is true; for the rule is, that the residences and novitiates must subsist on alms. The colleges, which have fixed revenues, come to their help now and then; but there is no denying that sometimes there is a hard pull. Nevertheless, Ignatius is for adorning the churches, no matter what impression is produced, and Ignatius must be obeyed. Having arranged with the novices for a novena to St. Joseph, the father goes away; to return a few days afterwards, triumphantly showing four bank-notes of a hundred francs.

Frère Admoniteur smites his hands

together; it is the signal to begin rehearsing the points of next day's meditation, during the 15 minutes which remain. The rehearsal does not, of course, exclude any private remarks or developments that a novice may have to give; and so the conversation goes on, until the bell rings.

Then commences the great silence — silentium majus — to be observed until after breakfast next day. Novices must not speak at any time without some degree of necessity; but during the silentium majus they must not speak unless the necessity be absolute and immediate. All go to the private chapel, together with the residence fathers, and evening prayer, viz., the Litany of the Saints, is said. They then retire to their cells and examine their consciences, as before noon.

At nine the bell rings for bedtime. Frère Réglementaire is probably very glad to be able to put by his instrument for seven whole hours — if he does not dream of it at night. The curtains are pulled down, and divide the room into as many compartments as there are beds. Even to take off their coat or soutane, they must withdraw behind the curtains. Lights are extinguished, one after another; you soon hear a rushing, whistling, beating sound; it is the discipline, only permitted to some by special favor, for it is not Friday to-day.

All is silent again; and the novices, by order of holy obedience, go to sleep thinking of the next day's meditation, with their hands crossed over their breast.

And now as we retire, let me in conclusion remind you, reader, of the title which this paper bears. It is but a glimpse into the novitiate, and the very best eyes can see but little at one glimpse.

WILL THERE BE TOO MANY OF US?

BY H. S. POMEROY, M. A., M. D.

And God blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth.— Gen. i. 28.

WE live in a time of general awakening; the faces of men are turned towards the morning as never before since that first grand morning when the Creator said, "Be light made." And light was made.

Men of all nations and creeds, and of the various degrees of learning and social status, feel the influence of the time; and what wonder if some of the eyes which are being rubbed clear of the dust of a dead past are blinded by the growing brightness of the dawning day, and their owners "see men as trees walking?" It is natural that those who have begun to think and are able to observe facts, but are not yet able to analyze them, should feel troubled about some of the natural phenomena forced upon their attention every day.

Of all these anxieties, the one which clearly takes first rank is the one concerning food and population — commonly associated, by the name Malthusianism, with one of its many apostles.

The reader does not need to be reminded what Malthusianism is; he knows the story well: Man as an animal has a "tendency" to multiply too rapidly, while man's resources have a tendency to become exhausted by his use of them; and in the uncomfortably near future man must begin to degenerate on account of the scarcity of cubic space in which to exist, and of food upon which to subsist, and must ultimately perish miserably by the operation of these two causes.

Man is a social animal, and as such he eagerly welcomes a new sensation, even though it be produced by play upon his fears. So the herald of Malthusian jeremiades always finds a ready and eager audience to listen to his half-digested science, set forth with the startling and well-nigh paralyzing results of a little arithmetical or geometrical progression.

The writer has been criticised for troubling to combat a theory which long since had been exploded, and which now influences no one. But this is not true. Men still believe in Malthusianism, and are seriously influenced in their daily thinking and doing by the idea that man is virtually a drug in the market, and that it is verily doing God service to lend a hand towards slowing down his ratio of increase; and in leading journals of the past year, are to be found papers by eminent writers gravely setting forth the danger of man's overpopulating this earth, and dying of starvation!

Life is serious enough at the

best, and the burden is quite heavy enough for the shoulders if a light heart beats beneath, and hope lends wings to the weary feet; but when the heart is heavy and the weary path is trod in vain, God pity us! It is because I am convinced that the holiest and sweetest earthly relation of man is being turned to gall by these Malthusian jeremiades, that I would for a little call the attention of the reader to this first command of the Creator to man — this institution of the family relation, in which and through which man's highest earthly good and greatest earthly joy has come to him.

In the first place we notice that this commandment to be fruitful and multiply was given to man at the beginning of his career, after the Creator had made him upright, and he had not yet had time to devise his many harmful inventions. Man was then normal and symmetrical in body and mind.

We next notice that there is no condition or caution coupled with the command. There it stands, bald and bare,— clean cut and bold as Cleopatra's obelisk,— "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." In this connection it is well to observe the blessing; why is it put in here? If man as an animal had, as a part of his very birthright, the "tendency" to overpopulate this earth, and die miserably of overcrowding and underfeeding, then the omniscient Creator knew it, and it was the very refinement of cruel sarcasm for Him to couple the blessing with the injunction to be fruitful and multiply.

Passing now hastily through the other features of this commandment, we notice a regular progression, a sort of evolution. Man is blessed; he is to be fruitful that he may multiply; he is to multiply that he may replenish the earth; he is to replenish the earth that he may subdue it, and he is to subdue it that he may have dominion.

Here we have man the master. Master of himself, and of this earth and all it contains; master of the vegetable and animal life on this globe, and master of the physical forces which have a lodgement here.

But it was not the first couple — real or figurative — who were to accomplish all this; they were indeed to make a beginning, but were too few and too primitive to do more than this; to them came the task of subduing nature so far as was required for the satisfaction of their few and simple personal needs; and they were to transmit their physical and mental qualities to as many individuals of their genus as possible.

This was the simple task of man in the early generations. As man increased in numbers he also increased in individual powers; as he came more and more in contact with his heritage, the earth and the forces of nature, he gained enlarged views of them and their relations to himself; and he also began to specialize his work and his study, so that finally where there had been but two or three giving attention to some particular branch of human interest, there were hundreds or thousands.

As we look over man's record on the earth, we find it checkered. There have been times of famine and times of plenty; times of rapid increase in knowledge and times of retrogression, when man's own evil nature and the powers of nature have seemed to well-nigh overwhelm him. There have been times when man multiplied rapidly, and other times when he seemed hardly to hold his own as to numbers.

But on the whole man has kept up the struggle, and has pressed forward towards — what? The possession and mastership of this earth.

Let us see how rapidly he has advanced, and how far he has come already. No one knows how long man has been on this earth; most of the estimates or guesses place the time somewhere between 6,000 and 50,000 years. We will be conservative and call it the smaller number. Now what has man accomplished in the way of fulfilling this commandment found in Gen. i. 28? In the first place, he has been fruitful and has multiplied as a whole, so that now after 6,000 years he is supposed to number about 1,400,000,000, and he is to be found to a greater or less extent in every part of this earth where the conditions of climate and soil make it possible for him, with his present information and resources, to be comfortable. But even according to our present knowledge (or ignorance) of nature's resources, no single square mile of this earth's surface is as yet wholly "filled" with human beings, and but a very little of it is fairly well occupied, while the most of it is not occupied at all, and very much of it has never yet been trodden by the foot of civilized man.

Our idea of what constitutes cultivable land constantly changes with increased knowledge and improved methods of agriculture; but even according to our present view of the matter, only about one seventh of the cultivable land is now under cultivation; and this seventh is now producing but a small fraction of what it is capable of growing for the sustenance of man.

So in 6,000 years man has accomplished but a very small part of his task of multiplying so as to fill the earth; just how large a part no one can say; we can make estimates, but the best of them will be but a rough guess. It is perhaps within bounds to say that this earth will not be fully peopled before the present number of inhabitants is multiplied by 100.

Just when the present 1,400,000,000 or so of human beings on this earth will be multiplied by 100, or by any other number, no one can predict with any certainty. This problem is a very popular and alluring one, and has engaged the attention of many able thinkers and ready calculators, and I believe the most of them find it easy to carry their mathematical calculations to the point where if man continues to multiply as at present, in such and such sections, he will soon become so numerous as to make a solid mass of humanity covering the entire solid portion of this planet a half mile thick, etc. These figures — or others to the same general purport — are certainly gravely given to the public over signatures that are used to being authority for the things they subscribe to.

I have never yet seen one of these estimates that seemed to me worthy of credence. The problem is an extremely delicate and complicated one; its factors belong in the realms of nearly every human interest and condition,— physical, mental, and moral,— and no living man is able to grasp and use all of them at the present day.

A few of the cruder and more salient factors of the problem may be apprehended — not comprehended — by almost any amateur political economist, such as the facts that unwise massing and improvidence slow down the rate of human increase by famine and its shadow, pestilence;

that war kills off a good many; that when young and hardy individuals of reproducing age colonize a new and rich territory, they multiply rapidly for a time, etc. But such factors as these do not begin to make up the problem; and population estimates based upon them alone lead to the most absurd results.

Our own country is the favorite field of investigation for the Malthusian calculator; a recent one* estimates that, at present rates, we alone would furnish one inhabitant to each three square yards — 27 feet — of the surface of this globe in 400 years!

In order to use the data we now have with any degree of fairness, we must always regard them in the light of two currents — the current of migration and the current of fecundity. We in the United States have been in both these currents during the past century. Humanity acts like gas under pressure — it seeks the place of least resistance. Following this law, it has come to us, and we have been in the current of migration.

In this connection it is proper to observe that within a short time Ireland has lost half her population; that Canada is virtually at a standstill; that South America is increasing in population very slowly, and that Africa has probably fewer inhabitants than she had a century ago.

But the most important factor of all in the population problem is the current of fecundity. Where is it, and why is it there? In fecundity, as in a river, the current is usually found strongest in the centre of the stream. Primitive and barbarous man is the victim of the strength of his own passions, and the weakness of his efforts to subdue nature. He is scantily fed, and he has a low birth-rate; he is fierce and revengeful, and he has a high death-rate in war.

Farther on in his progress towards an ideal manhood, he is comparatively at peace with his neighbors, and doesn't get killed in war; he is more intelligent and provident, and he gets plenty of food; he is still a hand-worker, having healthful bodily exercise and little wearing anxiety, and he is very prolific — he is in the current of fecundity. Most of the great nations of Christendom are to-day in the current of fecundity.

Still farther on in the social and industrial scale we find man a brain-worker rather than a hand-worker; he is prone to take too little exercise, and have a weak digestion; he is able to put into his stomach more than it needs, and he is often dyspeptic; he overtasks his brain with work and worry, and is nervous. At this stage of his evolution man is at a standstill as regards increase.

And finally we see man at leisure and saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And Nature says, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee"; and he dies, a victim to enervating luxury and a low birth-rate.

No figures based simply upon the number of inhabitants in any given region at any given time, can be other than misleading, because, as suggested above, even if the country or section under consideration has been for the time uninfluenced by migration, it cannot have been uninfluenced by the current of fecundity.

* V. E. Johnson, M. A. Westminster Review, December, 1892.

Malthus and his disciples make much use of the word "tendency." It is a difficult word to use with judgment, especially in connection with the population problem, and the Malthusian writers are, as a rule, markedly infelicitous in their use of this word.

Many things seem to have a tendency in a certain direction which appear, after more extended and careful investigation, to have an actual tendency toward the opposite direction. The casual observer, unacquainted with the mechanism of an eight-day clock, would say that it certainly had a "tendency" to go through certain movements day after day indefinitely; but a real acquaintance with the matter would show him that the real "tendency" was to run down and stop entirely at the end of the eight days. Even then the young clock philosopher has many things to learn before he may wisely discuss the ultimate "tendency" in the history of so simple a thing as an eight-day clock; such as rewinding, oiling, regulating, etc.

A better illustration for our purpose would be the rise and fall of the tides of the ocean — there being a "tendency" to rise at one time and to fall at another; a "tendency" to rise higher and fall lower day by day through a period of some months, and then a "tendency" to reverse this movement; and also a "tendency" to higher tides, as the observer changed his point of view in a certain direction, and lower tides as he changed his point of view to some other locality. These various phenomena of tides seem erratic and confusing until the observer learns the causes of them and their variations, and then all is as clear as the multiplication table.

Another favorite word with Malthus and his disciples is "checks." They have much to say about the "checks to human increase," and the dire results "if" these checks should not operate. Not one of them seems to be able to carry to its logical conclusion the idea that a "tendency" which carries its own "check" is a problem which is solved by cancelling its own balancing factors. The amateur clock philosopher, first observing a clock which was not yet fitted with its pendulum, might write a treatise on the "tendency" of an eight-day clock to run down in 24 hours; or the same student of applied science, observing the increased rapidity of the revolutions of the wheel of a steam engine, might conclude that the "tendency" of steam engines was to work at ever-increasing tension and speed, until they flew apart by centrifugal force or burst their boilers, but a little more knowledge of his subject would show him that the governor, which slows the fire or lets off superfluous steam, is a part of the very principle of the mechanism he is regarding.

An unusually able and candid Malthusian writer (President Andrews, of Brown University) has given a valuable array of statistics, of which I gladly avail myself. These statistics are of themselves strangely at variance and puzzling. Man in many parts of Christendom, is increasing at present, at a rate which would soon fully populate this planet, even allowing for all the advantages he may expect from the future advance of science. But when these figures are put to the test of working backwards, we find an evident fallacy somewhere. A large part of Christendom is at present increasing in population fast enough to double its population in from 50 to 100 years but this ratio, worked backwards,

would not only place man's appearance on this planet at a much more recent date than it is known to have taken place, but the absurdity is still more apparent when we compare statistics of population within the time of authentic history. Europe, judged by her present population and rate of increase, ought to have had fewer inhabitants in the second century of the Christian era than the city of Boston had a generation ago; but according to Wietersheim, she actually had 45,000,000.

The Malthusian of 1,700 years ago, applying geometrical progression to Europe's population and ratio of increase, would certainly have predicted the most frightful state of things before the dawn of the 20th century; and yet we who have a chance to see that time observe that the continent of Europe has but a fraction of the inhabitants who might find all necessary room and creature comforts within her territory, her doubling period having been 950 instead of 100 years during the last 17 centuries.

If we wish to see the ratio of increase in the descendants of a single pair — the conditions having been, on the whole, unusually good for increase, we have an opportunity in the descendants of Confucius. He lived 2,150 years ago, and, according to the Malthusian estimate of the ratio of increase, his descendants should now number 859,559,193,106,709,670,198,710,528 souls; they actually number about 22,000!

Again, if the Malthusian law of human increase were essentially true, we should find that, in spite of the more or less disturbing influences of war, pestilence, and famine, civilizations would have a tendency to persist; that where man had once gained supremacy over nature and his fellowman, and had established himself as a powerful and prosperous nation, there he would be found to-day rich, powerful, prosperous, multiplied, and multiplying.

But this is not true. So far is it from the truth, that there is not a single one of the great civilized nations of to-day which can trace an undoubted lineage, as a nation, back more than a few hundred years. Peoples, as such, are born, mature, grow old, and die. As a rule, when they once become powerful and rich, they have proven themselves unable to resist the temptation to enervating luxury and to vices which necessarily carried them out of the current of fecundity. Sometimes a scion is grafted on to another stock, and we can thus trace a sort of quasi-national continuity; but in many instances they go out so that they drop out of the very knowledge of the world. Modern research is daily bringing to light evidences of once great and powerful peoples who have long been little more than a supposed myth, and it is likely that still others will be discovered of whose existence the modern world has not yet dreamed.

What became of these people? The usual answer has been that they migrated, or were overwhelmed by war or pestilence or famine. These but partially answer the question. The main factor in their decline and extinction was that they got out of the current of fecundity.

It will be but fair for the Malthusian to answer that, if that was so, then we would have the same conditions now, and might study them from modern history, and from nations now with us. I accept the challenge and refer him to France, still one of the great powers — a nation which until recently has been

waxing in numbers and power, but which is thoroughly influenced by the ideas of Malthus, and has already crossed the line between a nation's growth and decadence, and now has a birth-rate startlingly below her death-rate, and this with neither war, pestilence, famine, nor emigration to account for it. France may realize her danger and draw back from the threatening national suicide; but if she does she will, as far as I know, be the first people to unlearn the once learned lesson of vice.

There is perhaps no other instance of a great nation which, as a whole, is going down under the pestilential influence of Malthusianism, but there are plenty of others where we find in sections and among classes illustrations of the law of the current of fecundity: from England, where we see an abnormally high ratio of barrenness among her nobility, and various states of the continent, where we find the royal families afflicted with barrenness, epilepsy, and insanity, to America, where we find among the older families a marked and dangerous disinclination or disability to produce offspring.

A physician in one of the New England capitals made an estimate, a few years ago, of the barrenness and fecundity among the married couples of his practice. The result was most startling, being, in fact, such that, a like state of things being general, man would become one of the extinct animals in about 500 years!

The space of this article will not allow an extended consideration of the general tendency of man as to his social and industrial status and his fecundity; the writer has referred to it elsewhere.*

The wisest and most candid Malthusians, while admitting that their leader was wrong in most of his premises and wide of the mark in his conclusions, yet insist that there is an important and momentous truth in his teachings, and that the "tendency" to dangerous multiplication of the human family should cause the greatest anxiety on the part of the political economist.

The sustenance phase of this question I purposely leave out here, intending to consider it at some other time. But as regards the question of mere numbers of the human increase, I distinctly and emphatically deny that there is any bit of human history, past or present, tending to show that it gives us any legitimate cause for anxiety, or any right as earnest, honest men and women, wishing the best and seeking the highest for ourselves and our fellow-creatures, to waste an hour's time or an ounce of vitality upon it.

The facts of the case, as we are able to outline them now while we are but beginning the task set for us by the Creator, — are these: —

This earth was made for man. He was made its master, but only its master so far as he made himself able to master it. As the first step to this mastery he was bidden to be fruitful and multiply. As far as man has faithfully and honestly fulfilled this first step in his duty here, he has seen the significance of the blessing which the Creator gave him before the commandment to increase and multiply, for blessings have followed him with and in proportion to his numbers.

It is no refutation of this statement for the Malthusian to say that there is more wrong and suffering in

* "Is Man too Prolific?" Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

the world now than ever before ; the reply is that there is more good and more happiness in the world to-day, in the aggregate, and per capita of the human family, than ever before.

It is also no refutation of this statement for the Malthusian to say that there is a vast deal of human suffering in localities from too great massing of humanity, and because so many are born who are not able to get a comfortable subsistence.

Neither of these facts has as yet begun to touch the real question of the relation between the dimensions and resources of this earth, and the ratio of normal human increase. I challenge any disciple of Malthus to show that any normal human being was yet born into this world who was not in himself and in his possibilities as a progenitor a part of that blessing which the Creator bestowed upon all creation when He gave to it its crowning flower — man.

I further challenge any disciple of Malthus to prove from the history of man on this earth and from any data of population that there is a "tendency" for man to outnumber the limits of the provision made for him here by the Creator. There may be such a "tendency," but there is no proof of it. There was at one time an apparent hint of it ; but this is dispelled by the observed fact that since man is an intellectual and moral being, and is, on the whole, moving forward so that his intellectual and moral nature gains the predominance over his mere animal nature, reproduction, being a physical matter, lessens, — and this by a law of man's being and not as a matter of determination and will on his part. Dangerous and distressing "tendencies" there certainly are among man, but they grow out of his viciousness and not from a condition of his being.

The Malthusian is wont to refer to the "superficial optimism" of the non-Malthusian. But pessimism is susceptible of superficiality also, and the disciple of Malthus makes himself liable to the charge of it when he sounds an alarm over conflicting data which he cannot understand ; when he places a definite limit to an applied science which is now accomplishing that which would have been a miracle to his father ; and when he attempts to regulate nature by seizing the balance wheel instead of leaving her to slow the fire by the operation of her governor on the draft. It is also shallow pessimism to claim, in this world of plenty and hope for all those who have sound bodies and sound minds, that nature has made a mistake in the arrangement of man's physical appetites because, forsooth, some are sick and poor and hungry. Unless we have the audacity to challenge the very plan of the Creator, we must stand upon one horn of the dilemma : either man must be a mere automaton or else he must have a measure of personal choice and reach his best estate by evolution through experience — experience that the right is safe and pleasant, and the wrong unsafe and unpleasant.

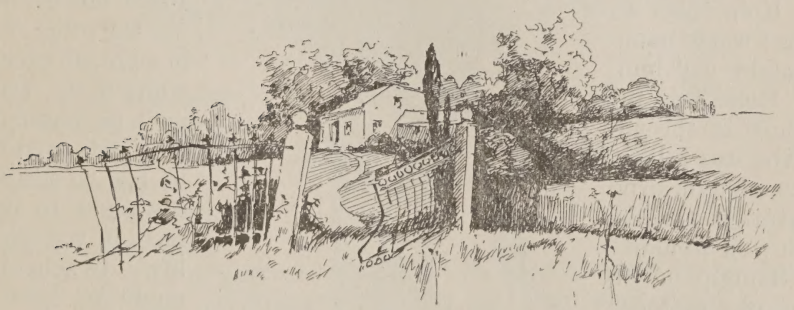
It is a shallow pessimism which is anxious about the "check" to population. The present ratio of births to deaths is increasing humanity rapidly.

This is well ; this earth needs nothing so much as an increase of humanity of good quality. The quality is improving. This earth has a limited quantity of room ; and for that reason, if for no other, the present ratio of increase could not continue indefinitely. But nature has arranged for a physiological slowing down ; and we see it taking place side by side with the increase.

"The masses" are increasing, but "the masses" are slowly but surely becoming "the classes," and the latter are slowing down.

Will the space and resources of this earth suffice for man to reach reproductive equilibrium by this process of evolution? No one can now prove that this is so; but, on the other hand, no one can prove that it is not; and since nature has got on very well for thousands of years before we were born, it becomes us to give her the benefit of the doubt during our time, unless we get light in the meantime which is not yet available.

The best known Malthusian of the present time, and the most influential one of any time, has recently discovered, through theosophy, that man's moral nature makes him an exception to the conditions and premises on which she based her Malthusian efforts, and has formally abandoned them!



MYSTERIES.

BY FRANCES SLOCUM.

UNSEARCHABLE the dark decrees
Of Him, omniscient pow'r on high;
Past finding out the mysteries
Our earthly walks that underlie,
And make or mar our destiny,
Until the veil that blinds our gaze
Is lifted in the day of days.

THE SURGEON'S MIRACLE.

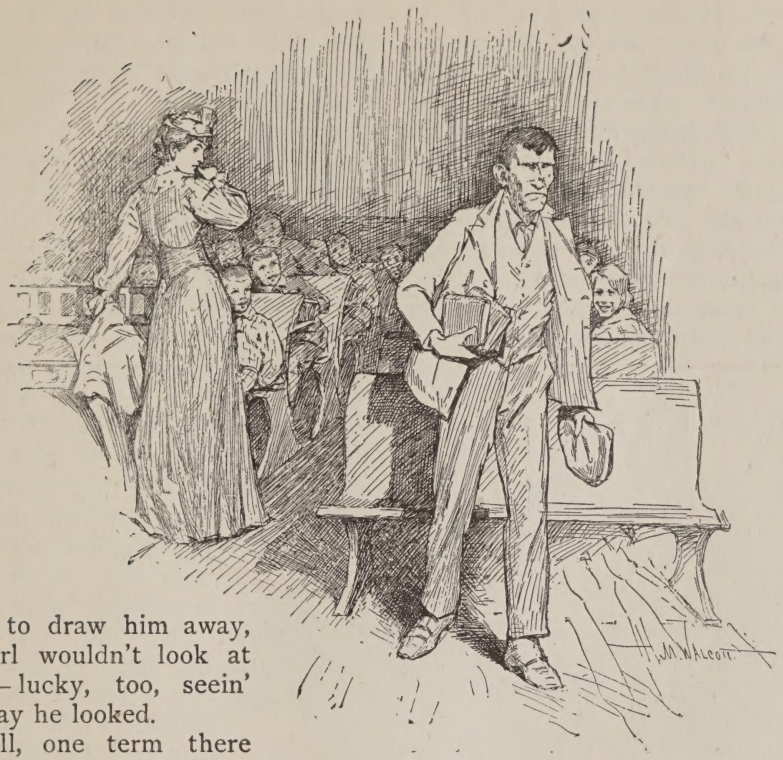
BY JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

"POOR Abe Dodge."

That's what they called him, though he wasn't any poorer than other folks — not so poor as some. How could he be poor, work as he did and steady as he was? Worth a whole grist of such bait as his brother, Ephe Dodge, and yet they never called Ephe poor — whatever worse name they might call him. When Ephe was off at a show in the village, Abe was following the plough, driving a straight furrow, though you wouldn't have thought it to see the way his nose pointed. In winter, when Ephe was taking the girls to singing school or spelling bee or some other foolishness — out till after nine o'clock at night, like as not — Abe was hanging over the fire, holding a book so the light would shine, first on one page and then on the other, and he turning his head as he turned the book, and reading first with one eye and then with the other.

Abe was following the Plough.

There, the murder's out! Abe couldn't read with both eyes at once. If Abe looked straight ahead he couldn't see the furrow — nor anythin' else, for that matter. His best friend couldn't say but what Abe Dodge was the cross-eyedest cuss that ever was. Why, if you wanted to see Abe, you'd stand in front of him; but if you wanted Abe to see you, you'd got to stand behind him, or pretty near it. Homely? Well, if you mean downright "humbly," that's what he was. When one eye was in use the other was out of sight, all except the white of it. Humbly ain't no name for it. The girls used to say he had to wake up in the night to rest his face, it was so humbly. In school you'd ought to have seen him look down at his copybook. He had to cant his head clear over and cock up his chin till it pointed out of the winder and down the road You'd really ought to have seen him, you'd have died. Head of the class, too, right along; just as near to the head as Ephe was to the foot; and that's sayin' a good deal. But to see him at his desk! he looked for all the world like a week old chicken peekin' at a tumblebug! And him a grown man, too, for he stayed to school winters so long as there was anything more the teacher could teach him. You see, there wasn't any-



thing to draw him away, no girl wouldn't look at him — lucky, too, seein' the way he looked.

Well, one term there was a new teacher come — regular high-up girl, down from Chicago. As bad luck would have it, Abe wasn't at school the first week — hadn't got through his fall work. So she got to know all the scholars, and they was awful tickled with her — everybody always was that knowed her. The first day she come in and saw Abe at his desk, she thought he was squintin' for fun, and she upped and laughed right out. Some of the scholars laughed too, at first; but most of 'em, to do 'em justice, was a leetle took back; young as they was, and cruel by nature. (Young folks is most usually always cruel — don't seem to know no better.)

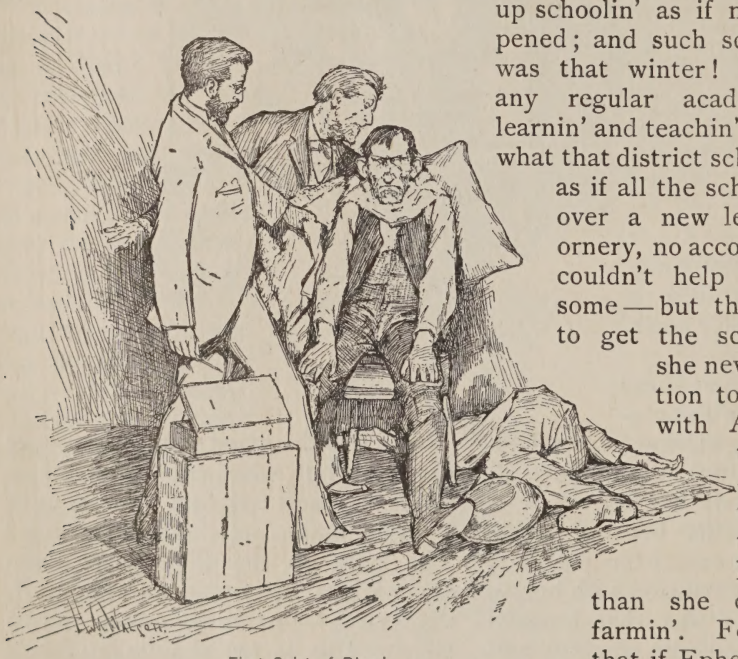
Well, right in the middle of the hush, Abe gathered up his books and upped and walked outdoors, lookin' right ahead of him, and consequently seeing the handsome young teacher unbeknown to her.

She was the worst cut up you ever did see; but what could she do or say? Go and tell him she thought he was makin' up a face for fun? The girls do say that come noon-spell, when she found out about it, she cried — just fairly cried. Then she tried to be awful nice to Abe's ornery brother Ephe, and Ephe he was tickled most to death; but that didn't do Abe any good — Ephe was jest ornery enough to take care that Abe shouldn't get any comfort out of it. They do say she sent messages to Abe, and Ephe never delivered them, or else twisted 'em so as to make things worse and worse. Mebbe so, mebbe not — Ephe was ornery enough for it.

'Course the schoolma'am she was boardin' round, and pretty soon it come time to go to ol' man Dodge's and she went; but no Abe could she

ever see. He kept away, and as to meals, he never set by, but took a bite off by himself when he could get a chance. ('Course his mother favored him, being he was so cussed unlucky.) Then when the folks was all to bed, he'd come in and poke up the fire and peep into his book, but first one side and then the other, same as ever.

Now what does schoolma'am do but come down one night when she



First Spirt of Blood.

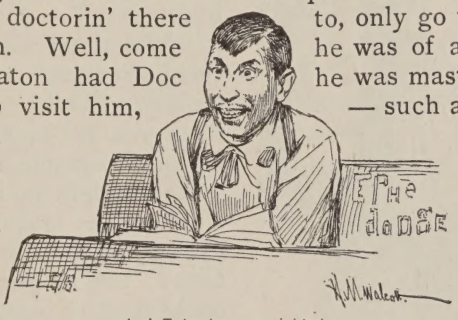
thought he was abed and asleep, and catch him unawares. Abe knowed it was her, quick as he heard the rustle of her dress, but there wasn't no help for it, so he just turned his head away and covered his cross-eyes with his hands and she pitched in. What she said I don't know, but Abe he never said a word; only told her he didn't blame her, not a mite; he knew she couldn't help it — no more than he could. Then she asked him to come back to school, and he answered to please excuse him. After a bit she asked him if he wouldn't come to oblige her, and he said he calculated he was obligin' her more by stayin' away.

Well, come to that she didn't know what to say or do, so, womanlike, she upped and cried; and then she said he hurt her feelings. And the upshot of it was he said he'd come, and they shook hands on it.

Well, Abe kept his word and took up schoolin' as if nothing had happened; and such schoolin' as there was that winter! I don't believe any regular academy had more learnin' and teachin' that winter than what that district school did. Seemed as if all the scholars had turned over a new leaf. Even wild, ornery, no account Ephe Dodge couldn't help but get ahead some — but then he was crazy to get the schoolma'am; and she never paid no attention to him, just went with Abe. Abe was teachin' her mathematics, seeing that was the one thing where he knowed more than she did — outside of farmin'. Folks used to say that if Ephe had Abe's head, or Abe had Ephe's face, the schoolma'am would have half of the Dodge farm whenever ol' man Dodge got through with it; but neither of them did have what the other had, and so there it was, you see.

Well, you've heard of Squire Caton, of course; Judge Caton, they call him, since he got to be judge of the supreme court — and chief justice at that. Well, he had a farm down there not far from Fox river, and when he was there he was just a plain farmer like the rest

of us, though up in Chicago he was a high-up lawyer, leader of the bar. Now it so happened that a young doctor named Brainard — Daniel Brainard — had just come to Chicago and was startin' in, and Squire Caton was helpin' him, gave him desk-room in his office and made him known to the folks — Kinzies and Butterfields and Ogdens and Hamiltons and Arnolds, and all of those folks — about all there was in Chicago in those days. Brainard had been to Paris — Paris, France, not Paris, Illinois, you understand — and knew all the doctorin' there was to know then. Well, come spring Squire Caton had Doc Brainard down to visit him, and they shot ducks and geese and prairie chickens and some wild turkeys and deer, too — game was just swarmin' at that time. All the while Caton was doin' what law business there was to do; and Brainard thought he ought to be doin' some doctorin' to keep his hand in, so he asked Caton if there wasn't any cases he could take up — surgery cases especially he hankered after, seein' he had more carving tools than you could shake a stick at. He asked him particularly if there wasn't anybody he could treat for "strabismus". The squire hadn't heard of anybody dying of that complaint; but when the doctor explained that strabismus was French for cross-eyes, he naturally thought of poor Abe Dodge, and the young doctor was right up on his ear. He smelled the battle afar off; and 'most before you could say Jack Robinson the squire and the doctor were on horseback and down to the Dodge farm, tool-chest and all.



And Ephe he was tickled.

Well, it so happened that nobody was at home but Abe and Ephe, and it didn't take but few words before Abe was ready to set right down, then and there, and let anybody do anything he was a mind to with his unfortunate eyes. No, he wouldn't wait till the old folks come home; he didn't want to ask no advice; he wasn't afraid of pain, nor of what anybody could do to his eyes — couldn't be made any worse than they were, whatever you did to 'em. Take 'em out and boil 'em and put 'em back if you had a mind to, only go to work. He knew he was of age, and he guessed he was master of his own eyes — such as they were.

Well, there wasn't nothing else to do but go ahead. The doctor opened up his killing tools and tried to keep Abe from seeing them; but Abe he just come right over and peeked at 'em, handled 'em and called 'em "splendid" — and so they were, barrin' havin' them used on your own flesh and blood and bones.

Then they got some cloths and a basin, and one thing and another, and set Abe right down in a chair. (No such thing as chloroform in those days, you'll remember.) And Squire Caton was to hold an instrument that spread the eyelid wide open, while Ephe was to hold Abe's head steady. First touch of the lancet, and first spirt of blood, and what do you think? That ornery Ephe wilted, and fell flat on the floor behind the chair!

"Squire," said Brainard, "step around and hold his head."

"I can hold my own head," says Abe, as steady as you please. But Squire Caton, he straddled over

Ephe and held his head between his arms, and the two handles of the eye-spreader with his hands.

It was all over in half a minute, and then Abe he leaned forward,

And she pitched in.

and shook the blood off his eyelashes, and looked straight out of that eye for the first time since he was born. And the first words he said were:

"Thank the Lord! She's mine!"

About that time Ephe he crawled out doors, sick as a dog; and Abe spoke up, says he:

"Now for the other eye, doctor."

"Oh," says the doctor, "we'd better take another day for that."

"All right," says Abe; "if your hands are tired of cuttin', you can make another job of it. My face ain't tired of bein' cut, I can tell you."

"Well, if you're game, I am."

So, if you'll believe me, they just set to work and operated on the other eye, Abe holding his own head, as he said he would, and the squire holding the spreader. And when it was all done, the doctor was for putting a bandage on to keep things quiet till the wounds all healed up, but Abe just begged for one sight of himself, and he stood up and walked over to the clock and looked in the glass, and says he:

"So that's the way I look, is it? Shouldn't have known my own face — never saw it before. How long must I keep the bandage on, doctor?"

"Oh, if the eyes ain't very sore when you wake up in the morning, you can take it off, if you'll be careful."

"Wake up! Do you s'pose I can sleep when such a blessing has fallen on me? I'll lay still, but if I forget it, or you, for one minute this night, I'll be so ashamed of myself that it'll wake me right up!"

Then the doctor bound up his eyes and the poor boy said "Thank God!" two or three times, and they could see the tears running down his cheeks from under the cloth. Lord! It was just as pitiful as a broken-winged bird!

How about the girl? Well, it was all right for Abe — and all wrong for Ephe! — All wrong for Ephe! But that's all past and gone — past and gone. Folks come for miles and miles to see cross-eyed Abe with his eyes as straight as a loon's leg. Doctor Brainard was a great man forever after in those parts. Everywhere else, too, by what I heard.

When the doctor and the squire come to go, Abe spoke up, blindfolded as he was and says he:

"Doc, how much do you charge a feller for savin' his life — making a man out of a poor wreck — doin' what he never thought could be done but by dyin' and goin' to kingdom come?"

"Oh," says Doc Brainard, says he,

"that ain't what we look at as pay practice. You didn't call me in; I come of myself, as though it was what we call a clinic. If all goes well, and if you happen to have a barrel of apples to spare, you just send them up to Squire Caton's house in Chicago, and I'll call over help eat 'em."

What did Abe say to that? Why, sir, he never said a word; but they do say the tears started out again, out from under the bandage and down his cheeks. But then Abe he had a five-year-old pet mare he'd raised from a colt — pretty as a picture, kind as a kitten, and fast as split lightning; and next time Doc come down, Abe he just slipped out to the barn and brought the mare round and hitched her to the gate-post, and when Doc come to be going, says Abe:

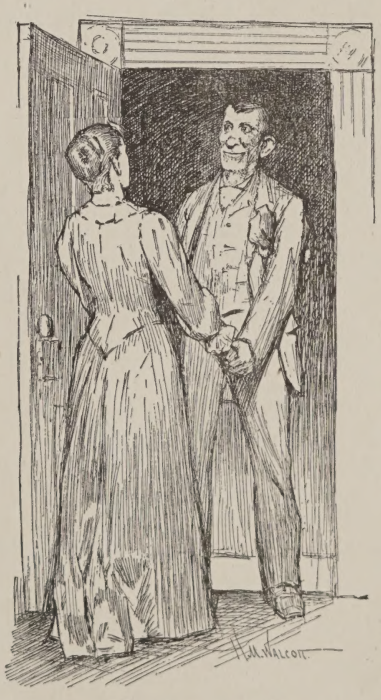
"Don't forget your nag, doctor; she's hitched at the gate."

Well, sir, even then Abe had the hardest kind of a time to get Doc Brainard to take that mare; and when he did ride off, leadin' her, it wasn't half an hour before back she came, lickety-split. Doc said she broke away from him and put for home, but I always suspected he didn't have no use for a hoss he couldn't sell nor hire out, and couldn't afford to keep in the village — that was what Chicago was then. But come along toward fall Abe he took her right up to town, and then the doctor's practice had growed so much that he was pretty glad to have her; and Abe was glad to have him have her, seeing all that had come to him through havin' eyes like other folks — that's the schoolma'am I mean.

How did the schoolma'am take it? Well, it was this way. After the cuttin' Abe didn't show up for a few days, till the inflammation got down and he'd had some practice handlin' his eyes, so to speak. He just kept himself to himself, enjoying himself. He'd go around doin' the chores, singing so you could hear him a mile. He was always great on singin', Abe was, though ashamed to go to singin'-school with the rest. Then when the poor boy began to feel like other folks, he went right over to where schoolma'am happened to be boardin' round, and walked right up to her and took her by both hands, and looked her straight in the face, and said:

"Do you know me?"

Well, she kind of smiled and blushed, and then the corners of her



"Do you know me?"

mouth pulled down, and she pulled one hand away, and — if you believe me — that was the third time that girl cried that season, to

my certain knowledge — and all for nothin' either time!

What did she say? Why, she just said she'd have to begin all over again to get acquainted with Abe. But Ephe's nose was out of joint, and Ephe knowed it as well as anybody, Ephe did. It was Abe's eyes to Ephe's nose.

Married? Oh, yes, of course; and lived on the farm as long as the old folks lived, and afterwards too; Ephe staying right along, like the fool he always had been. That feller never did have as much sense as a last year's bird's-nest.

Alive yet? Abe? Well, no. Might have been if it hadn't been for Shiloh. When the war broke out Abe thought he'd ought to go, old as he was, so he went into the Sixth. Mabe you've seen a book written about the captain of Company K of the Sixth. It was Company K he went into — him and Ephe. And he was killed at Shiloh — just as it always seems to happen. He got killed, and his worthless brother come home. Folks thought Ephe would have liked to marry the widow, but, Lord! she never had no such an idea! Such bait as he was compared to his brother! She never chirked up, to speak of, and now she's dead too, and Ephe he just toddles round, taking care of the children —kind of a he dry-nurse; that's about all he ever was good for, anyhow.

My name? Oh, my name's Ephraim — Ephe they call me, for short; Ephe Dodge. Abe was my brother.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

BY HENRY COYLE.

It was a fine, clear day; a ship was making way before a light breeze, and the sailors were scattered about, repairing the rigging. Two of the men were standing together on the forward deck; one was an "old salt" called Bill, and his companion, a fine young fellow, was known as Sam. He had a pleasant face and genial disposition, and was a general favorite with the captain and crew.

"Well, Sam," said the elder man, slapping him on the back, "I hear ye got spliced while in port."

"Yes, Bill; you see, 'tis this way. Out here the ship can sail ahead free with the wind, but in port it needs a little tug to steer it through the harbors and up the rivers."

"True enough, Sam; but what style of craft is she?"

"As pretty as ever left a dry dock, with the figure-head of an angel, a full waist, and spare trim. You should have seen her when we were spliced; she was rigged fore and aft with lace, flowers, and silk, and full sails. On the way to chapel, she ran down the street before the wind, and answered the helm beautifully."

"Mind ye keep a firm hold on the helm, Sam;" and after congratulating his companion, he went aft, and Sam went outside of the taffrail to fix up the mizzen shrouds. Suddenly a splash was heard, and a loud shout, "Man overboard," resounded through the ship. The sailors rushed to the sides, and could see poor Sam just as he emerged from his first plunge. He seemed not at all alarmed, for he was a good swimmer and he kept well in the wake of the ship.

The captain instantly ordered the long-boat down, but there was some delay; the runners were clogged, the ropes got twisted, and it was sev-

eral minutes before the boat touched water. Eight of the crew put off, and pulled lustily away from the ship to the rescue of their companion.

Sam was battling bravely with the waves, when he suddenly disappeared, and the boat passed and repassed the spot many times without discovering any trace of him. The poor fellow had fallen a prey to the sharks, and was never seen again. The sailors, after searching for half an hour, were finally obliged to return to the ship, and go on without him.

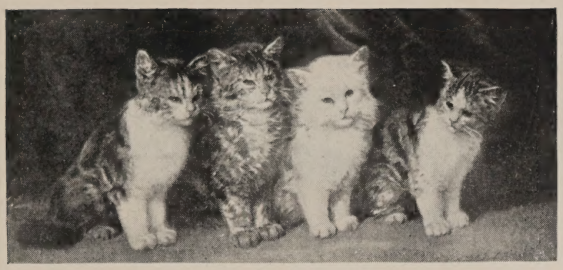
In a small room, neatly furnished, sat a young woman; she was sewing, and a happy smile illumined her face. She was singing softly to herself; the little canary bird at the window chirped, a pretty white kitten rolled the spool across the floor, and the kettle hummed upon the stove. The young woman's thoughts by day were of her sailor husband, far out on the ocean; at night she would lie awake, counting the days, the hours, and even the minutes that must elapse before she would see him again, feel his warm caress upon her cheek, or hear his pleasant voice.

As she sat thinking, she suddenly felt a thrill, and the needle dropped from her trembling fingers; the blood rushed to her face, and her body became strangely agitated. As she stood up from the chair she heard a loud, piercing cry, "Mary! Mary!" but could see no one.

It was Sam's voice, clear and distinct. With an effort she ran to the door, but no one was there; she looked out of the window, but could see no one; again she heard the voice, as if calling for help, and she sank down upon the floor unconscious.

A passing cloud obscured the sun, darkening the room; the bird fluttered wildly in the cage, and the little kitten rubbed its nose affectionately against the widow's pale cheek.

THEATRICAL ASPIRATIONS.



''Tention, Comp'ny! Right Dress!''

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

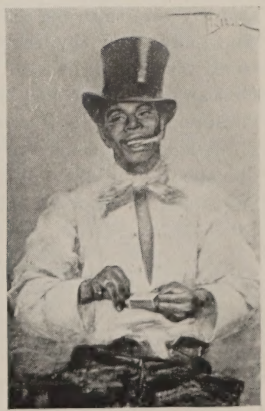
The Tramp's Dream.

His First Audience.

Antipodes.

Dignity and Impudence.

''Who laughs Last,'' etc.



The Boss is Out.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FEAST.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

THEY have gathered the best for the Easter shrines — the placid lily and eager rose,
Now this at the base of an altar twines, and that in the gloom of a chancel glows,
And deftly the fingers of dark-robed nun fashion the festoon and weave the wreath
To welcome the dawn of the Easter Sun,— to symbolize "Life that hath conquered Death."
And the jewelled hands of the worldling bend to the self-same task with unwonted will,
And weave and fashion, frame and blend, with artist pride in their new-found skill.
The fairest are culled for the festal shrine,— while here on a florist's dismantled shelf
A geranium, left unclaimed to pine, hangs a blushing cheek as tho' shamed of self.
Methinks I could voice its wordless plaint, "Ah! why must I linger unnoticed still!
Let me live at the feet of some votaried saint, if only to die with the organ's thrill."

* * * * * *

The waif is claimed from the florist's care; but alas! for lofty aspirings now:
The hands that enclasp are rough and bare — the hands of a toiler whose grizzled brow
Is seamed with care, and the kindly eyes (they were kindly once) are hard with pain.
While the many smile, the rough man sighs — shall Easter dawn on his life in vain?
Thro' crowded street he hurries fast, with the burden whose brightness mocks his gloom,
Unheeded of all, till he stands at last in the "darksome alley's darkest room."
Now the hardened eyes grow dim and fond, while softness steals to the clumsy tread,
When, low on his ear through the gloom beyond, a welcome sounds from a lowly bed
In a childish voice that has caught the ring of long-repressed, unspoken pain,
And a girl-face lifts! such a pallid thing! so white and shrunken, pinched and plain!
Plain? Ah! the wearied father there, with the flagging step and the roughened hand,
Deems earth holds nothing half so fair as his child, life linked to the Martyr band.
Plain? Not plain when the young eyes rest on the treasure upheld to their longing gaze.
How every leaflet is kissed and pressed and every bud has its meed of praise.
Geranium! bend thy velvet cheek! the fingers that fondle are fair and frail
As nun's or devotee's, waxen and weak; bend thine to her cheek thin and pale.
Yon lily that stars the altar's base, yon rose that lightens the chancel's gloom,
Might envy now thy lowly place "in the darksome alley's darkest room,"
So alive and delight with the living love, by the hand of suffering fanned and fed
That angel-sentries on watch above would fain share thine by that humble bed.
The breath of the votive rose may blend with incense aspiring to heavenly goal;
Thine shall, unnoticed of men, ascend, 'mid the fleeting sighs of a chosen soul.
The starry gaze of the lily falls on the mystic rites of the Sacrifice!
Thou lookest on one whom the Master calls "this day to be with Him in Paradise."

NOTE.— [The reporter of a New York daily vouches for this incident. While interviewing a florist in his store on an Easter Eve, he noticed a very poorly dressed man purchasing a geranium plant, and prompted by curiosity followed him to his destination, which proved to be in one of the poorest quarters of the city, where the man's only daughter lay dying with consumption and of — poverty. His story of her appreciation of her father's gift and of that father's love and despair attracted much attention and brought immediate aid, but too late to be of much avail, for the sufferer's last breath was blended with the joyous Easter peals.

IN THE STUDIO OF A WOMAN SCULPTOR.

BY MARGARET HALL.

PROBABLY no other fine art in this country has had such a struggle for recognition and encouragement as sculpture has had. Architecture and painting have made enormous strides. Indeed, they have been pushed faster than they could go. Until last year, when the World's Fair did more than anything else to popularize sculpture, this form of art was as little understood as Sanscrit by the masses of the people. Women have contributed more largely than is generally known to the cultiva tion of art life and the spread of art education in this country. It was formerly the popular belief that the feminine mind is lacking in creative power, that no woman could become a great musician or artist or sculptor on account of some inherent defect or limitation. Scores of women in the last few decades, however, have shown how erroneous was this belief. Mrs. Katherine Tupper Prescott, of Boston, is one of those women; and although she has not worked many years she has amply demonstrated that, whatever else a woman can or cannot do, she can succeed in sculpture. Her talent is freshly sprung from its hiding-place, but no one who has seen her earliest efforts can doubt that during all her life the truest instincts of art have lain like seed within her heart, ready to burst forth in due time.

Mrs. Prescott was born in Maine, where she lived on a typical New England farm until her marriage. Her husband was a Western banker. After his death, about seven years ago, she

returned East, with her three little children, to her mother's home. Knowing that work is the best remedy for grief, she decided to enter upon some special occupation. Up to that time she had done nothing whatever in the line of her present profession. One day her mother said to her: "Well, Katherine, what have you decided to do?" "I don't know, mother," she replied, "but I should like to be able to make your face." She had always been very fond of art, and had shown an instinctive talent for it in the images and objects which as a child she modelled out of dough when the cook was baking. So she decided to study modelling, and after three years of hard, close work she concluded that, if she was to develop any ideas of her own, and was to show her own originality and individuality, she might as

well begin for herself. "Too many artists," she says, "especially women, study continually under a teacher, too timid to start out and try their own wings, and so their work grows to be echoes and reproductions of the master under whom they studied, and their own ideas are merged into those

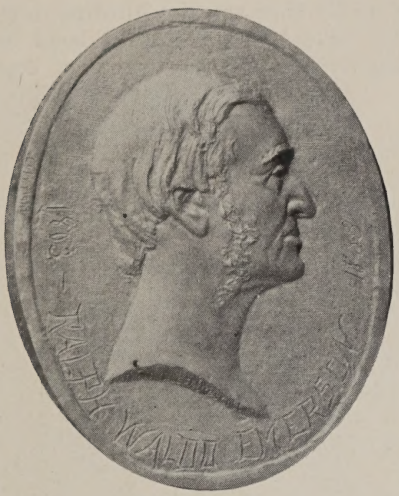
The New Year and the Old.

of others." So for the last four years Mrs. Prescott has been working out her own ideas.

She early did a bas-relief of her father, remarkable in its portraiture, and then, as if seized with inspiration, she made an intaglio head of Mary Anderson. It is safe to say that never has there been reproduced in any medium so beautiful a representation of this beautiful woman. The work is so fine that in a kindly light the whole thing becomes so luminous that it seems almost an illusion, a dream. The face is turned slightly up, the glance goes far away into the land of poetry, the whole expression of the face shows the actress just losing her own identity and resolving into perhaps a Rosalind or a Juliet. It is at once a portrait and an absolute ideal of Mary Anderson's soul and her art. Nothing could be more perfect or delicate.

The original of this was made in clay, but now many sculptors are using a new composition called modelling wax. The disadvantage of the former is that it must be kept constantly damp, and

at night the work must be carefully sprinkled and covered gently with wet cloths; otherwise the clay would dry and crack, and thus the whole work



Head of Emerson.

of days or months be ruined. This new "wax" remains soft and moist indefinitely. The artist can thus leave the work unfinished any length of time and find it in perfect condition whenever he is ready to go back to it.

It may interest the uninitiated to learn how a cast is first taken from the finished clay model. When the clay model is finished ready for casting, it is carefully laid down and a little fence of clay is built around it. Plaster is then mixed with water till it is about the consistency of thick soap. The mixture is then poured over the clay model, and it is now the clay fence comes into use, as it serves to keep the stream of plaster within bounds. To prevent bubbles from forming in this mixture, and thus ruining the cast, the caster must constantly blow out the liquid until the surface of this model is thoroughly covered, when less care is necessary and the plaster is simply poured on till it is as thick as desired. It is then left to harden. The time required for the process depends somewhat on the size of the model; perhaps half an hour for a small subject, or until it is thoroughly warm. After this the clay model and the mass of now solid plaster are gently separated, and in the plaster will be seen a perfect impression (an intaglio) of the clay model. The latter is now considered to have done its work and is thrown aside, and the plaster intaglio is the bed from which the regular bas-relief will now be taken.

Mrs. Prescott has made a special study of the bas-relief. This is considered by sculptors far more difficult than "the round"; that is, a solid head or bust. At first this seems hard to realize, but in doing "the round" every point, angle, and plan can be measured by instruments, while in a "relief" the artist has to rely on his own eye and brain.

The lower "the relief" is made, the more artistic it is considered, and of course the more difficult to do. It must give the effect to the observers of the roundness of actual forms. This effect must be produced by expression and the artist's handling. This lowness of the relief is one of the remarkable points of Mrs. Prescott's medallions, and is one of the reasons her work has taken such a high position with artists and connoisseurs.

Juliet and the Nurse.

One of the most famous of Mrs. Prescott's bas-reliefs is her portrait of Paderewski. Its whole length is only five inches and the profile less than half

this; but the accuracy of the likeness, the strength and fineness of the treatment, make it one of the most perfect works of the kind. The human quality is a marked feature of Mrs. Prescott's style. It is especially felt in this work; Paderewski himself calls it one of the best portraits he has ever had. The celain, and one of the enthusiastic admirers of the great pianist has given an order for one in solid silver.

Among Mrs. Prescott's ideal subjects the most popular is the "Old and New Year." You see the glowing, hopeful face of a lovely child, the head bends eagerly forward, the eyes peer eagerly

Mrs Prescott in her Studio.

first year it was exhibited a worldly wise New York art dealer showed it to his customers as an imported work of art. He defended his position by saying that a great many of his wealthy patrons would not look at anything if they were told it was an American production. This, besides the hundreds that have been cast in plaster, has appeared in bronze, in composition, in porinto the future, the light curls are blown forward by the breeze, and the whole action expresses the onward rush of the New Year. But just behind, your eye dimly perceives an old man's bent head, his furrowed brow and scant locks melting into the background. The whole feeling expresses the joyous incoming of the fresh spring, and the mournful passing of the Old Year;

but the sadness is only dimly felt, jus enough to temper the happiness of the child's face.

One of the most beautiful of her intaglios is Saint Christiana, "whom the flames refused to burn," as the old legend runs. The utter simplicity of

The Dreamer.

the work, and the holy purity of the still enduring martyr's face beggars description. Mrs. Prescott has reached her highest point, so far, in this work. It stands simply as a promise for what she will do in the future.

The process of making an intaglio is similar to that of making a bas-relief; that is, the clay is built up. First, however, the foundation is made by spreading the clay flat on a board. Then the outline of the face and head is sketched in this with a little wooden stick or any convenient implement. The work then begins by taking little pieces of clay and building up. It is considered very unartistic and wrong by sculptors to build up and then carve into it. The correct way is to gradually build up.

"Marguerite and Mephistopheles," "Juliet and the Nurse," nearly life size, are Mrs. Prescott's two latest productions, — both in the same style as the "Old and New Year."

Among her portraits of famous people which have been cast in bronze are John Boyle O'Reilly; a small medallion which shows the strong, beautiful character of Emerson's face; Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Mrs. Kendal.

One understands almost instinctively from seeing her work that Mrs. Prescott must be a poet as well as sculptor. Her strong individuality of spirit shows itself equally in one form of art as well as the other, as the following sonnet, written by her, sufficiently proves: —

The sun rose up in drear and sullen state
And gazed remote upon a withered world;
One slow, cold, distant glance, one pale, unfeeling gaze,
Then drew the gray clouds close, and veiled his face from view.
From east to west the tall, bleached grass stretched out
A wide and level monotone of gray.
No sign of life was there, nor tree, nor living thing;
A frozen earth spread 'neath an ashen sky,
And all between was silence and the cold.

The day draws on, the cold still fiercer grows,
Upon the gray a darker gray appears;
A writhing, seething mass of angry clouds
Sweeps on with fearful force and snowy breath;
The ghostly grass bows down with one great moan of pain,
And all the shuddering air is filled with strife.

WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

For Women by Women.

Words grow useless in the solitude of a life spent with only one aim. The life itself speaks loudly and is heard by a vast audience, among which the earnest seeker moves alone and as silent as in a desert.

A little love is like a little knowledge, a dangerous thing. It builds castles with no foundation, which the first wind blows down. It devises great enterprises which come to failures worse than lack of attempt. By the feebleness of its mutation it brings dishonor on strong, true love; and, above all, it spoils many a great friendship.

In the new mythology, Love will be, not a weak, freakish boy, but as mighty and rugged a man as Hercules himself, for surely his strength is great. He can accomplish more than fear or hate. He can make men and women live, which is harder than to make them die. He alone can produce forgetfulness. He can comfort with the same hand with which he hurts. His strength and tenderness are so mingled that they are undistinguishable, and there is no tenderness in youth. Lastly, youth suggests a beginning, and there never was a beginning of love.

There is a time in the night of each life when every star, even the star of hope, is set; and because we do not know that dawn follows quickly on such darkness we are in despair, and, reaching blindly about, catch the lamp of faith which is always burning for us.

The faith which can move mountains is always the faith which comes from experience. It is the faith of maturity. The faith of youth is exaltation.

There is more limit to the softening than to the hardening of the human heart.

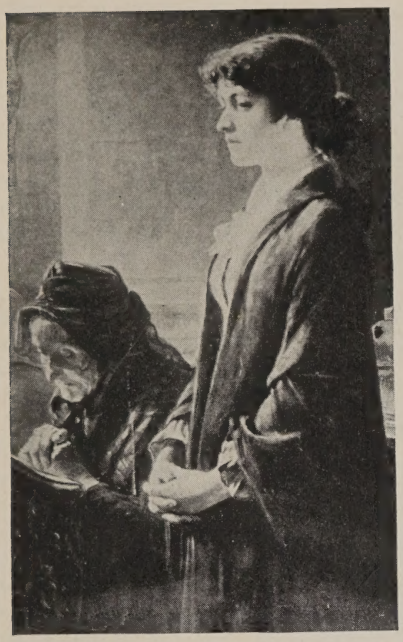
It stands to reason that the advice of a stranger must be better than that of one's very nearest and dearest, for advice, after all, is only the eyeglass with which we assist our own defective vision. To be of any use the glass must, above all things, be clear, and the love and anxiety of those near us must have a dimming effect on the lens.

Revenge is like badly made preserves: it seems sweet and luscious at first, and we think of it with delight; we can wait for it, it will be all the better for keeping. When we come to it finally, the delightful sweet has become a foul-smelling, evil-tasting thing which disgusts and makes us ill if we persist in eating it.

No matter how much faith one has, it is hard to believe that the harvest will be anything other than the natural result of the seedtime. "As a man soweth so shall he also reap."

There is a great deal of cowardice, I think, under the words, "It was the Lord's doing." Without meaning to be irreverent would any one dare blame everything on his fellow-man as the majority of people do on God? If, for instance, I go out in the rain, catch cold, am ill, lose my business, and am a care and expense to my friends, have I any right to say to those who sympathize with me that I am submitting patiently to God's will? Had I not better say, "I was imprudent and am taking the consequences?" God makes certain rules and leaves it to ourselves to decide whether we will keep them. If He were here, ready to contradict us,

THE ANGEL'S INTERCESSION.



we would not make so many statements about His will.

A BUSY man or woman is rarely a long hater or indeed a hater at all. An inveterate hatred needs a clear, unoccupied mind. It wants the house all to itself, and will brook no fellow-lodgers. Work heals more feuds than intercession.

A MAN should never forget that it rests with him how his children shall understand the Fatherhood of God.

IT is sometimes hard to tell the difference between courage and thick skinnedness. The one is the armor of the mind and the other is an insensibility which in itself proves that there is nothing beneath it.

J. M. B.

EASTER.

Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born,
And anthems on the Resurrection Morn?

Because our little year of earth is run,
Do they make record there beyond the sun,
And, in their homes of light so far away,
Mark with us the sweet coming of this day?

What is their Easter? For they have no graves;
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,
Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

Ah, the dear message that He gave her then,
Said, for the sake of all bruised hearts of men,
"Go, tell those friends who have believed on Me,
I go before them into Galilee!

"Into the life so poor and hard and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow,
Mine, shining swift with love, still foremost go!

"Say, Mary, I will meet them by the way
To walk a little with them; where they stay,
To bring My peace. Watch! For ye do not know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so!"

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day,

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

"CATCH HOLD OF HIM!"

Little Things.

It seems to me that most of us women waste a great deal of our time and fail to realize much comfort in our homes, and just miss accomplishing something in the outside world by "waiting for an opportunity" or the chance to do some great thing.

To begin with, the opportunity that is waited for is seldom worth taking when it comes. It is the opportunity that we go out and make for ourselves that is great, that carries us along to the front.

Then the small things of this life, the little acts and deeds that we are apt to think scarcely worth doing, — they are what make our homes happiest and our business most successful. What woman would not feel a keen pang if her mankind, be he brother or husband, should never bring her home a flower, a book, or a box of candy, giving as an excuse that such trifles were not worth while, he would wait till he could give something of value; or what merchant could ever build up a business should he fail to attend to the thousand and one small orders which to the cursory glance seem troublesome and unprofitable.

No, indeed, never doubt, the little things occurring daily are more potent than the great things which happen only once in a while. Bearing this in mind, we have no excuse for not making some one happy every day. It is so very easy, — a bright, kind glance, a helpful word, a suggestion as to an easy way of accomplishing some trying duty, — surely not one of these is any trouble, not one need take from the busiest life or the smallest gains, and each may make the difference between a happy and a wretched day for a fellow-creature. It is a curious inconsistency of our nature that we women, who appreciate so highly the small happinesses of life when we get them, should be so much slower than men to bestow them.

It is not nice of us. It gives men a chance to say things we do not like to hear, but it is nevertheless a fact that few of us will do the little kind act for a sister woman with the same alacrity that would be observed if a man were involved. Who ever heard of the clergyman's sister or the doctor's mother receiving half or quarter of the little meaningless but pleasant attentions which are showered upon the brother or son?

It is delightful and gives one such a charming feeling of importance to be made the confidant of the troubles of some fascinating young fellow. He is comforted, counselled, and urged to come again. Excuses are made for him when he is in the dumps, and he is encouraged to dilate on the subject of his woes by the hour. Put a woman in his place, and where is our patience? She is considered a bore, is avoided, switched off on some other subject, held up as an example of what a nuisance a woman can make of herself, and finally dropped entirely.

We all know how strongly we are touched by a little kind act from a sister woman; and is it not a real cause for sadness that it is the rarity and unexpectedness that makes it so sweet?

Children's Rights.

Have they ever been considered, ever classified and arranged? have conventions ever discussed them and brainy men and women ever fought for them? and what beside a punishment (generally over-severe for some great fault and not in one case out of a hundred properly adapted to the child's temperament) is the result of any attempt on the part of the small sufferer to secure them?

Children have a right to the uttermost care, attention, and consideration, even when it involves serious discomfort and trouble on the part of the parent. The children did not insist upon being born, they had no voice in the matter. To please ourselves we bring a little soul and body into this world, endow it with strong feelings and tastes, and then daily hurt the one and ignore the other to suit our own

convenience, because "they are only children and will not know any better." Never was there such a fallacy. They may forget quickly, but while they last their small woes are as deep as ours, and the little heart which is hurt by thoughtlessness aches as sorely as it will in the years to come. Instead of laughing at the quick consolation, we should thank God for it.

Children have a right to justice, and they almost never get it. There was once a little girl who always had to choose between butter and molasses on her griddle cakes, while her parents had both. A trifle — yes, of course, but not to that child: it rankled all her life long; the injustice of it struck her afresh every day that came, and no love nor attention which her parents lavished on her in other ways ever wiped out that memory.

They have a right to receive common politeness, and that is rarely granted them. They are talked about to their faces, their appearance criticised, their manner commented upon, and their peculiarities discussed with what would be called insolence and resented fiercely by an elder; but they are only children, and must smile pleasantly upon their insulters or be branded as sullen or awkward.

They are expected to show self-control that would honor a mature person. They sit at a table loaded with dainties, and must eat uninviting plain food, seldom varied and served in a not very tempting manner. They are called greedy if they beg for what every one around them is eating; and if they do not finish all on their plates, in many cases the cold, unappetizing mess is served them again "for discipline and to teach them not to be greedy." Just try that once on a grown person.

They have a right to a certain amount of their own time, yet children, those little messengers, are called from the middle of their games half a dozen times in the day and sent on uninteresting errands. They have a right to certainly as much kind thought as a horse; yet if the latter shies he is driven gently but firmly up to the terror-inspiring object and familiarized with it, while hundreds of children who are afraid of the dark are dumped down in their beds, scolded, and left trembling, with awful things appearing to their nervous eyes in every corner till sleep comes with more tenderness than the human guardian, and wipes away the terrors.

Surely a child's sense of possession should not be so constantly violated. Their little treasures are dear to them; and when they are ruthlessly swept up for "trash that clutters up the place" it is a very real trial and one they should be spared.

They have a right to their own little persons, and are they not constantly taken up, kissed, and tossed around by people whom they intensely dislike and whose touch is hateful to them? These are only a few of the wrongs children suffer every day and all day, and how any child grows up sweet natured is a question not easily answered. The greater rights, such as the right to a healthy body, a clear mind, and a proper start in life, are subjects for a deeper discussion than I dare trust myself to enter upon; but certainly a child has a right to the same consideration a grown person would demand, and certainly no duty a child can owe a parent is equal to that the parent owes a child which was brought into this world not of its own volition, forced to grow up, flung into the battle of life, and handicapped with the results of the mistakes and misdeeds of two or three generations.

Cooking Contest.

OWING to the large number of recipes submitted, a further extension of the closing time has been found necessary. This will also give many more home-makers a chance to compete. We want all to be interested, chance readers as well as regular subscribers. Every woman reader should help the good work by imparting to DONAHOE'S some

culinary secret hitherto made known only to her own family or immediate circle of friends; widen this circle, form new acquaintances, and establish a feminine community of interests. Do it now, or at least before the 12th of April, when the Cooking Contest must close, to leave space for another enterprise.

No. 12. Boiled Dinner and Indian Pudding.

Get two pieces of corned beef, the inside part of the round, and a plate piece, also a piece of salt bacon; have it fat and well corned. Put in a large kettle of cold water and stand on a slow fire. As soon as a scum rises skim it off. This must be done before it begins to boil. Take a large lemon, cut in halves, remove the seeds, put in the kettle with the meat. Add a half dozen of small Chili peppers. Let your meat boil gently two hours. In the meantime prepare the vegetables, cabbage, parsnips, carrots, potatoes, and beets. Boil the beets in a separate kettle, cover well with water, allow them to simmer all day. The other vegetables must be boiled with the meat, which must be well covered with water; just half an hour before serving, potatoes must be added.

Put your meat on a large platter and lay the vegetables all around it except the cabbage and beets, which should be served in separate dishes. The beets should have the skins rubbed off them with a cloth; cut in halves, put in a deep dish with sauce of melted butter, salt, pepper, and half a cup of vinegar and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. The sauce should be hot.

Take a half of cabbage and some of the potatoes. Mash together with a little cream, butter, salt, and pepper; make in a mound like mashed potato. Provide any pickles you like, and serve tea as a beverage. The entire cost of the production is $1.75.

Baked Indian Pudding.

Take two quarts of milk, large teacup of meal, half teacup of flour, two eggs, half teacup of molasses, large teaspoonful of salt, half one of ginger, the same of cinnamon. To mix boil three pints of milk, beat all other ingredients with the pint not boiled, then stir them into the hot milk. Butter an earthenware dish, and when the mixture is cool pour it in; put in a moderate oven with cover, and bake four or five hours. The pudding requires no sauce, but is eaten hot with butter.

No. 13. Easter Cake.

Cream one pound of butter and sugar each together, add the juice of a lemon and the grated rind with a pound of sifted flour, 12 beaten eggs, a pound of blanched almonds, one-half pound chopped raisins, and one teaspoonful of powder. Mix well, pour in a greased mould, and bake. When cold ornament first with plain icing, then place over the top and around the edge different colored little candy eggs.

Butter, 30 cents; eggs, 25; icing, 25; sugar, 5; almonds, 40; candy eggs, 10; lemon, 2; raisins, 5; flour, 4; powder, 2; total, $1.48.

Mary O'Keeffe.

Salem, Mass.

No. 14. Ravinolli. Cost 90 Cents.

The following is the receipt for ravinolli, (pronounced rov-yól-lé).

Filling.— One-half pound lean veal or chicken, one-half pound pork tenderloin, small bunch of parsley, pinch of sage, pinch of allspice, and salt.

Chop very fine, and mix with one-half loaf (ordinary size baker's loaf) of bread, which has been soaked, and from which the water has been pressed. Break in four eggs, two teacupfuls grated cheese (dry cheese), one cup olive oil, and work with spoon for 15 minutes.

Gravy.— Two pounds round steak in quart of cold water, and simmer until all the strength is out of the meat; add one-half cup tomatoes, and strain.

Crust.— One and one-half pounds flour on baking-board; scoop out a hollow, into which break two eggs, adding enough lukewarm water to work up all the flour, making crust as hard as possible. Work about 20 minutes.

Divide into halves, and roll out as thin almost as paper. If necessary, flour board and roller, although crust should be so hard as not to require it.

Place in deep dish a layer of the pastry, spread some gravy, and sprinkle grated cheese, then a layer of pastry, gravy, etc. Serve hot.

Anna M. Solner.

575 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

No. 15. Veal Pie.

The best part of veal for this purpose is the breast. Cut two pounds into pieces, and put it in a stewpan with an onion, a stick of celery, a few herbs (sweet), and a small quantity of water; when warmed through add a little more water and stew it gently until quite tender. Let it remain until cold, and then take off all the fat; take out the long bones and all the skin. Season it well with pepper, salt, and a half teaspoonful of grated lemon peel; lay the meat lightly in a pie dish, after lining the sides with paste; slice four hard-boiled eggs, and lay them on the meat. Add about a teacupful of chopped ham, spread over the meat with a teaspoonful of butter. Fill up the dish with the stock, which should be flavored with a small

quantity of ketchup, chutney, or other sauce, according to taste. Reserve a portion of the stock, and pour it hot into the pie when it comes from the oven. Cover with paste about one-half inch thick, making two or three slits in the centre. Bake about three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

For crust.— Three teacupfuls of flour, one and a half teacupfuls of butter, one-half teacupful of lard. Work the butter and lard into the flour well, then mix with a teacupful of cold water; knead it into a firm dough with the least possible handling. Roll out to a thin sheet; place all over it small pieces of butter set closely together. Fold up and roll out again as before, repeating the process till the butter has been thoroughly worked into the dough, using a slight sprinkling of flour when needed.

This will be most excellent cold, as it will be perfectly free from all greasy particles, and the meat tender, which will not be the case unless previously stewed.

Average cost will be 60 to 70 cents.

EDDICE M. PERKINS.

34 Second street, Bangor, Me.

No. 16. EUREKA FRIED OYSTERS.

Six oysters, one egg, white and yolk beaten separately. Dip oysters in white of egg and roll in cracker flour. In a few minutes dip in yolk of egg, and roll again in cracker flour. Wait a few minutes for the egg and flour to become set, then fry in hot lard.

ELLA I. LAWLER.

2528 27th street, Rock Island, Ill.

No. 17. ROLY POLY OR JELLY ROLL.

COST 20 CENTS.

Ingredients, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar (brown), four eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoon cream tartar, flavoring.

Drop into basin the eggs with sugar, and beat until quite light; sift the cream tartar and soda with flour twice, beat slowly into the mixture in basin; then add flavoring, nutmeg, etc. and beat again. Pour into long flat pan and bake (in not too fierce fire) for 10 minutes, turn out on a damp cloth, and spread over with any kind of preserves or jelly, and roll up, keeping the cloth round cake.

MRS. J. A. MORRISSY.

Newcastle, N. B.

No. 18. SUET PUDDING.

Into two and one-half cups flour or corn meal (I prefer the latter) mix one cup sweet milk, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup of suet, chopped fine, or half a cup of melted butter, one cup raisins, one-half cup currants, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in a tablespoon hot water. Add a little salt, and spice to taste. Roll up in cloth and steam two hours. Serve with brandy sauce. Cost 35 cents.

MRS. J. E. MCKINNON.

Superior, Wis.

No. 19. APPLE SNOW.

Sufficient for eight persons, cost (in season) 12 cents.

Six apples . . .	8 cents.
One cup sugar . .	1¼ "
Two eggs (whites) .	5 "
	14¼ "

CUSTARD.

One pint milk . .	4 cents.
Three tablespoonfuls sugar	0¼ "
Yolks of two eggs .	0 "
Pinch of salt . .	0 "
	18½ "

Rule for Apple Snow: — Bake apples until soft, separate the skin and core, mix the sugar with the apple, when cold add the unbeaten whites of the eggs, beat with a spoon for 40 minutes.

Custard.— Scald the milk, beat the yolks, add the sugar and salt, and beat well; pour on the hot milk slowly, and when well mixed put into the double boiler; stir constantly till smooth like cream, set the snow in a pretty dish, and when custard is cool pour round it. Serve cold.

MISS K. C. BRASSILL.

Cor. Hancock and Franklin streets, Cambridgeport, Mass.

No. 20. POP-OVERS.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three eggs.

Put the flour into the bowl, and pour on the milk slowly until it is free from lumps; beat the eggs thoroughly, put into the milk and flour. Bake three quarters of an hour in pop-over cups, moderate oven.

Sauce.— Two cups of sugar, one pint of boiling water; boil to a clear syrup, flavor with lemon and a little nutmeg.

MRS. MARY MCGUIRE.

Jamaica Plain.

No. 21. SILVER CAKE.

Whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one full cup of butter, and two cups of pulverized sugar. Cream the butter and sugar together until like snow, then add three-fourths cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, with three level teaspoons of baking powder. Mix and sift a little at a time, adding the eggs by degrees. Add any flavoring preferred.

(Name not signed.)

Mound City, Ill.

No. 22. Potato Salad.

One dozen good-sized potatoes, peeled and boiled; let them stand until cold, cut in small pieces, not too thin. Four hard-boiled eggs sliced, and half as much celery as potato. Grate one good-sized onion, pepper and salt to taste, put all in a large bowl, and let stand while making the dressing. Take two eggs, put the yolks in one bowl and the whites in another; pour in oil slowly until you have used half a cupful of oil and the mixture looks thick and creamy. Then add a half teaspoonful of dry mustard, red pepper to taste, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, three large spoonfuls of good vinegar; beat it well and put it on ice or where it will keep cold until ready to use. Beat the whites stiff and stir in the last thing. Pour on the potatoes and serve with good bread and butter. Cost 45 cents.

Bath, N. Y. Matilda Couvery.

No. 23. Graham Rolls.

One coffee cup graham flour, one coffee cup sour milk, one teaspoonful each soda, salt, sugar, molasses, one egg. Beat all together and add one spoonful melted butter. Stir in the butter and one spoonful of flour; if sweet milk is used add two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; have the roll pan hot, and bake in a quick oven.

Lobster Salad.

Chop the meat of two small lobsters, a head of lettuce, and the whites of two hard-boiled eggs; mix together; add the yolks of the eggs, and one teaspoonful of mustard, one of olive oil, two of vinegar, one of white sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and the yolks of two raw eggs. Pour over, or mix with the lobster.

Mrs. D. L. Leahy.

Old Town, Me.

No. 24. Macaroni à la Foran.

Ingredients.

Macaroni, ½ of 1-lb. package at 15 cents	.08
Tomatoes, ½ of a 3-lb. can at 12 cents	.06
Cheese, ⅛ of 1 lb. American at 16 cents	.02
Crackers, ⅛ of a lb. cream soda at 12 cents	.02
Butter, ⅛ of 1 lb. at 32 cents	.04
Milk, 1 pint at 3 cents	.0

Salt and pepper.— Cost of these two condiments not considered, as the amount used costs less than one cent.

Break macaroni into pieces three inches in length, and with two teaspoons of salt put into vigorously boiling water, and let remain in for twenty minutes, boiling steadily. Drain off all of the water. The macaroni may now be baked in the same dish in which it has been boiled. Do not allow the macaroni to cool, but immediately on draining off the water add the one-eighth pound of butter, which allow to melt and mix. Now put in remainder of ingredients, first grating the cheese and crackers. Pepper lightly, mix well, and bake in a moderately heated oven for one hour or until the food is a delicate brown color on top.

This quantity is sufficient for eight people.

It is a very palatable, highly nutritious and certainly inexpensive dish, and may be fittingly served with fish, flesh, or fowl.

Very respectfully,

Mrs. Simon J. Foran.

1710 Diversy avenue, Chicago, Ill.

No. 25. Beef Steak Pie.

Filling.— Put in a spider a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and let it brown. Then put in two pounds of steak cut in small pieces; when done, take up the steak and put it in a large pudding-dish. Chop fine a medium-sized onion and brown in the gravy. Add to this one pint of boiling water and a tablespoon of flour, mixed smooth in cold water. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste. Slice six cold boiled potatoes very thin and mix with the chopped meat.

The pie crust.— One pint of flour with one-quarter teaspoonful of baking soda, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, and sieve all together. Next take a teacupful of lard and mix into the flour with a knife. Add cold water enough to make a dough. Roll out on a well floured cake board, and cover over the dish containing the filling. Cut two or three slits in the crust and bake in a moderate oven. Let it remain half an hour.

Cost.

2 pounds of beef steak	32 cents
1 onion	1 "
Cup of lard	4 "
Flour	3 "
Seasoning	3 "
Potatoes	5 "

Oakland, Me. Mrs. John O'Neill.

No. 26. Lobster Salad.

Four eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, two of butter, one of salt, two of vinegar, one of mustard. Beat the whites of the eggs separately and add last; cook in a bowl set in a kettle of water; stir until it thickens. When cold add cream enough to make it as thin as custard, and add salt, red pepper to the chopped lobster and lettuce. I would be very much pleased if I should be the lucky person.

Canton, Mass. Nellie Chandler.

A Pound of Facts

Is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. They are liable to less sickness than others. The Eagle Brand is therefore the best infant food.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

THE following is from the last report of Mrs. Alice T. Toomy, president of the league: —

Whether a Catholic community be great or small, scattered or concentrated, there is everywhere need of the lay woman's work in forming day nurseries, free kindergartens, reading circles, temperance societies, etc., etc. It is with the hope that Catholic women may be induced to work together for church purposes and for the needy, on terms of temporary equality, irrespective of class distinction, that this league has been formed.

Catholic women have abundant zeal and capacity for these good works, as is already well proven by the many admirable societies established and carried on by them throughout the country with such brilliant success. There is no lack of noble qualities of head and heart, but merely of a knowledge of each other, such acquaintance as church membership should inspire, giving mutual trust and unity; for surely the reception of the same Sacraments, the meeting at the confessional and at the altar rails ought to be enough guarantee of trustworthiness to serve as introduction and fraternal bond.

It is considered a safe estimate that of the Catholic Church in America one tenth are wealthy, four tenths are well to do, and the other five tenths are needy in some form. Surely, then, with the fact of this great need meeting us at every turn, it is the duty of the privileged, whether by education, position, or wealth, to merge all personal pettiness for the common good. This spirit of unity and coöperation is what has brought this league into existence. Its aim is to spread a knowledge of the good works being done by Catholic women throughout our country.

Most of our leading Catholic editors have kindly offered us space in their journals. This space is necessarily limited, so that this present report must be confined to a sketch of reading-circle work, this being the first department of Catholic women's work that joined our league. The result of reading-circles, which have been in existence now some years, is not only to accumulate information, but to enable the forming and expression of opinions, discussion being a leading feature of the meetings.

There are two forms of reading-circles in practice in America: the Columbian Circle, which offers a valuable selection of literature on Catholic lines and is admirably adapted to scholars and graduates; The Catholic Educational Union Reading Circle is better fitted to those whose early education has been less favored; of these there are about 200 in the United States. They consist of a four years' course of history, science, literature, religion, and practical subjects, with text-books, methods, and even the number of studies and pages for each meeting planned out.

Most of these Reading Circles are composed of women only; many of these circles belong to our league. The number belonging to these circles is optional, ranging from five to 50. They meet in church parlors, public halls, or private houses according to conveniences. The manner of reciting the weekly lesson is by questions, or by having the lesson read aloud, and the presiding officer asking each in turn to state what interested her most. Most of our Catholic Reading Circles are formed through appeals to sodalities or Sunday-school teachers, or through the clergy announcing from the altar that circles will be formed whenever members offer.

Hope of Our Homes.

An Amusing Game.

An amusing game which children like is played thus: —

Three or more players sit round the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird, or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to guide the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the papers are passed on to the left-hand neighbors. Then each player draws a body, also carrying the lines a little below the fold. It is then passed on as before, and the legs are drawn in the same way and folded over.

Then they are opened, and if well done cause a great deal of laughter. Of course, each person does not know what his predecessor has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different and look like the drawing given herewith.

How to Train Dogs.

With the exception, perhaps, of the elephant and the monkey, the dog is the most intelligent and consequently the most teachable of all the lower animals. Although there are very great variations of intelligence between dogs of different breeds, and individuals of the same breed, almost any kind of dog is susceptible of training unless it is absolutely idiotic, for there are idiots among dogs as among men.

The dogs which are easiest to train are those which are most often brought into the companionship of man, and as a house companion the poodle shows a degree of intelligence almost beyond that of any other breed. The first thing, then, is to select an intelligent dog, and the best way to make sure of this, is, when you have seen a likely animal, to have it for two or three days on trial before purchasing it; for dog dealers are, as a rule, a shifty race of men, and will cheat you if they can.

It is not well to buy dogs too young, as after teething and distemper have been safely passed through they are more easily managed. When you have secured a dog, attention must be directed to the studying of its disposition and temper, for it is a great mistake to think that there are not wide differences in this respect. You must show him that he has only one master — yourself — and attach him to your person; every act of disobedience must be duly punished, but physical force should be used as little as possible. Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, who has had great experience with animals, says that he has only very rarely found it necessary to strike a dog; if the creature likes you, a word in an angry tone will be a severe punishment to him.

Dogs are often more affected by scolding than children are; but the scolding should be reserved for proper occasions. It is a great mistake to scold a dog "for fun," to show people how contrite he will look, for by playing him such tricks you lose authority over him. Patience, gentleness, and reasonableness on the part of the master are absolutely necessary to successful training. A dog should know the use of the whip, but not be obliged to experience it. When he does what you want him to do, you should pat and encourage him, to let him know that he has done right, as this makes him more

ready in the future performance of the act. To teach a dog to jump, place a stick in the doorway or some place where he cannot creep around it. At first place it low, so that he can walk over it, and when he understands what is required of him raise it gradually higher and higher, till with practice he becomes a good jumper. If he does not understand what you want at first, walk over the stick yourself going out of the room, and he will be sure to follow you. The action of "begging" is the most easily taught, as it is the natural effort of the animal to reach a piece of food held above him. If he snaps at the food, give him a little cuff on the nose to show him he must wait till you are ready to give it to him. By continued practice in "begging" the animal gets a balance on his hind legs, and can be taught to walk on them by being made to follow the tempting morsel as the master moves it about the room.

When he can walk easily on his hind legs he can be taught to sit up. A small stool or chair should be provided for his use, and when he is standing on his hind legs the master, taking hold of his forepaws, one in each hand, should press him gently into a sitting position on the little seat, saying, "Steady! sit up." The words "Stand up," "walk," "sit up," should be constantly repeated during the lessons, so that the commands are associated with the acts in question. To teach him to "shake hands" when the dog is "sitting down," give him a slight cuff under the right side of the nose; this will throw him off his balance, so that he will raise the right paw, which you must shake, saying, "Shake hands." After a few trials the mere utterance of these words will make him do as desired without the preliminary cuff.

A dog may be taught to ring the bell by putting a piece of meat on the bell-pull or handle, so that in seizing the meat he rings and will soon learn to obey the mere command, "Ring the bell." To make him walk on his forelegs, take a stick and ask him to jump. As he jumps catch his hind legs with the stick so as to hold him, saying, "Hip, hip." By struggling to keep his balance he will learn to walk thus. To make a dog "go lame," keep tapping him on the leg till he holds it up, saying, "Lame, lame."

To make him creep, hold him down to the floor with your hand pressed on his head, and walk slowly backward, making him follow you, and saying, "Creep, creep." By holding him down in this way, saying, "Down, down," you prepare him for learning to "die"; from the "down" position, pushing him over on his side, and say "Dead," straightening his limbs with your hands, if he does not do so himself.

In the same manner all kinds of tricks may be taught to dogs, and they will learn to follow implicitly a great variety of verbal commands.

Making Collections.

THERE have been many boys and girls making collections for many a year. But there are always boys and girls growing up to be men and women and always plenty of babies coming forward to be boys and girls. So there are always new young folks who are glad — or they ought to be — to be told something about "making collections."

This is the pleasantest play and the most entertaining work that any boy or girl can take up. It gives a constant employment of interest; and whether the season be winter or summer, or the young collector be at home or abroad, he can always be on the lookout to add to his collection, or to find out interesting facts concerning it.

The first point, of course, is to decide what to collect. And this must depend upon the collector's own taste or inclination, or, perhaps, upon the facilities he has for acquiring his objects. One boy (or girl) may find out that he has excellent opportunities for getting postage stamps, and another that some relative who has a fondness for bugs or butterflies is eager to start him in that business.

Now, postage stamps are fine things to collect, and so are bugs or insects or stones, or anything else which opens the way to the wide fields of knowledge; for the picking up of the butterfly, stone, or stamp is a very small part of the business of "collecting." The object has to be placed and classified; and from studying and finding out curious facts about the one stone or stamp, one is led on to knowledge of all stones and stamps, and from these to the history of the formation of the world and the widest knowledge of the history of the countries upon its surface. From the species we travel to the genus, and from little things to big ones.

So it would be a most excellent plan for boys and girls now, while they have time to think over the matter, to decide upon some one special object to which they shall devote themselves during the coming spring and summer season. If the "mania," as some people call it, is to be fishes, they can begin to think about building an aquarium. If it shall be stamps, they need not wait to buy an expensive stamp album, but they can prepare a book, neatly laid out, to hold the precious objects of their search. Stones or bugs or butterflies need some sort of a cabinet to hold them, and a handy boy can think about the construction of that.

And whatever your collection may be, make up your mind to learn something while you are doing it. We have heard of girls collecting buttons, but it would take a very determined spirit to get useful information out of buttons. So begin with something easier, something you cannot help learning from, no matter how lazy you are naturally.

Yet, when you have decided what your collection shall be, decide also that it shall be a good one, and that you will be willing to take some time and pains to make as extensive a collection as possible, and to be careful and accurate in everything you learn about it.

The Postman's Knock.

James H. O'Hara, Peru, Ind., was very prompt in sending in his solution of the Geographical Puzzle. It was very neatly written on one side of the paper (a point some other young people would do well to notice), and was correct. The missing words as supplied by James will be found elsewhere in the department.

Correct answers, prettily written and properly mailed, were also received from Annie M. Maloney, Woburn; Annie C. Flynn, Cambridgeport; Lena Powers, Roxbury; Evelyn Sullivan, South Boston; Nora O'Leary, Cambridge; James Coughlan, Chicago; Willie Bennett, Texas; Nellie Falvey, South Boston; Fred Hogan, Nova Scotia; Dennis Hurley, Helena; Mamie McCarthy, St. John, N. B.; Gussie Burns, New York; Fred Guthrie, Boston; Nellie Devlin, Woburn; Jos. S. Taaffe, New Rochelle; Clara Lyons, Quebec; Louis D. Murren, Portland, Me.; Agnes Bannan, Loretto, Penn.; Frank Morrissy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Josie Harrigan, Calais, Me.; Emma Dickmann, Lombardville, Ill.; L. Geraghty, Milwaukee, Wis.; Clare Crowley, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Helen Cavanagh, Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mellyn, Roxbury, Mass.; Agnes Kerwin, Chicago, Ill.; John Flanagan, Freeport, Ill.; Sadie MacGrath, Bangor, Me.

One little girl gave Brazil as a southern state. Perhaps she didn't think long enough, or may not have studied about South America. Look it up, Annie, and you will learn a great many interesting facts about this wonderful country, its early history, great wealth, the origin of its name, and the pursuits of its people. Some contestants named Charles as the river, others Lawrence

and still others used James; as the choice was not limited to a particular section of North America, any one of the three could be supplied. A very neatly written contribution came from New Haven, but there was no signature, the writer making the mistake of many grown people.

Will every boy and girl reading DONAHOE's department for children, send in the names of five cities, rivers, mountains, lakes, capes, or bays? The names of all the contributors will be published in the May number, together with the puzzle built from the geographical terms.

Missing words in March puzzle — Cyprus, Florence, James, Flattery, Georgia, Java, Orange, Sandwich, Great Bear, Florence, Farewell, Concord.

Chalk War-ships.

SHAPE pieces of chalk into ships, planing the bottoms evenly, and use matches for masts and smoke-stacks. Mark some of the ships with black ink, and leave the others uncolored. Place the rival ships in a pan or plate, close to an imaginary line, and pour vinegar in between the forces. You will hear a sharp, hissing sound like escaping steam, and the ships will at once move forward, leaving tracks of foam in their wake. Their speed increases as they near the dividing line, and they come together with a crash and bump, striving to push one another out. Sometimes the battle is very exciting, the victorious side being the one with most ships left in the centre. The chemistry class may be able to explain why the ships are set in motion.

Little Lizette.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,
Attired with great splendor in festal array,
She met little Gretchen in sober hued gown,
With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the town.

"Good-morning! Good-morning!" cried little Lizette,
"You haven't been over to visit me yet.
Come over and live with me always; pray do,
For I have no sisters; how many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. Lizette cried, "Ah, me!
I have to pretend I have sisters you see,
But try as I will, I can't make it seem true.
And I have no brothers; how many have you?"

Nein," answered wee Gretchen. "Nine!" echoed Lizette,
"Why you are the luckiest girl I have met!
And have you a baby at home, tell me now?"
"Nein," answered wee Gretchen and made a droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day,
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.
"Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet!
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!" sighed little Lizette.

THE SAME REPLY.

I SAW a laughing child at play;
The hue of health was on his face,
His eyes were bright, his laugh was gay,
I marvelled at his sturdy grace.
"Come, tell me, lad," I wondering said,
"What makes the brightness of your eye."
The youngster tossed his curly head,
And gaily shouted this reply,
"I take Ayer's Sarsaparilla!"

I met a maid one summer morn;
Her step was light as any roe,
Her cheek was like the rosy dawn,
Where tender blushes burn and glow.
I watched her beaming eyes the while,
And wished her gladness were my own.
I asked the meaning of her smile,
And she replied in modest tone,
"I take Ayer's Sarsaparilla!"

I knew a man whose genial ways,
And hearty words of wholesome cheer,
Made sunshine on the darkest days,
And changed to laughter every tear.
I said, "What can your secret be,
Whose joy is more than fame or wealth?"
"A secret all may know," said he,
"The wondrous boon of perfect health:
I take Ayer's Sarsaparilla!"

And I beheld a woman old,
Who still retained her early grace.
The flight of years her story told,
But could not mar her kindly face.
Her eyes were keen; her rugged form
Resisted Time's encroaching tread;
She bravely bore each bitter storm;
But when I mentioned it she said,
"I take Ayer's Sarsaparilla!"

And thus from infancy to age,
I read this great and welcome truth;
It needs no tongue of seer or sage,
To say that health is endless youth.
And guided by this new-found light,
I wish that all its aid might know,
I've read its meaning all aright,
And taught it to my heart; and so
I take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

AN HOUR WITH MY BOOKS.

BY T. C. M.

II. THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF TRUTH.

OUR art museums are galleries of the best specimens of sculpture and painting, and through their halls men wander in amazement, are thrilled with a sense of the keenest enjoyment, and, if they have the æsthetic instinct, carry away with them a freight of life-long and ennobling recollections. To compare small things with great, these hours with books are meant to be a treasure-house of noble ideas, a reflection of e genius of the greatest writers "who ever lived and loved, and wrought with words the statues, paintings, robes, and gems of thought." Last month we read their glorious anthem of faith in the existence of a Supreme Being; to-day let us study their views of the Catholic Church, that sublime institution which Christ mitred with pentecostal fire, and sent forth to girdle the world with the golden chains of eternal Truth. It is a noble and exhaustless theme, and we can only gather a few of the jewels and fashion them into an intelligible mosaic. Perhaps these glimpses of truth will inspire others to deeper and wider reading of the saints, fathers, schoolmen, and theologians, whose treatises on the Church are the most precious volumes on the shelves of the world's libraries.

The first question which seeks an answer is, What do men think of the Catholic Church? One thing they all admit, that the Catholic Church is the most prominent fact in history — not in one age, but in every age from the dawn of the Christian era. Not a school of philosophy; not an intellectual abstraction of the student; not a utopian dream of a sentimental philanthropist; not a theory of life, but an external, great, historic fact, placed at every man's door — a great society within the reach of man's senses. Men see its temples, hear its voice, speak to its ministers, and know that it is. It is the most conspicuous, the most powerful, and best organized religious body in existence. It had no predecessors; it has no rival in the qualities I have indicated; it stands alone in the unity of its Faith, in the unity of its government, in the compactness of its organizations, in the authority of its rulers, in the obedience of its subjects — alone in its marvellous powers on the minds and consciences of its members. Millions love it more than they love their lives, and millions hate it as a great curse. About it every man has formed an opinion, and all recognize it as a friend or foe.

Now, what do men say that it is? Not as well disposed towards it as the contemporaries of Our Lord were towards Him. They at least declared that He was a Prophet — a Man through whom God spoke. They do not admit anything supernatural or Godlike in its composition. It is a purely human society, in no way differing from other voluntary associations, except in this, perhaps, that its membership is more numerous, and its leaders are more cunning, and more efficient organizers. Frequently we are astonished at the glowing terms in which they speak and write of the Church. Its wonderful policy is set forth in passages that have become hackneyed by constant repetition, and prophecies that have their warrant in the past are made about its future: the great cities shall pass away, but the Successor of the Fisherman shall still teach from his throne on the Seven Hilled City, and her children shall come from places now scarcely inhabited to place at his feet the tokens of their faith and loyalty. They say so much, we wonder that they do not say more. They admit this marvellous society to be so great, we wonder that they fail to see the secret of her greatness, and, having

proclaimed her to be above the works of men, they fail to admit her to be the work of the right hand of the Most High. They suddenly stop in their eloquent description, and calmly inform us that while the multitude is dazzled by such a splendid exhibition of strength and beauty, they have looked behind the scenes, and know why the thunder rolls, the lightning flashes, and the rain falls — and bring their eloquent admission to a disappointing close, by adroitly weaving together the stereotyped phrases, "The power of Rome — the ambition of Rome — the consummate skill of the priesthood, the designs of priestcraft, etc."

Let us now pass on to the true conception of the Catholic Church, and we shall see that she is something higher and greater than all this.

She is a society, but a divine society — not divine only because its Founder was a divine person, not divine because it holds out a supernatural destiny to be attained by man through its mediation, but divine also in this sense, that its informing principle, what is called the life of the organization, is divine.

The Christian religion as established by Our Lord is not a mere system of sublime philosophy, a beneficent code of laws, a body of doctrine, a number of truths to be communicated from one to another, an aggregation of individuals kept in unity by a common thought or a common purpose. It is a living organism, a perfect society, a great kingdom receiving its life from its head, Who is Christ. His mystical body, proceeding from Him, its supernatural head, with all His properties as the human race issues from its progenitor, and carries with it his human life. It is a visible society, having bodily occupation of the world, drawing its support and strength and abiding life from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit — the spirit of the Father and the Son — the spirit of truth and grace, Who, having descended upon it on the day of Pentecost, remains with it forever. "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." (John xiv. 16.) It is the kingdom of truth over which the Son of Man has promised to preside. "Thou sayest that I am King. For this was I born and for this came I into the world that I should give witness to the truth." (John xviii. 37.)

The Catholic Church goes back step by step to the days of Christ. Macaulay, who, if he had been logical, would have become a Catholic, says of her: "The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared to the papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone and the papacy remains. The papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."

During all this time she has marched at the head of human advancement and civilization, and to this incontrovertible fact Mr. Gladstone bears testimony in the following terms: —

"Since the first 300 years of persecution, the Roman Catholic Church has marched for 1500 years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its learning has been the learning of the world; its art the art of the world; its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has to boast of."

An illustrious Catholic prelate thus summarizes her work: "It is one of the glories of the Church that it has scorned no human gift, condemned no form of genius. Whatever individuals may have done to narrow the scope of its

action and influence, its general spirit has been really Catholic. It has ever looked upon the Christian revelation as the full manifestation of the divine reason, which by word and deed seeks to make itself prevail in the history of the race, not to thwart and cripple human activity, but to consecrate it and give it higher aims. It has always felt that, in spite of apparent contradictions, there is harmony between Christian faith and science. Its appeal is to reason and conscience, not force. It preserved the ancient literature; it founded schools; it protected and encouraged men of learning and genius."

In every movement, moral and social, it has been the friend of the people. Its doctrines have never presented a barrier to the betterment of the present life. Archbishop Ireland remarks: "The Church primarily exists for the soul; its first and chief aim is the supernatural life and the future world. If a comparison be instituted between heaven and earth she promptly decides in favor of the former; and if there is a menace of conflict between one and the other, she hesitates not to repeat, 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' But it is yet the truth that she cannot forget this present life, nor omit to labor for its betterment. She is the offspring and representative of the Lord, who made earth and heaven, whose gift to men this present life is, no less than the future. God made the world in love, and in love He preserves it. He has not foreordained that men live in it amid misery and suffering. The vernal freshness and beauty of the fields, and their golden autumnal harvests work His bounteous designs; His sun shines in the skies, diffusing generous light upon all the children of men, and inciting in all gladness and hope. When man first appeared on earth, God placed him in a garden of delights, and only man's own sinning exiled him from Paradise. The ideal life, even upon earth, still is Paradise — an ideal never attained, but ever exciting our ambition. And are we to imagine that it is not God's will that all hidden sources of happiness be revealed and the potencies of His creation be actualized? It is most assuredly doing God's will, and honoring Him in His works to make earth teem with favors for men, to spread the smile of love over its countenance, to advance men to the fulness of their manhood, and grant them to rejoice in the possession of God's gifts. Along all those lines, encouraging, aiding, blessing, the Church finds her work, and she were not the representative of God did she disown or neglect it. She embraces in her affections all God's creatures, nature as well as grace, and the world, fashioned to her liking, is one of peace, grandeur, and felicity, so far as her earnest endeavors may reach."

In a magnificent oration delivered last year in Boston, Bourke Cockran spoke of the Church in the following terms, and with this glorious tribute we end our first hour's study of the Church: —

We boast in this country that all men are equal at the ballot box; for 1900 years she has held all men equal at the Communion rail. We boast that all men are equal before the law; she has held that for 1900 years all men are equal in the sight of God. She asks no support from the state; her mission is to support the state. She is now, as she always has been, the light of progress, the temple of learning and of liberty, the bulwark of order. She is ever ready to do those things for the race which the state itself cannot do, and leave to the state those duties which the state is able to perform.

She has no sacrament to offer the greatest that she could deny to the humblest. She can bring to the couch of the king no consolation that she cannot bring to the bedside of the humblest sufferer. She has no prayer to utter over the tomb of the monarch that she will not say at the grave of the pauper. The state can construct a hospital, furnishing to the sick and suffering everything that surgery or science can suggest for their relief, but the Church alone can soothe the anguish of pain by the consoling influences of religion. She can make men patient under difficulties, so that they may wait for the relief which the spread of enlight-

enment will surely bring to them. She can make duty to the state part of a man's duty to God; she can make loyalty to the laws a feature of loyalty to the Church, so that he who is a good Catholic must necessarily be a good citizen.

"The World's Columbian Catholic Congresses and Educational Exhibit." Illustrated. (Chicago, J. S. Hyland & Co.) It is a large volume; for besides what its title indicates, it contains an epitome of church history in the United States extending over 446 of its 594 pages. This epitome is interesting, but why it has been given so much space in this volume is somewhat of a mystery. We suppose the volume was intended, as its title suggests, as an account of the Catholic Congresses and Educational Exhibit, but we have here an encyclopedia of American Catholic history. So much space and excellent type have been devoted to the historical portion, that the story of the congress is crowded into the first 106 pages. But in spite of the unwieldy volume, these addresses are a real treasure-house of Catholic thought, and deserve a place in every library.

"The Priest in the Pulpit." From the German by Rev. Boniface Luebberman. (Benziger Bros.) Seminarians will find much valuable information in this book on the art of sermon writing. The chapters on the teaching of the catechism to children are admirable, and well worth study. The author impresses deeply upon his readers the necessity of preparation for preaching, and he warns them of the danger of extempore speaking in the early stages of their ministry.

"The Little Sisters of the Poor." By Mrs. Abel Ram. (New York, Longmans, Green & Co.) We welcome this volume, first of all, because of its subject, The Little Sisters of the Poor! Who has not seen them in their mission of love, begging from door to door, in order to clothe the naked and feed the hungry and destitute men and women whom old age and misfortune have rendered powerless to help themselves? The book is entertaining and well written. We would expect nothing less from the pen of Mrs. Ram. We hope Catholic readers will pass this charming volume to their Protestant friends. It will do untold good, and be a source of enlightenment to our separated brethren. Our only regret is that the author has not given us a deeper insight into the interior life of the Little Sisters.

"Mother Caroline: A Sketch of Her Life and Character." By Rev. P. M. Abbelen. (St. Louis, B. Herder.) Mother Caroline was the first commissary general of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in America, and there is abundant material in her life for an engrossingly interesting volume. Of Father Abbelen's work, Bishop Spalding says in the introduction: "The biography of one of the noblest and best of these religious women of our sisterhoods, which is here presented to the reader, is a work of religion, and the author deserves commendation and praise for the conscientious and honest manner in which he has performed his task. No one can read his book without feeling something of the admiration and love for Mother Caroline by which the writer has been inspired. The simple, straightforward story he tells is full of interest, and it is edifying, precisely because it is so true and unaffected. He does not borrow the ornaments of rhetoric, he deals not in the arts of the special pleader, he yields not to the enthusiasm of the hero-worshipper.

"The Comedy of English Protestantism: in Three Acts." Edited by A. F. Marshall, B. A. (Benziger Bros., New York.) This book will be a great blow to English Protestantism. No one can read it without wondering how intelligent men can believe in a religion which gives us truth mutilated and divided among hundreds of sects, and which causes divisions and sub-divisions, till through them Christianity becomes a by-word and a reproach. In Mr. Marshall's book the scene of the

comedy is laid in Exeter Hall. Seven delegates representing the various sects of England have met to formulate some form of unity. Ritualists and Low Churchmen and Latitudinarians, Wesleyans and the Salvation Army and the Home-made sects, act each their part in this intensely interesting comedy. What delicate but searching sarcasm pervades this book! Give it to non-Catholics; it will not offend their feelings, but it may set them thinking about their real position, and lead them to the bosom of the one church which Christ founded, and for whose unity of doctrine He prayed to His Father, and for whose unity He promised to send His Spirit to abide with the Church forever. We wish this book the widest circulation among Catholics and Protestants.

"Father Junipero Serra." A drama in four acts. By C. G. Miller. (Chicago, Skeen, Baker & Co.) This small volume will not make the author's reputation. The best we can say of it is that it is a mediocre treatment of a noble subject.

Dr. Woodbury's Dermatological Institute Opened.

NOBODY, least of all the owner, likes a pug nose, nor an over-large or an under-sized mouth, nor a misshapen ear, pimples nor any of those facial blemishes and skin diseases which afflict many of mankind. The study of how to remedy these defects of nature has been given a prominence of late years by men of the stamp of Dr. John H. Woodbury, and surprising results have been acquired. Dr. Woodbury, famous for his antiseptic soap, is a dermatologist of 20 years' experience, widely known in Europe and America, with a large business always increasing. By reason of the demand from this part of the country, Dr. Woodbury and his agents have opened up an office on the second floor of 11 Winter street, Boston. This is a branch office of the Woodbury's Dermatological Institute, whose main office, where 15 persons are employed, is at 125 West Forty-second street, New York. The Boston office will be in charge of a staff of regularly registered physicians of good standing, including Dr. Frank T. Brough, Dr. Thomas M. Acken, and Dr. L. F. Pitkin. The institute has no "cure-all" remedy, but gives every case its own special treatment and cure. Electricity, surgery, or medicine is resorted to, as the case under treatment demands. The methods of the institute are its own and eminently successful. Superfluous hair is removed in a sure and permanent way by electrolysis, which method is also applied in the case of warts and moles. In certain cases, however, dermaform, an invention by Dr. Woodbury, is used. By its methods the institute guarantees to remove birthmarks, scars, pock-marks, and to positively cure red nose and red veins, and other numerous defects. Pug noses are remedied by incision, and Dr. Woodbury's is the only firm that does this delicate work. By the same method misshapen ears are rendered of pleasing and acceptable appearance. Untimely wrinkles are removed by instrument so skilfully that the change is never noticed. As diseases of the skin in many cases arise from chronic and stomach diseases, the treatment of the former necessitates a knowledge of how to treat the latter, and this knowledge the doctors of the Boston office have, and make use of in their practice.—[From the Boston Post.

Shaving a Luxury.

WE would call your attention to the generous offer made by Dr. Scott in his advertisement in this issue on his Safety Razor. The Scott Safety Razor is the very best one of its kind on the market, and any one using it will be delighted with the easy and pleasant shave they can attain from it, and will wonder why they have been without such a cheap luxury so long. Their Lather Brush, the only one of its kind in the world, is a handsome article and will last a life-time.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

Is there any foundation for the assertion that no vernacular versions of the Bible were printed before the time of the Protestant Reformation, so called?

None at all. There were over half a hundred editions of the Bible in different languages published, and published with the approval of Rome, too, before Protestantism was even thought of by its founders. There is a complete English translation of the Holy Scriptures dating back to the year 1290; a French version was published at Lyons and Paris in 1478, and passed through no less than 16 editions; a German Bible was printed at Leipsic in 1466, and fully a score of other versions appeared in German before Martin Luther began to preach his doctrines. The Italian people had Bibles in their own tongue printed for them as far back as 1471; and this translation, which was published by the desire of the Holy See, ran through eight editions before the "reformation"; while other Italian versions also appeared before that date. Spain had a Bible in the vernacular in 1487, and this version was commended formally by the Inquisition, despite the fact that so many modern writers endeavor to make it appear that that tribunal forbade the reading of Holy Writ by the people. The recent encyclical of the present pope, urging the study of the Sacred Scriptures on all Catholics, is, of itself, a sufficient refutation of all assertions that the Catholic Church tries now, or has ever tried in the past, to render the Bible "a sealed book" to its children; and whatever evidence is cited to the contrary is disposed of readily by persons who are any way fairly acquainted with ecclesiastical history.

How is it that Easter comes so early this year? Please to state also, the way in which the date of that feast is determined.

Easter comes early this year for the reason that the full moon of March occurred on the 21st of that month. The law of the church is that Easter shall be celebrated on the first Sunday following that full moon, and this year that Sunday fell on the 25th, or the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. It is a very rare occurrence for these two feasts to happen on the same day; though they did coincide in 1883. The Council of Nicæa, which was held in the year 325, fixed the date for Easter by decreeing that it should be celebrated on the first Sunday following the first full moon that shows in the skies after March 21. By this decree, Easter may come as early in March as the 22d, and as late in April as the 25th. It is very seldom, though, that the feast falls on either of those dates, and this year's Easter, coming on March 25, is, consequently, an exceptionally early one. The present way of calculating the date of Easter is the result of the combined wisdom and deliberations of the fathers of the Church who assembled together in the Council of Nicæa. Still it is not altogether free from defects, in this that the chief aim of the assembled divines was to prevent the coincidence of Easter and the Jewish Passover on the same day. On this point the Rev. John O'Brien, A. M., says in his well-

known work, "The History of the Mass": "A somewhat defective cycle in regard to the months was selected on account of its great simplicity, which clashes very considerably with the astronomical computation, for by the latter mode the Easter full moon may rise two hours after the time calculated by the calendar. Thus it may be one o'clock on Sunday morning, whilst announced to take place at 11 o'clock Saturday night by the calendar; in which case Easter would be celebrated on the same Sunday (as the full moon) when it ought not to be until the Sunday following. The Gregorian calendar, too, in some very rare cases, makes our Easter and the Jewish Passover agree; as, for example, happened in the year 1825. It is impossible, in fact, to avoid an occurrence of this kind now without upsetting the whole system of reckoning." It may be added, in conclusion, that if our inquirer lives until 1913 — and we wish her many more years beyond that date — she will eat her Easter eggs two days earlier in March than she did this year.

Is there any ancient authority for the rites or ceremonies that are now used at Catholic obsequies? Such things, I mean, as the placing of candles around the coffin when it is brought into the Church for the requiem mass; the singing of psalms and the sprinkling of holy water of the bier.

Yes; all of these ceremonies may be found mentioned in the earliest ages of the Church. Some of them, so ecclesiastical writers contend, are of apostolical origin; and in the "Acts of the Apostles" we read that St. Stephen was buried with the singing of psalms and hymns. These hymns that are sung at funeral ceremonies, by the expression of the sentiments their verses contain, indicate why they were chosen for the occasion, as their meaning is in consonance with the mournful character of the ceremony, and are also full of prayerful petitions for the eternal happiness of the departed soul. Thus, the sprinkling of the coffin with holy water signifies, not alone that the Church desires the blessings of God's graces for the body that is to be soon committed to the tomb; but also speaks its belief in the resurrection of the body at the final day of judgment. The candles that are placed about the coffin when that is deposited before the altar for the celebration of a requiem mass, are mentioned as having been employed at the obsequies of St. Cyprian; and their meaning is a wish that the departed soul may be speedily gladdened with the light of heaven which the blessed enjoy. In fact, all the ceremonies and rites which the Church employs at obsequies are of very ancient usage, and in all of them there is a deep religious, and generally a very apparent, devout sentiment. Authority for the use of not a few of them is to be found in the Scriptures or in the writings of the earliest Christian commentators.

Is there any probability, or possibility, of the Pope regaining his temporal sovereignty?

There is both a possibility and a probability of such an event. The present "United Italy" is showing itself every day more and more of a failure; and the belief is entertained by many observers of European events, that the day is not very distant, when King Humbert will be compelled to abdicate the authority which his father, without any warrant, and in contravention of all right and justice, assumed in Rome 23 years ago. The abdication by King Humbert of that authority would not necessarily mean its restoration to the Pope; but, practically, it would come very near to signifying that. The Pope's right to rule in Rome, as shown by Mgr. O'Reilly, in his recent article in the North American Review, is more ancient and better established than that of any other potentate in Christiandom; and, that being the case, there is neither impossibility nor improbability in the belief, lovingly and firmly entertained by many Catholics, that justice will triumph in the end in this matter, and that the Pope will again be sovereign and free in the Papal city.

What is the ordinary costume of the Pope?

In ordinary every-day costume, and when he appears in public on solemn occasions, the Holy Father is vested in a costume of white silk. The first bishop of Jerusalem, who was known as St. James the Less, is thought to have been the originator of this style of garment. In the life of this apostle record is made of the fact that he always appeared habited in white garments. According to St. Cyril, the archbishop of Jerusalem, who was also the patriarch of that city, always appeared in white when he officiated; but an older authority for the use by the Pope of the white cassock is that of St. Peter, who is said to have always worn that color because of the shining garments which he saw his Master wear on the occasion of his Transfiguration on Mt. Tabor.

Is it not a strange thing for an American prelate to be appointed to a Roumanian see?

We suppose this question refers to the recently announced appointment of Archbishop Zardetti. But there are instances in which before this time American divines have been called across the water to take charge of European dioceses. Of Roumania very little is known in this country; but if we can judge by an account which was sent here some years ago, Archbishop Zardetti is assured beforehand of a warm welcome. "There," said a Franciscan father who formerly labored at Syracuse, in the state of New York, speaking of a visit which the bishop made to one of the parishes, "they gave a proof of this on the day their beloved bishop arrived in their midst. As in Germany, many youths on horseback met their chief pastor a few miles from the village, forming an escort of honor, and conducting him into the village. Arrived there, they found the entire congregation arranged in procession to conduct the bishop to the church or rather cabin, singing, as they went, the well-known hymn of praise, 'Grosser Gott.' The little chapel could barely hold the 100 candidates for Confirmation, thus leaving but a very small space for the bishop and his attendant priests to celebrate pontifical high mass. This service was followed by a sermon out of doors. The entire congregation assembled again for the evening service, after which a procession to the graveyard was formed." It will thus be seen that Archbishop Zardetti is going to a reverent if not an entirely Catholic peasantry.

By what title is France called the oldest and most faithful daughter of the Church?

By the best of titles. The Catholics of France have given more of late years for the propagation of the faith than the faithful of any other land. In the annual reports sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, their contributions always occupy a commanding place. Even the legacies left in France to the Church during the year amount to what would be considered a fabulous sum here. A couple of years ago those legacies were nearly 4,000 in number, and all told counted up nearly $8,000,000. Besides that there was given $4,000,000 for bishops whose salaries had been reduced by the state. For the foundations of new Catholic hospitals, to replace those the government had confiscated, $3,600,000 were given. To the sisters of St. Vincent's new high schools and so forth, $300,000 was left. For the last 20 years it is said that those legacies are increasing in number and amount; and when one takes into consideration the largeness of the French Catholics' contributions, the title of their nation to be the oldest and most generous daughter of the Church can hardly be disputed.

A Napoleon of Theatre-Makers.

Benjamin F. Keith has just completed in Boston a playhouse pronounced by stage people and critics the finest theatre in America. To add this great home of art to his other theatrical achievements in Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, and New York has been the dream of Mr. Keith's later life, and now that he has realized his hopes there will join in congratulations to him not only friends and those interested usually in such undertakings, but as well people to whom, while a theatre may mean little, Mr. Keith's practical sympathy and generous benefactions have meant much.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

It is a fact worthy of more attention than we pay it, that outside of the Church many are becoming restless and anxious concerning the facility with which the marriage bond may be legally broken in many states. They recognize clearly that no social fabric is enduring where the family is in danger. If we could bring forward more prominently the teaching of the Church on this and other matters connected with marriage, much good would result. Her teaching is eminently sane and needs only exposition to win the acceptance of the fair-minded. The Church has had nineteen centuries of experience and has come in contact with every possible vagary on the subject. She has had to meet those who maintained that marriage was an unholy and unlawful thing, as well as those who reprobated abstention from marriage or celibacy. To the first she quoted the words of Genesis: "And God blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply," and declared that God never blessed what was unholy. To the others she quoted the example and teaching of her Founder and his Apostles, and her theologians refuse to see in the blessing of the procreative powers a command imposing moral obligation. To her the marriage contract is a sacrament as truly as is Holy Orders; but there is no obligation to enter either state. Yet once either sacrament is received the obligations arising therefrom are definite and binding, and in the case of matrimony neither party can slight the duties arising from the contract without injustice.

It is now just one year since the dark cloud of "hard times" appeared above the commercial horizon. Business men who have weathered the financial disturbances thus far are feeling very much, — many of them, — like the late Jubal Early, after a brick house had fallen on him. The story about Early is that one day in Lynchburg, Va., where he lived, an accident happened. Something was wrong with a w ll that was building, and it fell in. Early was under it. Every one thought he was dead. They began to dig the bricks away to secure the mangled remains. Finally his head showed. He was swearing. He pulled himself out and walked away saying: "———, I didn't know there were so many bricks in the world." Most men who did business previous to this year, and who have had miraculous escapes from business extinction during it, are just now pulling themselves together and wondering where in Mammon's land, all the troubles came from anyhow.

In the satisfactory answer of this wondering question a great deal is involved of vital interest to this republic. Till now the inquiry has not been pressed very far. The people are not yet through rubbing their eyes. They will sometime see clearly enough. Even now they realize that the causes of the widespread distress are purely political and economic. Not war, nor pestilence, nor nature's poverty has made it. The causes are with man alone. Such a year in our bounteous, beautiful America is only one more result of that "man's inhumanity to man," which "makes countless thousands mourn." Man's selfishness and avarice have simply tied

up nature's providence with ropes of law and knots of custom. This much, the people surely have seen in their mental eye-rubbings. It may be a long time before the people agree practically as to a full remedy for the economic injustices of the time; but, the need of reformation being once seen, the end eventually must be attained. In this reformation the Church of Christ must play a great part, and its first steps have been bravely and grandly taken by our present Pontiff, Leo XIII.

Speaking of the great part the Catholic Church has taken and is taking in making Christianity more than a name in the commercial as well as the social life of the world, one's mind goes back to the time a few years ago, when Cardinal Manning was championing the cause of the masses in England. The men, who entrenched behind false class distinctions and usurped power, hated and feared him, sought to injure his cause by raising the cry of "Socialist." They declared that his plans constituted Socialism, pure and simple. His reply to them is worth quoting and remembering. He said, in regard to the charge that he was a Socialist, that it was impossible to define Socialism, because any attempt to do so is met by three distinct Socialist schools, all of which denied the accuracy of the definition. Therefore it was more useful to know what Socialism was not. "In the first place," he added, "the society of man is not of human but of divine creation. It is founded upon the three great laws of authority, obedience, and brotherhood. The whole of our legislation is essentially social for the protection of property and labor. In contrast, the socialism claiming supreme power to change, reform, reject, even to create the foundation and principles of political, and, therefore, of human society, is essentially destructive and revolutionary. Secondly, the correction of social evils should be conservative of the life and health of society. Socialism, on the other hand, identifies social evils with society itself, and kills the patient to cure his maladies. For example, the Socialist considers the chief evil of our times, the accumulation of property in a few hands, and, to cure it, some Socialists would deny the right of property to individuals which is founded radically in the law of nature. Social legislation will show how, by the just legislation which pervades the whole system of taxation, to redress these inequalities. The Poor law, the abolition of the Corn law, and the laws of succession to real property and the *income tax*, are all just social laws, founded upon the first principles of human society as strictly conservative of the commonwealth. I am not saying that other similar laws are not required or that they have received their full development. I am content with saying that any one calling such legislation socialistic does not know what Socialism means."

One often hears nowadays, men, apparently intelligent, say, "Oh, I haven't time to read." If this remark be true, they are worse than slaves. If it be not true, they are worse than fools.

The less notice taken of the A. P. A. by intelligent Catholics the better. Cunning rascals are always ready to foment religious strife in order to distract attention from graver evils. America is in no danger from any religious body. Its greatest danger is the unchristian, inhuman contest for wealth, regardless of the consequences to one's soul, nation, or fellow man.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

An upright Catholic life needs no explanation or defence. It is a passport to the admiration of all men. Our experience in life leads us to the conviction that neither the Church nor the individual Catholic has anything to

fear in these closing days of the nineteenth century from attacks such as the A. P. A. make. The only danger, — no, not danger; nuisance is a better word — is from cowardly, hypocritical, and unthinking alleged Catholics. The A. P. A's. who carry their bigotry into politics cannot do us half so much harm as the Catholics who rush into politics leaving their faith and their God behind them.

There was a sublime spectacle in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, Palm Sunday morning. It was not a time of pomp or ceremony. There was no artistic framing or effect. It was not an exposition of form, but of faith, — a display, magnificent in its simplicity, inspirational in its meaning. It was simply a low mass, marking the close of the retreat given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, by Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, provincial of the Jesuits; but at that mass a body of young men numbering between 1,100 and 1,200 knelt together at the altar rails and received Holy Communion. What a splendid gathering! Over 1,000 men, at a time of life when men forget God, if ever, stepping aside from their works in the world, kneeling down in humility, confessing their faults, and receiving the Holy Eucharist. There was a sight that the believer may remember with gratitude, and the unbeliever recall without scoffing. It does not mean that none of these young men will ever sin again, but it does mean that they gain new strength to be true to their God, and better, fairer, and kinder to their fellow-man in the struggle of life.

To many American eyes home rule for Ireland seems almost as dim and distant to-day as in the dark times of Salisbury and Balfour. That is how it seems, but at this distance it is impossible to form a correct estimate of the actual state of English and Irish public opinion. Forces may be at work beneath the surface that will give an entirely different turn to British politics from what has been anticipated by either the friends or the foes of home rule. One thing is certain — the cause of Irish political liberty is bound up with the cause of economic liberty throughout Europe.

If the Biblical injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," applies to the burden of taxation, then the proposed income tax is not unchristian and consequently unjust, as has been claimed. It contemplates the shifting of a portion of the load from the shoulders of labor to the shoulders of capital. It is a simple question of ethics, and not an abstruse problem of economics. It says in effect to a man: "If you are able to bear a part of your brother's burden, then you must do it." That is the theory of the income tax, and, like most theories, it is beautiful. The only difficulty with it is that human nature places obstacles in the way of its enforcement. That, however, is no argument against it.

A Little Leaven.

It is true that a little leaven leavens the whole lump, but you cannot make the best biscuits or bread and cake without using the Royal Baking Powder. This is a fact patent to everybody, and especially to those housewives who pride themselves on the superior quality of everything they put on their tables. The thousands of judicious housekeepers who are daily using this invaluable leavening agent allow no occasion to express their admiration of it to go unimproved, and they are constantly increasing their own number by their hearty endorsements of its excellence. The manufactory which produces it has grown from small beginnings into an immense concern. It is now by far the largest establishment of its class in the country, with an output five times more than any other house in its line, and greater than all others combined.

The Royal Baking Powder was introduced to the public over a quarter of a century ago, and from that time the era of good bread, biscuit, cake, and pastry commenced, and from that time also began the decline, so frequently remarked by the medical fraternity, of those dyspeptic ailments which formerly prevailed among the American people. No agency has had more influence in thus beneficially affecting the health and comfort of the people than the Royal Baking Powder. All the bran-bread fraternity combined have not equalled it.

PROF. EDWARD E. PHELPS, M. D., LL. D.

TWO giants among men — the greatest statesman and the greatest physician that America has produced — Daniel Webster and Edward E. Phelps — have both done honor to Dartmouth College, one as a student, the other as an instructor.

To Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., the world to-day owes longer life and more freedom from sickness than to any other physician.

Every Dartmouth alumnus of more than a dozen years' standing remembers the awe in which he held the keen observer whose name appeared in the college catalogue next to that of the president as professor of materia medica; and every younger graduate has admired the complete museum of medical botany which Dr. Phelps gave to the college.

But it was the world-famed discovery of Professor Phelps of an infallible cure for those fearful ills that result from an impaired nervous system and impure blood which has endeared the great doctor to the world, and made his life an era in the practice of medicine.

Professor Phelps was born in Connecticut and graduated from the military school at Norwich, Vt. He studied medicine with Professor Nathan Smith, of New Haven, Conn., and graduated in medicine at Yale.

His unusual talent soon brought him reputation and prominence among his professional brethren. In 1835 he was elected to the professorship of anatomy and surgery in the Vermont university. In 1841 he was appointed lecturer on materia medica and medical botany in Dartmouth College. The next year he was chosen professor of the chair then vacated by Professor Robby, and occupied the chair, the most important one in the country, until a few years before his death, in 1880.

He had for years foreseen the dangers of the American way of living. He went about to find a scientific, common-sense remedy to cure the common evils that, under one name and another, result from an unhealthful state of the nervous system, and within a score of years have seemed to be sweeping over the country like an epidemic.

He succeeded.

He gave to the medical profession a celebrated remedy, which has since come to be known the world over as Paine's Celery Compound. It was Dr. Phelps' prescription which ever since has been freely used and prescribed by the most eminent of the profession. The formula was furnished to all reputable physicians. They found the wonderful remedy to be exactly what was claimed for it, a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that Paine's Celery Compound would cure nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases.

It was as harmless as it was good, and it was the universal advice of the medical profession that the compound be placed where the general public could secure it, and thousands of people have every year proven the wisdom of this good advice.

The recent advice of Commodore Howell to use this compound, which the commodore publicly said had saved his own life, and the published testimonials of Mayor McShane of Montreal, the poet-author Hardy, George Wright, Marie Tempest, Councillor Morse, Mabel Jenness, and other men and women of national reputation, has brought the compound into special notice.

As a well-known physician has said,

"Paine's Celery Compound is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a mere tonic; it is not an ordinary nervine — it is as far beyond them all as the diamond is superior to cheap glass."

THE AMERICAN DISEASE.

The Boston Journal is certainly to be admired.

One of Boston's greatest newspapers, it frankly devotes some of its energetic editorial space to the subject which at this season is of more importance to this and every community than all other topics.

"One hears the voice of the man whose knowledge of nerves is almost unbounded," says the Journal, "saying that beyond any dispute nervousness is growing upon us at a frightful rate."

Quoting from Dr. Weir Mitchell, it continues: "In some busy centres he finds that the number of deaths due to nervous causes has increased 20 per cent in 40 years; that one fourth of the deaths now are from nervous diseases. His opinion is very confident, too, that the Americans are, from this cause, becoming a short-lived people."

A clear statement of the nervous weakness among the dwellers in cities and towns would send a pang of horror and alarm through the country.

Women are more under the influence of this terrible scourge than men; and town dwellers more than country folk.

The Journal asks what is the remedy, and finds an answer readily.

Hundreds of tired mothers, anxious housewives, school teachers and too ambitious scholars — the very flower of American womanhood — yield to the strain of the serious affairs of life. Overwork and unnatural worry condemn a host of American women to spend their after years on a sofa or in a sick room, and to be a burden instead of a help to those who are dearest to them.

Oftentimes excruciating pain, as in neuralgia, rheumatism, and heart trouble, but more often (especially in the spring) "that tired feeling," is nature's cry for better nutrition in order to resist the fearful strain on the nerves and vital organs. The remedy is known to every physician, and to thousands who have been benefited by it. Men and women who find themselves getting irritable, nervous, thin, "run down" and ailing, should take Paine's Celery Compound. It feeds tired, exhausted nerves, stores the blood with food for the wasted tissues, and purifies it of the impure humors which result from its stagnant, unhealthy condition.

Nothing has ever equalled Paine's Celery Compound for giving tone to the stomach and a renewed appetite. It strikes to the root of rheumatism, neuralgia, diseases of the heart, the liver, kidneys, and all disorders due to poor, thin blood and underfed nerves. Poor appetite, continual headaches, loss of strength, nervous debility, and a scrofulous, unhealthy condition of the skin at this season are sure signs of nervous weakness.

Paine's Celery Compound will rob one of the "run down" feeling, the languor and despondency that come from badly nourished nerves, thin, pale blood, and underfed organs of the body.

New life, a buoyant feeling, and the joyousness of health will come, when plenty of good red blood begins to fill the arteries and invigorate the system.

This is just what Paine's Celery Compound is doing for thousands of tired men and women throughout the whole extent of the country.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

It has become quite the fashion now for telephone subscribers to visit the exchanges where their wires are handled. The telephone companies invite such visits in the belief that an inspection of "central" will clear away many strange impressions that are popular anent the machinery and labor involved in conducting a large telephone system. The subscriber generally has quite a different idea of the telephone business after such an inspection, and between what he discovers that is new to him, and the number of things that are not at all what he had imagined them to be, he comes away with quite a varied stock of knowledge to reflect on. The following is not exactly an "imaginary conversation" between a telephone subscriber and his expert guide, nor is it exactly a real one. It is a sort of composite photograph of a number of such actual conversations.

The visitor is generally conducted first through the basement of the telephone building, where the heavy underground cables congregate from all points of the compass and converge at the bottom of a shaft running up the building to the departments above.

"Can you feel the electricity?" asks the subscriber, answering the question himself by touching one of the lead cables and feeling nothing.

"Oh, no," replies the expert; "the lead covering is for protecting the wires, which are all carefully insulated inside. The telephone current does not get into the lead, at least not if we can help it, and even if it did, you could feel nothing as it is such a feeble current."

"Do you have to have one of these cables for each subscriber?"

"Well, no. There are quite a good many pairs of wires in each cable, and a pair of wires is sufficient for a subscriber's line. Some cables have 50, some 60, and some even 100."

"Must be a good many lines come in here, then?"

"Yes. Several thousand. There are a good many of the wires in the cables unused though, because we have to terminate the cable at one given point, and often there are not nearly enough subscribers to use up all the wires."

They go upstairs to the top of the shaft where the cables are connected to protecting devices and to the lines running to the switchboard.

"Here," says the expert, "is what we call the terminal room. These long iron boxes are the cable heads. They are air-tight to prevent moisture from getting into the cables and destroying the insulation of the wires. The wires are connected from the cable heads to lightning arresters, and then by means of that big rack, to the switchboard wires."

"And the operators stand in front here and make the connections?" asks the subscriber. "How do they do it?"

"No, this isn't the switchboard at all. This is merely the arrangement necessary to bring the subscribers' lines and the switchboard lines together properly, and to put in the protecting devices to prevent damage to the apparatus from lightning and strong currents that may stray into the lines."

"What, all this lay-out just to join

a couple of lines together? Why, I shouldn't have thought it possible!"

"Well, you see, when it comes to joining several thousand sets of wires together, and arranging them all in a systematic way, so that you know just where each subscriber's wire is, it is quite a serious matter."

"H'm, yes, I should think so. And do you really mean to say that among all this maze of wires you can tell whom any one of them belongs to?"

"Oh, dear, yes, we have to. That big rack we call a 'distributing board.' We bring all the subscribers' lines in regular order to one side of it, and all the switchboard wires to the other. The superintendent of this department, that gentleman over there, with the tableful of scientific instruments, occasionally gets a report that somebody's line is in 'trouble.' He goes to the framework, picks out the line in a jiffy, and connects his instruments to test it. He can make a test in either direction — out toward the subscriber's instrument, or inward through the switchboard — and he soon finds out what is the matter, and whereabouts the trouble is, and then he sends a man to make repairs."

"Very interesting."

"Then, too, new connections have constantly to be made and others changed, as subscribers join the system or go out or move their offices. All the changes are made here by running wires through the rack, and in a few minutes a line can be connected to an entirely different switchboard number, or a number can be changed to a different line."

"So that if a man moves he can keep his old number?"

"It is not always possible to do that, even with this arrangement, but generally speaking it can be done."

"Well, that's quite an improvement in telephony at any rate," said the subscriber, feelingly. "I was one of the earliest subscribers and had number 19 for a long time, a number that nobody could forget, and then they changed it and gave me 2516 that nobody can remember. I often forget it myself."

"Yes, subscribers sometimes have little difficulties to contend with; but, as you can see we have a great many."

"Why, I had no conception that there was so much machinery in the thing; and we haven't got to the exchange yet."

"The operating-room, as we call it. We can now go in there and you will see what happens to the lines after they leave the terminal room." The expert leads the way into a long chamber, where many young women sit in front of an upright framework of polished wood and burnished metal. The framework is pierced with serried rows of little holes and the young women occupy themselves in pushing pegs at the ends of long cords into the little holes.

"Seems very quiet," says the subscriber, surprised at being able to hear himself talk; "I should have thought there would be bells ringing all the time."

"We don't have any bells here."

"What? Do you mean, I don't ring a bell here when I turn the crank of my own bell?"

"Oh, no. You merely release a little shutter, showing a number to the operator."

"Bless me! I always thought I rang a bell. Well, what does she do when the shutter falls?"

"She connects with your line by pushing a plug into your switch, or spring-jack, as we call it, and finds out what number you want. Then

she finds the spring-jack of the line wanted and pushes the plug at the other end of the cord into it, first trying it to make sure that the line is not already engaged."

"Ah, yes. That's 'busy.' I know. Half the connections I call for are 'busy' and it's most annoying. I don't see how they can find out that a man's busy so quickly, and half the time I don't believe they do find out."

"It is rather unsatisfactory to have the operator report a man busy when you want to talk to him badly, but the report is always made in good faith. You see it is just as much trouble to report a man 'busy' as to make a connection."

"Perhaps, but how do they find out? My line ends here, say, at this operator. Do the other operators have to come over here and find out if I am connected with any one?"

"By no means. This is the operator that answers your calls and makes the connections you ask for. But your line runs through the whole switchboard and is connected to little switches at regular intervals, so that all the other operators can make connections with your line if asked to."

"Then you mean that any one of all these operators can make a connection between any two subscribers without assistance?"

"Certainly. That is the great beauty of this style of switchboard. Any operator can reach all the subscribers in the exchange. Before this system was invented a connection had often to be transferred through several operators, and the service got to be slow. In this way a connection is completed in a few seconds."

"Except when the other man is 'busy.'"

"Exactly, but it only takes a moment to find out if a line is busy or not."

"How is it done? How can the operator tell if there are so many places along the switchboard where connections can be made with the same line?"

"When a connection is made the two lines running through the switchboard become charged by a battery joined to the connecting cords. If an operator touches the rim of any one of the switches belonging to the two lines with the tip of the plug, she gets a sharp click in her telephone. That means to her 'busy,' and she reports 'busy' to the subscriber who has asked for the connection. As you say, he often does not believe the busy report, but you can easily see that without some system of protecting subscribers from interruption there would often be much confusion, as it would be quite possible to join a large number of lines together."

"Yes, that would be very awkward. Can the operator hear when two subscribers are talking?"

"She can hear, in fact she must be able to, to allow her to do her work, but she does not listen to a conversation when once she has got the two subscribers fairly started. Most of the day she has not time to, as the calls rain in incessantly, and the operators have all they can do to keep up with their work."

"Why do they talk so low? I thought one always had to shout into a telephone."

"They talk like that because that's the best way to talk into a telephone — in a low tone and quite clearly and distinctly and close into the mouthpiece. It does no good to shout."

"Really now, you astonish me. Why, I have always shouted."

(*Continued on page* 508.)

AVOID CONSUMPTION.

Don't wait until the hacking Cough has weakened the system and strained the Lungs. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, to supply the nourishment your system craves. *Physicians,* **the world over, endorse it.**

Anæmic Women

have depleted blood—blood with no nourishment in it. They need Scott's Emulsion to enrich their blood and build up solid, healthy flesh.

Why should you go contrary to your physician's advice by allowing some inferior preparation to be substituted for ***SCOTT'S EMULSION*** *?*

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New-York City. Druggists sell it.

"Yes, no doubt. A great many people do, but it is a bad practice. The proper idea to have when you are talking into the telephone is not that the person you are talking with is far off, but that he or she is brought close to you."

"I see. Very ingenious. I'll try and remember that in future. The girls seem to have plenty to do. I thought they had lots of time to sit around and chat."

"Well, scarcely. Every operator keeps her position at the switch-board and her head telephone to her ear all the time she is on duty. Of course they are relieved from time to time for rest and luncheon and so on, but then they go out of the operating room. We have reading and refreshment rooms for the operators when they are not on duty. Each operator makes from 800 to 1,000 connections a day, and sometimes a girl has all she can do to keep pace with the calls that rain in during the busy hours of the day."

"Those are the times when we get impatient, and — and talk emphatically."

"Exactly. You will often see five or six drops fall almost at the same moment, but most calls are answered in two or three seconds and scarcely ever in longer than six, so the last man seldom has to wait more than half a minute at the outside."

"Yes; that sounds pretty quick, though of course it seems much longer when one is waiting at the telephone. But I shall be more patient in future after seeing all this. Seems to me people use their telephones a great deal more than I thought they did."

"Well, you would be surprised to see how much some people use them, and the general average increases steadily. Every telephone in Boston is used on an average 26 or 27 times a day. A few years ago the average use was only half that, probably a few years hence it will be double. Of course, the use varies greatly; some subscribers call up a hundred times a day, others only once or twice, but then those probably receive a great many calls from different subscribers."

"Think we'll ever talk across the ocean?"

"I expect we shall one of these days, but I think the day is a good long way off yet."

"Well, very much obliged. Most interesting visit. Good-day."

Science Aids Housewives.

WHEN the Scientific American investigates a subject, it does it thoroughly, without fear or favor. The official Reports of the United States and Canadian Governments, and of the States of Ohio and New Jersey, are very complete on the baking powder question. These reports have been quoted and misquoted so often, that every housewife will be glad to have the disinterested opinion of such high authority as the Scientific American on this subject.

The article is an exhaustive one. It gives a long list of baking powders which, according to the Official Reports, contain alum or ammonia.

While alum and ammonia baking powders are thus fearlessly exposed and mentioned by name, at the same time the Scientific American, with perfect fairness, gives credit to whom credit is due. It gives the facts and figures showing that Cleveland's baking powder has a strength equalled by no cream of tartar baking powder examined, and then adds this handsome tribute:

"All things considered, it may fairly be said that Cleveland's baking powder makes the best showing in the reports of these four authorities. Its absolute freedom from anything in the nature of an adulterant, cannot be too strongly emphasized. The showing Cleveland's makes, compared with all the principal brands, is such as to put it emphatically at the head of the list."

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

Few People Realize It.

What Heroic Efforts they Make to Appear Cheerful and Happy.

Maid of Orleans.

How many, think you, have any idea of the suffering endured by so large a proportion of the women of America?

Very few men have the slightest conception of the pain endured by so many women, even those of their own households, or the heroic efforts they make to appear cheerful and happy.

Women ought to be told just where the danger lies, for their whole future may depend upon their knowledge and how to overcome it.

Lydia E. Pinkham solved the mystery after years of experience and study. She unerringly traced the cause of nearly all of woman's suffering. Other years followed and her "Vegetable Compound" was given to the world.

And now, after years of marvellous success, it is acknowledged the unfailing remedy for all forms of female complaints. Ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements, and all irregularities peculiar to women, and it is found on the shelves of all respectable druggists thoughout the world.

Such a case as this of Mrs. M. F. Fozzy, of Campello, speaks volumes. She says: "I was very sick. I did not ever expect to get up again. The functions essentia to woman's health were in me entirely suspended. The pains all through my body were terrible. As a last resort I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a box of her Liver Pills. I also used a package of her Sanative Wash.

"Relief came at once, and to-day I am a well woman. Nothing can equal the Pinkham remedies for young or old."

THE WORKING GIRL.

WHY SHE WATCHES THE CLOCK.

Miss Sallie Palmer Gives the Cause and Some Suggestions.

Did you ever notice working girls on their way home from stores or factories?

Did you notice how many of them had pale cheeks, dull eyes, and heavy steps, and did you wonder why they were not ruddy and bright?

The story which is told by Miss Sallie Palmer, of Nicetown, Pa., gives the reason for this sad condition of many working girls.

Sometimes their backs and sides will ache terribly. They are faint and dizzy with pain in the lower part of their stomach. They watch the clock and wish that the day would end, as they feel so ill and tired.

Standing all day, week in and week out, they have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb. That, or some other derangement of the organ, causes irregularity or other troubles.

"Take warning in time," she says; "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you. I know, for I have tried it, and so have many of my friends, and it never fails." Every druggist in the land has it ready for you.

A book of great interest to Ladies, young and old, has recently been published; a copy of it will be sent free to any lady who writes for it and mentions this Magazine.

Address,

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co.,

LYNN, MASS.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.—MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.—

—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE M'F'G CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
Manufacturers of high grade hair preparations.
Register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery

CUT THIS OUT AS IT MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN

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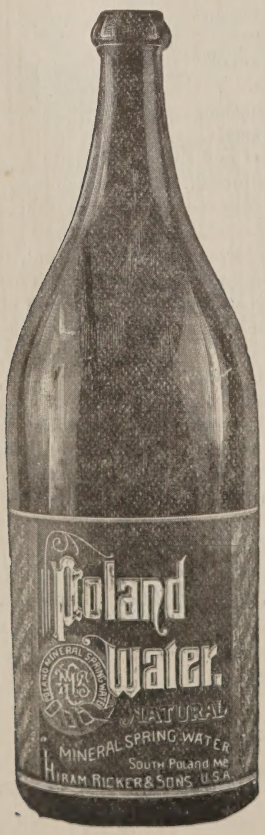

Poland Water

WAS THE FIRST KNOWN

SOLVENT of Calculi in the Bladder and Kidneys.

The First Known ELIMINATOR of Uric Acid from the System. It is most Effective as a NEUTRALIZER, hence a Cure—and a Sure One—for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., as it always absorbs all Excesses of URIC ACID.

It was the ONLY water exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition to receive a MEDAL and DIPLOMA for Purity and Great Medicinal Power.

And the ONLY water in New England to receive ANY award.

Its Annual Sales EXCEED the sales of the combined Saratoga Springs.

Poland Water is DELIVERED FREE within 10 miles of Boston, in cases or lots exceeding three gallons.

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Discontinuances. The MAGAZINE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publishers for its discontinuance, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. Subscribers will understand that we are as ready to discontinue their MAGAZINES as to enter new names, if such be their wish, but they must send notice direct to our office. Always give the name of the post-office to which your MAGAZINE is sent.

A SERIES of articles are now in the hands of our illustrators and will open in the next issue, the May number, which will have an extraordinary interest. The series comprises three articles on "Ancient Irish Schools," by Rev. Dr. T. J. Shahan, of Washington University. The subject and the name of the writer make advance words commendatory of the series superfluous to many of our readers. For those who do not realize at once the surpassing value of this coming feature, we wish to quote just two sentences from Dr. Shahan's first article. "These Celtic institutions of learning," he writes, "are the great hyphen between the schools of the Gallic rhetoricians of the fourth and fifth centuries, and the Court-Schools of Charlemagne in the eighth and ninth. They are the bridge by which the literary treasures of antiquity, the priceless deposit of human thought and endeavor during the thousand years of the Western classical culture, were in great part transferred from across the horrid chasm of the fifth and sixth centuries in which was swallowed up so much of the fruits of human intelligence, invention, and development."

Dr. Shahan has made a study of these schools, their location, studies, methods, and results, the sacrifices of their teachers, the splendid work of their pupils in all countries. His studies he will give to the readers of DONAHOE'S in a series of articles,— picturesque, interesting, patriotic. The articles will be illustrated by Louis Meynelle and James Kennedy.

WON'T you please look at the little address slip on the wrapper in which this Magazine came to you by mail, and see to what date your subscription is paid? If the date is not **March, 1895, or later,** please send us $2.00 or more at your earliest convenience, in order that your subscription may be paid up. Our rule, and that of every other successful publication in America, is that subscriptions must be paid in advance. Do not delay this little matter unless you really need the money at present for food or clothing, and we sincerely trust there is not one reader of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE whom this cruel year has afflicted so sorely. Next to the very necessities of life, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE should take precedence over everything else in the supplies of an American Catholic home. DONAHOE'S represents — we say it modestly and without vanity — the highest and the best production of our people in modern periodical literature. DONAHOE'S is the friend and the representative of all American Catholics in its field. Its work is one of difficulty and responsibility. It has done well, so even rivals say; it can and it must do better. It will be generous, yes, prodigal, in the devotion of all its resources to the great work of making each month a magazine true to Catholic teachings, fair to all men, and worthy to stand side by side with the great secular magazines. All it asks in return is that the people in whose interests it works, shall not be niggardly or

neglectful of their financial obligations. Can you pay up? Then do so. You will get it all back again, and more with it, in a DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE greater and better than ever.

In a letter received recently from our representative in a New York city, this sentiment was expressed: —

"When I ask a person to subscribe for DONAHOE'S, I feel that I am doing him a favor. To ask him is the same as saying to him that I believe he has an active brain, a fair mind, and a good heart. No one who does not think can appreciate DONAHOE'S. I have lived in this city 30 years and I have done no work so honorable or so helpful to my friends here, in my opinion, as I am doing now in representing DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE."

We want men such as this in every city and town; men who can appreciate the Magazine and who have the enterprise and the courage to present it to the Catholic people of the place. DONAHOE'S representatives are always men and women of exceptional intelligence. Average men might sell lightning rods or albums, but DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE naturally attracts representatives of larger calibre. Do you know of a worthy person of education, character, and intelligence in your vicinity who is at present out of work? Either men or women can succeed. Their work will be agreeable. Their pay sure. Recommend them to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

It was our intention to review in this issue the great prize contest settled last month, but lack of space again forbids. We would have liked very much to print some of the enthusiastic letters received from the winners of the $500; but now at the last moment we see that these will be crowded out. We cannot leave out any of our literary features, and our advertisers claim every other inch of space — which, by the bye, is a rare compliment to the enterprise and the intelligence of our readers. Maybe next month we can get space for this story of a great success.

Members of the Catholic Library Association will receive their catalogues about April 15.

Is it in Your House?

MEN interested in home-building for themselves or others, will find at least one advertisement in DONAHOE'S this month important in suggestion. It is that of the American Fire-Proofing Co., manufacturers of J. G. Merrill's patent "Salamander" fireproof composition for buildings. The "Salamander" is endorsed by such experts as Chief Damrell of the Boston Department of Inspection of Buildings, and F. E. Cabot of the Fire Underwriters.

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Fare $2 00 less than by lines offering same service.

If you are thinking of making a trip east, it will pay you to call at the Chicago office of the Erie, 242 Clark Street, Grand Pacific Hotel Building.

Adamant Wall Plaster.

FATHER BRANNAGAN of Belfast, Me., gives just and generous endorsement in this number to the Adamant Wall Plaster, manufactured by the New England Adamant Co., 166 Devonshire street, Boston. It's worth looking up.

A Hint to Housekeepers.

HAVE you yet used Parlor Pride? The next time your "store-man" comes ask him about it.

BUY YOUR
Clothing,
Jewelry,
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ON CREDIT
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We rebate the difference if you can buy lower elsewhere.

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REAL MAKERS OF A NATION'S WEALTH.

THE RETURN FROM CALVARY.

From a painting by Herbert Schmaltz.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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IS POPULAR GOVERNMENT TO FAIL IN AMERICA?

Indications that the foundations of our national life are being undermined by men who should strengthen them.— Prominent American Educators give startling testimony as to the growing mistrust of manhood suffrage.

THE American republic is founded upon faith in the people. Political equality is right. It is the best known civic device for the proper development of the social order. On it as a corner-stone rests the structure of American liberty, built by men whose patriotism, whose judgment, and whose integrity have been justified and vindicated by a national prosperity that has no parallel in history.

He who doubts democratic principles of government, or looks upon the problems of to-day as a reflection upon our system, rather than an invitation to solve those problems, is emphatically unpatriotic and un-American. That American citizens should, even by suggestion or innuendo, raise a doubt as to the ability of Americans to govern themselves is a startling revelation.

But there is a doubt. It is more than a suggestion and an innuendo. It comes as an avowed disbelief in popular rule on the part of men who, by training and opportunity, are best equipped to build up rather than malign what America holds most dear.

It is folly longer to wink at the facts. A new type of citizen has appeared, the American tory. There is nothing to equal it in the history of the world; it is utterly out of character with the age.

The American tory has a low opinion of the intelligence of the masses. He goes farther in his skepticism than the most extreme federalist of the last century. The prominent figures of Washington's time, even when urging constitutional safeguards against sudden bursts of popular passion, had the most profound and convincing faith in the judgment of the people. That faith to-day is the key to national progress. An assault upon it is an assault upon the very hearth-stone of the republic.

We raise a note of alarm at this time; we hear strange words from editors

and from college professors, who cast wanton reflections upon the judgment and honesty of the average man; we see men of culture attempting to rescue aristocracy from the tomb where popular government has laid it, and to undo in the library and sanctum what was nobly done upon battle fields and in legislative halls.

It has come to such a pass that editors like E. L. Godkin, of the New York Evening Post, bemoan in so many words the rule of the people. Their meaning is unmistakable. Speaking in the Forum of the attitude of educated men toward universal suffrage, that is, manhood suffrage, Mr. Godkin says: "As a general rule I think they really mistrust or regret it, but accept it as the inevitable." Mr. Godkin's paper is patronized by men who control vast material interests, and we recognize in his voice the authority of powerful classes.

Godkin in himself is nothing. As an editor he is a type. He is an apostle, as his paper is something of a gospel of, the new dispensation of aristocracy in a land of freedom. He has hitched his wagon to a star that used to shine. He would prefer, as Richard Henry Lee did upon a certain occasion, that votes be weighed instead of counted. There are many editors in Godkin's class, and it is well that the issue they dare now to raise should be promptly and firmly met.

There are two powerful cross currents of sentiment running in this country, one toward carrying out to the full the ideals of the fathers, and the other toward aristocratic rule through the gradual limiting of the right of suffrage.

The tory professor, as well as the tory editor, is in the saddle. Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College, has recently written: "Although we cannot criticise democracy profitably, it may be said of it, with reference to our present subject, that up to this time, democracy has never done anything, either in politics, social affairs, or industry, to prove its power to bless mankind." And again: "It is by no means certain that democracy in the United States has not, up to this time, been living on a capital inherited from aristocracy and industrialism. . . . Our democracy is limited at every turn by institutions which were developed in England in connection with industrialism and aristocracy, and these institutions are of the essence of our system."

It is plain enough from the unspeakable denseness of these opinions that there is one plant, and we trust but one plant, that feeds upon British aristocracy, — the American tory; and we assume from the nature of its nourishment that it is not destined to stifle the spirit of democracy. A college professor ought not to be reminded that British aristocracy has been living these many centuries upon the stalwart and ennobling sentiment of democracy abroad in Great Britain.

The political botanist may farther enrich his herbarium by plucking tory specimens from the writings of David A. Wells, who has felt quite recently called upon to say: "The United States is trying an experiment for which there is no precedent in the world's history. We have entrusted the selection of legislators and the determination of the policy of the federal and state governments through universal suffrage, to the masses, who have little faith in, or knowledge of, economic principles, and who do not recognize that hardly a method can be proposed for

the material advancement of mankind which has not been somewhere, or at some time, practically tried, and that the resulting experiences are worth studying."

We have here a bill of indictment against the masses for ignorance and stupidity drawn by a political economist. He casts reflections upon the intelligence of a people that have built up the mightiest nation in the world, and he attacks the very element that constitutes its greatness, the average judgment of the masses. He is picking flaws in the basement stones of the American commonwealth. Can it be that some of our educators do not know the very primer of democratic principles?

There can be no modus vivendi established between the classes and the masses. Sparta agreed at one time to accept the joint reign of two kings; but a pure democracy must govern alone or be governed. If the people make the laws, aristocracy cannot. If aristocracy gains foot-room in this republic, democracy will become but the splendid masquerade of power paraded for the amusement of the few. Mr. Wells should know that all the people are wiser than any of the people. The weak spot in the contention of tories like Mr. Wells is that they cultivate qualities of the mind at the expense of graces of the heart. No great civilization was ever based upon the stark brain-power of any set of men. It is not enough to think out an algebraic formula of human society. It must be lived out. Both the aristocrat and the savage can think, — sometimes they think alike, — but neither can found great nations. Civilization is the robust child of brain and heart, and must grow in an atmosphere of morality. The purely intellectual aristocrat, bred in the toils of a subtle erudition unwarmed by the temperature of humanity, can domineer, but he can neither guide nor counsel wisely. The sentiment of even justice and of brotherhood, man to man, avowed in universal suffrage and vindicated in many ordeals of this the greatest of nations, is the vital educating force of the century.

We had assumed, until the American tory put in an appearance, that editors and professors above all others understood this, and we are far from saying that a majority of them do not. In order, therefore, that there can be no occasion for misunderstanding on this issue, for our indictment is not against all educated men, we quote an admirable letter from Seth Low, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., and now president of Columbia College, New York City, written in reply to a request for his opinion as to the attitude of educated men toward universal suffrage in view of these declarations of the new school. President Low writes as follows: —

It seems to me impossible to generalize as to the attitude on any given subject of so large a class as is comprehended by the phrase "educated men." Doubtless there are many who feel as Mr. Godkin says. Personally, I am not of that number. It seems to me that universal suffrage is the greatest uplifting and educating force ever set at work among the masses of men. It certainly gives form to many of the problems of modern society; but I have yet to learn of any period in the world's history when the times were not full of problems. In the meanwhile, universal suffrage puts into the body politic the element that feels as

well as the element that thinks. A man who is all intellect is not always wise in action; and our American communities, as I have observed, not infrequently make decisions contrary to the judgment of the few, which ultimately are justified by the outcome.

Seth Low.

These are the high, warm sentiments of a genuine American. There is a liberal education in his very assertion, "Universal suffrage puts into the body politic the element that feels as well as the element that thinks."

The taking away of the element that feels would be as fatal to a nation as to an individual. Contrast President Low's attitude with that of Rev. Joseph Cook who remarked some time ago in the heat of a discussion on paper currency, graduated income taxes, and other schemes for relieving the burdens of the people: —

> I say, come on with your schemes of confiscation, and forced loans, and graded income taxes, and irredeemable currency, under universal suffrage, and if you are sufficiently frank in proclaiming the doctrines of your ring leaders, then, under military necessity, and even here in the United States, we must get rid of universal suffrage, and we shall. [Applause.] Rather than allow these things we will have one of the fiercest of civil wars. [Prolonged applause.]

Reflection may have toned down Mr. Cook's views, but he still refuses to accept universal suffrage without "mental reservation." In a letter dated April 3, 1894, Mr. Cook writes: "My impression is that educated Americans generally favor the reading test, and some of them would like compulsory voting and woman suffrage. In a lecture I gave in Denver, Col., recently on 'Perils and Safeguards of the Polls' my watchword was, 'No sex, no shirks, no simpletons in suffrage,' and the audience was very frank in its approval of this general position." We very much fear, from the knowledge of Mr. Cook's character as a thinker and from his recorded words as to popular government, that his interpretation of "simpletons" would be free enough to exclude from the polls all men who disagreed with him. At all events, Mr. Cook begs the question when he restricts the suffrage to those who he believes are able to think on public questions, and would on the other hand drive to the polls with a club those who know how to vote but refuse to exercise the privilege. When a republic can lift itself by its bootstraps, such notions of popular government will command a premium.

It becomes a matter of great moment, in view of this extraordinary appearance of aristocratic sentiment, to know just how far the distrust of the people has spread, and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE believes that it is performing a public service in printing replies to the following circular letter sent out the latter part of March: —

DEAR SIR: — Editor E. L. Godkin, of the New York Evening Post, speaking in the Forum of the attitude of educated men toward universal suffrage, says: "As a general rule, I think, they either mistrust or regret it, but accept it as the inevitable." Would it be too much to ask if you have discovered this tendency among educated men?

Reply of a College President, (name withheld.)

I think Mr. Godkin is quite right in his statement in regard to many educated men. Whether they do not cherish a hope that we are to emerge from our present perils, — and a hope well grounded on many good signs, — is another question. I have not thought my own way out of the perplexities into which my earnest reflections on the subject brought me, and prefer not to be quoted on the subject. Probably many students of the matter vary in their opinions from year to year.

Reply of President Capen of Tufts College.

For reply to your inquiry of the 25th instant, I would say that I think there are a good many educated men who look with distrust upon a widely extended suffrage. This not because they are undemocratic in their feeling, but because their habits of mind lead them to question whether "things as they are" are the best for the world. . . . Fitz James Stephen, 20 years ago in his work on "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," said: "The whole current of thought and feeling, the whole stream of human affairs, is setting with irresistible force in that direction," — of universal suffrage, — "the old ways of living, many of which were just as bad in their time as any of our devices can be in ours, are breaking down all over Europe and are floating this way and that like hay cocks in a flood. Nor do I see why any wise man should expend much thought or trouble on trying to save their wrecks." I have sometimes tried this most eloquent but most pessimistic argument on my educative friends, who were opposed to universal suffrage, but never was able to produce much effect with it. Indeed, the majority of educated men are not fatalists, and do not acquiesce in things because they think them inevitable. They may be apathetic with doubt, but when they have a conviction, as a rule, they act on it.

E. H. Capen

Reply of President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College.

I think that few "educated men" believe in universal suffrage as a natural right; but I know of none who would wish to withdraw it as a political right already established under our system of government.

William J. Tucker.

Reply of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College.

I should say that the opinions of educated men as a class about universal suffrage are divided, just as the opinions of business men as a class are. Some think that suffrage in the hands of the ignorant is a danger to the state. Others think that the only way to train large bodies of men to an intelligent use of the suffrage is to give them practice in it. Others think that universal suffrage, though undesirable in itself, is nevertheless the best safety valve that has ever been invented. Personally I should not be able to make the affirmation which you quote from Mr. Godkin.

Charles W. Eliot

Reply of Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, President of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

I am sorry that the assertion should be put before the public that educated men, as a general rule, mistrust or regret universal suffrage. I can truly say that, neither in my own convictions, nor in my contact with the convictions of educated men, have I found any considerable or serious foundation for such an assertion.

The more I look into the social condition of mankind, the more I am convinced that the lower classes, as they are called, if only blessed with proper educational and religious influences, are quite competent to judge concerning their own interests; nay, are better fitted to judge of them than those who, being in higher classes, come little in contact with their needs, and have but little sympathy for them. And if they are the best fitted to judge concerning their own interests, it seems to me a matter of common equity that they should have a voice in the administration of the government which has to provide for those interests.

I do not believe that political corruption exists among them in greater proportion than among the higher classes, to whom no one will think of denying the suffrage.

Let a nation do its duty in helping religion to do her blessed work among them, and then I firmly believe that on them will the welfare of the country chiefly depend.

John J. Keane

Reply of President William F. Warren of Boston University.

I think most educated people of my acquaintance regard universal suffrage as

yielding a less perfect government than a well-conducted aristocracy, but as producing a far more perfect citizenship on the average, and a far more perfect political development.

William F. Warren.

Reply of President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin College.

I have met the view to which you refer, but I have no means of knowing how widely it is entertained.

William De Witt Hyde

Reply of J. G. Schurman of Cornell University.

Replying to your letter dated March 29, I would say that the attitude toward universal suffrage, which Mr. Godkin attributes to educated men, does not conform to my observation in the matter. It is only among men of this class, who hold themselves aloof from politics, that such a feeling is manifested. These apart, I think that educated men are as much in favor of universal suffrage as any other class of men.

J. G. Schurman

Reply of President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago.

It is my impression that Editor Godkin, in the quotation which you cite, expresses the feeling which seems to me to be quite prevalent.

William R. Harper

There is much that is true and thoroughly American in these letters; but the significant part is that six college and university presidents out of ten have discovered among many educated men this feeling of mistrust of universal suffrage, that two of them have not observed this feeling, that one sees poorer administration and better citizenship under democracy than aristocracy, and that one denies that universal suffrage is a natural right.

As for the press of the country, it will be sufficient for our enlightenment to

note the general fact that during the last year or two more editorials reflecting upon the ability of the people to govern themselves have appeared than during any other period in our history. The New York Tribune begins an editorial review of violent conflicts between local and state authorities and political factions with the remark that a foreigner landing in this country would find much to disturb his faith in our institutions. Events, it adds, crowd so fast upon each other as to dull the senses, and the Tribune thinks that few men realize how much there is in these disturbances to cause discouragement and alarm as to our system of government. Perhaps the following passages from a recent Boston Herald editorial best reflect the attitude of many editors, who, for the first time, have felt moved to put into words their deepest fears: —

> It cannot be too frequently insisted upon that there is nothing in the democratic form of control that of itself makes toward order and honest government. Where the average of intelligence, public spirit, and disinterestedness is not tolerably high among the people, a democracy is the worst form of government that can be adopted. Where it is high it is the best. . . . We have in this country a relatively high average of intelligence; but with us the problem of democratic government is still on trial — with the Scylla of anarchy on one side and the Charybdis of despotism on the other. Success can only be attained by keeping the privilege of voting within restricted bounds, until by degrees the entire mass of the people have been brought up to the point needed to wisely employ this privilege. If it were possible, it would undoubtedly be a salutary step to deprive a great many of the franchise who now enjoy it; but in matters of this kind steps backward cannot be taken.

Thus has the alien sentiment of toryism dulled even the judgment of American professors and editors. In sorrow and alarm we hear these revelations, and feel like saying with Thomas Jefferson upon his death bed: "Call the committees!" those groups of stanch men in the towns and villages, the country over, who, in 1776, formulated the will of the majority, and, in spite of prophets of ill, fought for freedom, broad based upon the will of the sovereign people. The theory that the ballot is a privilege bestowed and not a right of birth is a fiction of the schools.

"Mighty is the power of public opinion," thundered Webster in Faneuil Hall. It was public opinion that decreed our federal constitution, although men like Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, Elbridge Gerry, James Monroe, Albert Gallatin and George Clinton opposed the ratification of that famous contribution to the science of government. The will of the majority has back of it that principle which Jefferson declared to be "the natural law of every society and the only sure guardian of the rights of man. . . . Perhaps even this may sometimes err; but its errors are honest, solitary, and short-lived. Let us then forever bow down to the general reason of society."

Jefferson spoke for more ages than his own. Let Great Britain combat universal suffrage, if she will; America has fought that battle. Professor Huxley has recently condemned the democratic tendencies of England. While he respects "the great heart of the people," he has no respect for "the great head of the people." He adds: "I imagine that in all things intellectual, the people require guidance, and that universal suffrage is not the way to get at this guidance." This may be wisdom in London; it is rank heresy in America. Doctrinaires and academicians did not lay the corner-stone of the

American republic. It was the work of the judgment, the virtue, the broad intelligence, and moral convictions of the people. If to-day there is danger ahead, it is not the first time that the American republic has faced it. The conditions of our national life invite danger. Security from invasion, natural resources, triumphs of invention and commerce, have led undoubtedly to an over confidence in ourselves. Americans are the most free handed, self-confident, generous, and confiding of peoples. They have gone so far in their spirit of trust as to even accept without much thought the tuition of scholastic economists. But the safety is that they are realizing it. Certain it is, that they will not in their concern turn to the tories for help. Great aggregations of capital have been permitted to develop until they menace the social order. This danger was foreseen even at the very beginning.

"In no country," wrote Noah Webster, in 1787, just after the United States constitution had been submitted to the various states for ratification, — and he emphatically voiced the sentiment of his times, — "in no country is education so general; in no country have the body of the people such a knowledge of the rights of men and the principles of government. This knowledge, joined with a keen sense of liberty and watchful jealousy will guard our constitution and awaken the people to an instantaneous resistance of encroachments. But a principal bulwark of freedom is the right of election. An equal distribution of property is the foundation of a republic; but popular elections form the great barrier which defends it from assault, and guards it from the slow and imperceptible approaches of corruption. Americans, never resign that right!"

The principles of universal suffrage will never be abandoned by Americans. The past is secure, and the "great heart" and the "great head" of the people will make the future secure also.

THOMAS MOORE.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

MOORE, men shall say what things they will of thee,
And critics speak to laud or blame thy lays,
But none so daring as do aught but praise
The rich effusions of thy minstrelsy,
Thy tender, throbbing Irish melody.
In Lalla Rookh thou tell'st of Eastern ways,
In odes Anacreon of Grecian days,
But child-like, kneeling at thy Mother's knee,
Thy listening soul absorbs her strains of love,
Her glories past, her patient pathos now,
Her martial spirit to do deeds above
The realms of sense, and for her holy brow
Thy hands entwine the sacred wreath of song,
Emblem of right for her who suffers wrong.

HIS NAME WAS RILEY.

BY FREDERICK STANSBURY.

HE night was dark and cold. Private No. 712, of the Metropolitan force, gathered his great coat more closely over his ample chest as he thought ruefully of the thousands of shivering wretches who possessed no great coats to button.

"Catch him, officer!"

No. 712 gave chase in a manner that reflected credit on his athletic training. He moved with a rapidity not usually observable in bodies of such bulk. Before the third block was reached his huge hand descended upon the shoulder of the thief.

The boy — he was scarcely more — made no resistance. With trembling hand he handed to the policeman the pocketbook he had snatched from the lady.

"It is my first crime," he said, simply; "my wife is starving!"

The youth's name and offence were entered on the blotter of the 90th Precinct station house and he was locked in cell number 12.

That night a singular conference took place. In a richly furnished drawing room two people talked in earnest undertones. One was a sweet-faced lady with silver hair, and the other a burly policeman with great breadth of chest.

. . . . . .

One year later. Night once more. No. 712, having completed his watch, was hurrying home, taking in with each breath enough oxygen to last an ordinary man for a week. His kindly eye was bright with anticipation of a good supper and a pleasant home-evening with Hannah and the babies. The son and heir — 712 No. 2 — was now large enough to toddle about the room astride daddy's night-stick, transformed for the nonce into a fiery charger. The leather thong served excellently for a bridle. As the picture presented itself to the inner vision of No. 712, his thoughts were decidedly pleasant.

A hand was laid on his arm.

"Do you remember me?" said the owner of the hand, in a low voice in which a note of shame was perceptible.

"Can't say I do," answered No. 712 with rough kindness.

"One year ago," continued the voice, "I stole a lady's purse. I think now that I must have been insane, but I do not offer that as an excuse. My little wife, who had given up a good home for me, was literally starving, but she made no sign of complaint. I saw but one thing,— her face — it haunted me. I had but one thought,— her suffering.

"An old lady passed me with a purse in her hand. Quick as a thought I seized it and ran. You caught me, and you locked me up.

"I spent that night on my knees in the dark cell, praying that she might not know. I hugged with insane pleasure the idea that she might pass away in the night and my shame would remain with me alone. I had no hope of escape.

"Next day I was discharged. No

one appeared against me and it was said that you were too ill to appear in Court. You did not look ill."

No. 712 smiled with his eyes. His mouth remained solemn and stern.

"I dragged myself home in an agony of apprehension. Judge of my surprise to find my wife not alone. Her companion was a lady, sweet-faced and elderly,—with silver hair.

"The dismal room was changed as by a fairy hand. There was a bright fire in the grate; there was food and a bottle of wine on the table. There were also some books, which made the room seem homelike.

"And now I have a little business of my own here on the Avenue, thanks to her. I am a stationer. We are comfortable and I am honest—now.

"My wife never knew until after the baby came. When she got stronger I told her all.

"I am near the end of my story. My wife would like to see you, if only once, to thank you. Our baby is a boy, and Sarah thought she would like to ask your permission to name it after you, Mr.— Mr.——"

"Riley," said the policeman, huskily.

CONFIDENCE.

BY W. S. SNYDER.

Our lifelong troth a paradise
To us shall be,
Made by the light of loving eyes
And fervency
Of heart-kept love, full tenderly
Bespoke, ere it is spoken;
Made constant by pure thoughts, and sweet
As fragrance from the cinnamon
And myrrh; made even more replete
By confidence inspired and won
By ne'er a promise broken.
This is the talisman and token,
The fragrance of the cinnamon
And myrrh of love, kept ever sweet
By confidence inspired and won
By ne'er a promise broken!

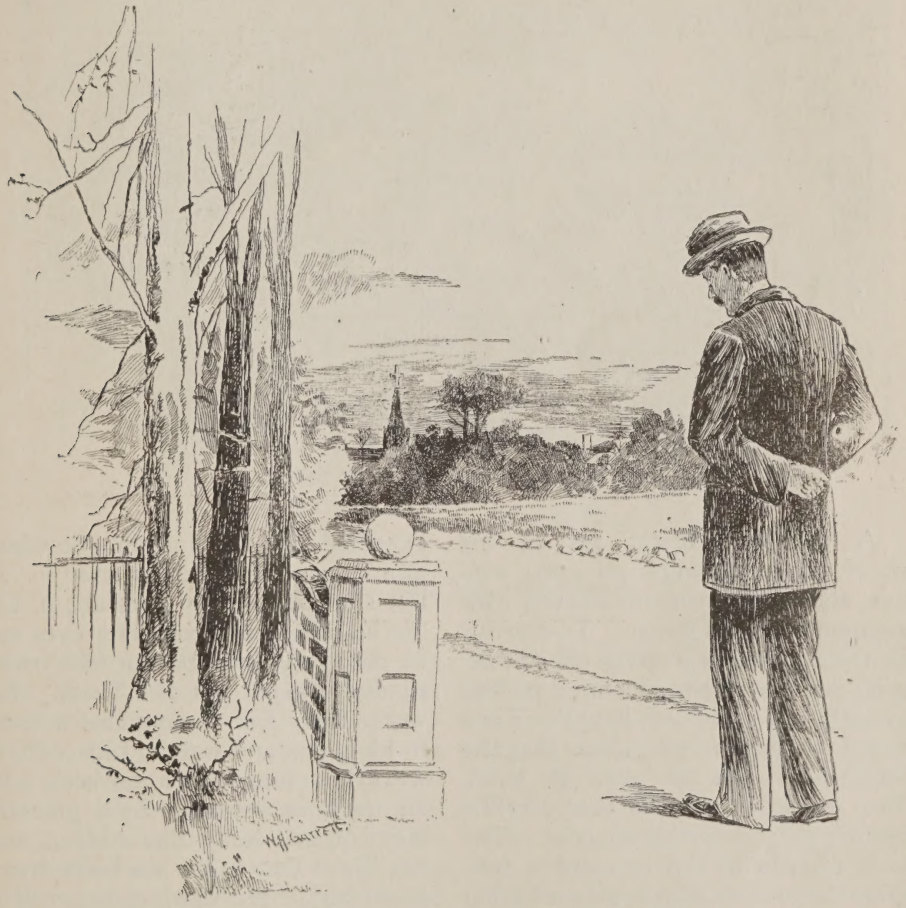
TWO FRAGMENTS FROM LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS C. MCGOLDRICK.

I. AS IT WAS.

A COLLEGE student sat in his study. For two years with untiring diligence he had labored for his degree, and now his work was almost done. To-morrow he will undergo the rigorous scrutiny of his examiners, and the yes or no of his destiny will be answered. He had no fear of the result. Visions of future greatness rose before him, and he thought of the happiness with which he would crown the evening of his dear old mother's life. Yes, to-morrow will end his studies and life's real battle will begin. As he sat idly musing, palaces of ambition rose like magic on the cloud-land of his fancy, and his face was a picture of innocent joy. Sweet dreamland! In thy realms every man is a monarch. He wishes, and his thoughts are anticipated; he speaks, and the world is at his feet, but alas! when he grasps its glory and its wealth his eyes open and his hands are empty. The student's dream was brought to an abrupt conclusion. There was a loud and prolonged knock at his door, and a messenger handed him a telegram. He opened it with trembling hands and read: "Your mother is very ill, come at once." For an instant the impossibility of passing his examination swept across his consciousness and filled him with despair, but with indignation he banished the thought as quickly as it came. Success was shorn of its splendor if she lived not to rejoice with him. With anxious forebodings he prepared for his journey and started on his homeward way. It was the afternoon of the next day when the train drew into his native town. Kind friends awaited him, and his heart leaped with joy when they whispered, "She still lives." He hurried to his home and found her unconscious. Will she not speak to him and bless him before the light leaves her eyes forever? He prayed at her bedside and while he knelt there her eyes opened, her face became radiant with a smile of unutterable love, and then softly, as evening shadows fall, the angel Death beckoned her away and she was at rest. He wept long and bitterly. She was all the world to him, she had cherished him in his childhood, and she had guided him to the noblest of manhood's ideals. While the body was prepared for burial he went forth unconscious of

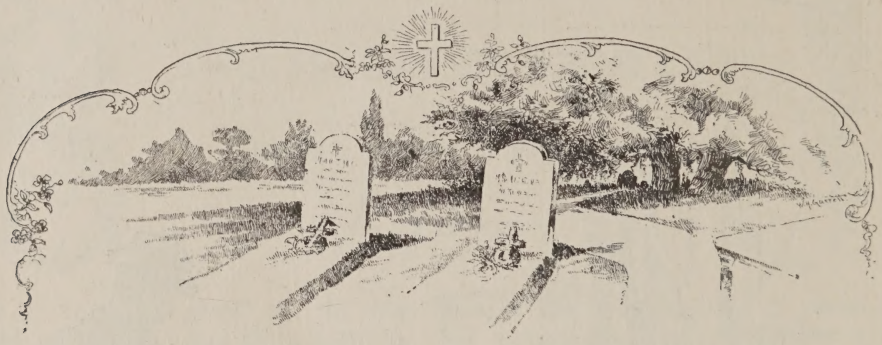
his destination. Whither will he go? He does not wish to meet his friends or hear their words of sympathy, for his dearest friend could not measure his intense agony; he must be alone with his grief. As he hesitated for a moment, not knowing whither to turn, he saw in the distance the cross of the parish church bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun. There her love had kept its lonely vigils praying for his success. There, too, he will go, and in its solemn stillness his grief will soar on wings of prayer, and he will be nearer his beloved. He has almost reached the open doors. Behind him rush a pair of frightened, panic-stricken horses, but he hears not the footsteps of approaching doom. Two helpless women occupy the carriage; death is before them. Suddenly their despairing cries rouse him from his lethargy of woe. He sees their danger, and without a moment for reflection, without an instant's meditation on his own peril, with one bound the hero sprang at the heads



"In the Distance the Cross of the Parish Church."

of the frantic coursers, caught them, struggled for a time, and then fell beneath their cruel hoofs. The two lives were saved but the student was dead,— dead when he was best fitted to live.

After the calamity those who knew and loved him looked up to heaven, but they saw no star of hope in the blackness of darkness which flooded the night.



II. AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A college student sat in his study gazing through an open window across the meadows decked with summer's garb of green. To-morrow in triumph he will carry off his degree and enter the gleaming portals of ambition. He was happy. Time flew with leaden wings now that the fated hour was so near at hand. That night in a far distant city his mother prayed for his success. The next afternoon she received a telegram from him which informed her that fortune had smiled upon his efforts, and he was now on his homeward way. With all her heart she thanked God, and with a vague uneasiness which she could not explain, awaited the advent of her darling boy. It was only a year since she saw him and yet she wondered if absence had changed him. She thought his letters had of late breathed a less affectionate tone, but perhaps she expected too much from one whose mind was so absorbed in study. At last she clasped her arms about him and scanned his face. Her eyes saw no change in him, but an indefinable shadow swept over her heart. For weeks after his coming she listened to his plans and watched his actions with the intensity of a mother's love. As the months rolled by a presentiment of evil hung like a cloud over her life. One night she had a dream about him. He was her boy still in the prime of his strength, and yet how changed! There was a look of passion and selfishness upon his face as if the Evil one had stamped it with his seal. His robes were scarlet with sin, and as she saw the chapters of his life unfolding themselves to her gaze she cried out in her agony, "O God, if he had only died with the golden radiance of baptismal innocence upon his chil-

dish brow." Then she awoke and her heart was filled with unutterable sorrow. It was after all only a dream and she tried to banish it from her thoughts. The year however had hardly passed when she saw the fantastic images of her dream becoming realities in her son's career, and time had revealed to her the cause of the unspeakable change. During his absence from home the young man had lost his faith, and his mother's love could not fan it into life again. Intellectual pride sat like an idol upon the altar of his heart, and it was not long before other demons claimed an equal shrine. His home had grown commonplace and vulgar. His mother's prayers and advice irritated him, for they unveiled to his unwilling vision the degradation of his life. Amid the gilded youth of the town he sought to appease the hunger of his sin-stained heart and stifle the despairing cries of his dying conscience. Ambition fled beneath the sway of the wine cup, shame perished under repeated transgression, and deeper he sank day by day, until at last, without hope, without repentance, without purpose, like a ragged prodigal he sat unsatisfied amid the husks of barren hopes. His mother still prayed for him, still hoped for him — vain hope! The temple of his manhood was a ruin, his soul a wreck. Oh, if while he stood on the threshold of his mother's house, about to depart for college, he had fallen dead upon the doorstep what a blessing death would have been! Vice was followed by fatal disease. One day his neighbors heard that his end was not far away, and they rejoiced for his mother's sake. Passing the house one morning the priest entered. The sick man would not see him. To-morrow he may come, I am not ready to-day. To-morrow! The

"Amid the Gilded Youth of the Town."

priest went to him early the next morning, but he was dead. Over the corpse bent a white-haired woman, her eyes red with weeping, her reason unseated from its throne. She gazed steadily at the minister of peace and cried out, "Would that he had died when he was a babe," and then, after a moment's silence, she shrieked, "His soul is lost, lost, lost!"

"Her Reason Unseated."

Her heart was broken, she fell heavily upon the floor, and when they raised her up again she was dead!

. . . .

What was and what might have been! Only pictures of the fancy, and yet how often omnipotent mercy calls men away from earth that they may escape what might have been! How often obscure men live while genius is nipped in the bud, because, in the plans of Supreme Wisdom,—

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing his glory wrong."

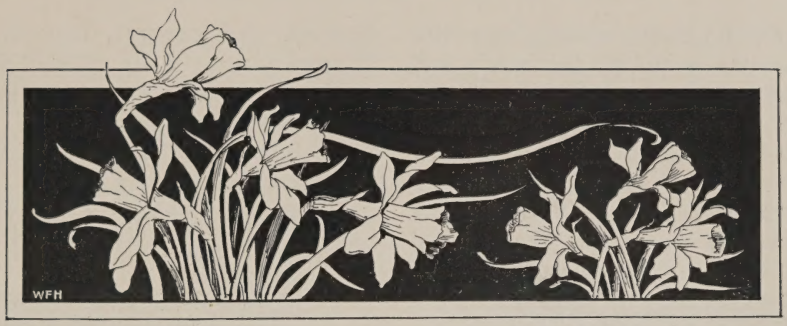
And yet men look up to the silent skies and murmur and wonder if they are only grist in an infinite mill whose stones grind on forever. But though their dull eyes see it not God stands behind the storm-cloud, and the rainbow spans the gloom and Mercy rules the world forever.

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true."

DECORATION DAY.

BY W. D. KELLY.

FLOWERS for the brave, who fought and fell
The land they loved to save!
Aye, bring them here, and let them dwell
Upon each hallowed grave:
No sweeter service love can claim,
Or gratitude essay,
Than to perpetuate their fame
Whose graves we deck to-day.



THE ANCIENT SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.—I.

BY REV. DR. THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

ALL lovers of early Christian letters and antiquities are well aware that there once existed in Ireland a system of schools, public and private, to which mediæval Europe owed in great measure the preservation of the classics and of the traditions of teaching, as well as the refinement of artistic tastes, the cultivation of elegant penmanship, and many other relics of the Greco-Roman culture. These Celtic institutions of learning were the great hyphen between the schools of the Gallic rhetoricians of the fourth and fifth centuries, and the court-school of Charlemagne in the eighth and ninth.

They were the bridge by which the literary treasures of antiquity, the priceless deposit of human thought and endeavor during the thousand years of the western classical culture, were in great part transferred across the horrid chasm of the fifth and sixth centuries, in which was swallowed up so much of the fruits of human intelligence, invention, and development.

Long before the Norman set foot on English soil, when he was yet the Northman, a sanguinary robber of the weak and defenceless, Ireland had earned the title of Island of Doctors and of Saints. She had numerous famous schools in which thousands of students acquired a knowledge of religion, philosophy, history, languages, the exact and natural sciences, the fine arts, law and medicine — such a knowledge as could not then be obtained in any part of Europe. From the sixth to the tenth century, the whole island was covered with establishments of piety and learning, in which numberless teachers taught all the sciences of antiquity, and numberless others transcribed the writings of the ancients, or added to the stock of human knowledge.

It is doubtful if ever, before or

NOTE. — The initial letters on this and succeeding pages are taken from the manuscript of the "Book of Kells." This book is mentioned in the Irish Annals as the great Gospel of Colomb of the Church. It probably was so named, not because Colomba wrote the book or executed its marvellous decorations, but because it was the copy of the four Gospels used in the church of Kells, which was founded by Colomba.

since, there existed among an entire people such a thirst for study and information, such noble emulation in the provinces of profane and sacred learning, so chivalrous a desire to communicate to the outlying world the rich fruits of their labors. Within 100 years of the arrival of St. Patrick there existed such schools as Bangor in Down, which could send over to the continent men like Columbanus, whose Latin prose and poetry, whose erudition and original, romantic style, form almost the sole amenities of continental Latin literature, at a period when men like Gregory of Tours and Gregory the Great yet flourished. Had these peaceful institutions been allowed to flourish, had the human mind in western and central Europe been allowed to evolve its gifts under the guidance of these Irish Christian teachers, who knows what might have been the fate of mediæval studies and literature?

Bede and Alcuin acknowledged their superiority, and these English moulders of mediæval thought were themselves, in no small measure, the product of the Celtic schools of Ireland. The most original and daring thinker of the early Middle Ages was the Irishman, Scotus Erigena, and for a long time Irishmen alone seem to have preserved the knowledge of Greek, music, and mathematics. They were a race of teachers filled with an insatiable curiosity, and gifted with a rare power of for-

Muckross Abbey

[Muckross Abbey was founded by the McCarthys in 1440, on the site of a much older church which was destroyed by fire in 1192. The ruins consist of a church and convent, the former about 100 feet in length, and consisting of choir, nave, transept, tower, and cloisters, the latter still almost perfect, and consisting of a beautiful quadrangle of arches, some with pointed and others with semi-circular heads. In the centre stands a venerable yew tree said to be as old as the abbey itself.

Within the ruins of Muckross Abbey are numberless tombs of the princes of Munster, the McCarthys, and in later days of the O'Donoghues, as well as scores of graves in which sleep the monks and friars whose voices woke the echoes of the monastery in the golden age of Ireland's greatness.]

mation, and a capacity for instilling the literary spirit in their disciples, so strong and efficient, that wherever the Irish monastic teacher set up his little hut and school, the succession of teachers never died out. Witness St. Gall, Bobbio, Reichenau, Iona, St. David's, Glastonbury, and many other schools in which they perpetuated the traditions and methods of their race late into the middle ages.

Had the blending of the antique and the new taken place in mediæval Christianity under the direction of minds so open to all the charms of style and form, so erudite, so sympathetic for all that was elegant and graceful, so accustomed to transform without violence the untenable of ancient ethnicism, so mild and studious, — had they continued to be the nurses of the mediæval renaissance, the story of its vicissitudes might have been another one, and the break between the elegance of Hellenism and the rough, rigid mediævalism less thorough, less striking, and less lengthy.

II.

In order to understand why the Irish Celt ought to be so proud of the reputation of his race for scholarliness and refinement, we must go back in spirit to the history of the period from A. D 400 to the year 900, the period of the barbarian invasions and re-settlement of central and southern Europe. Great hordes of brutal heathen peoples, without laws and without culture, fell suddenly, with brief warning, upon the fairest lands of Europe. They laid waste the civilization of a thousand years, transformed order into anarchy, burned and pillaged the cities, ruined the farms and estates of France, Italy, and Spain. Bands of Franks and Alemanni, of Huns, Vandals, and Goths, of Heruli, Lombards, and piratical Saxons, trod under foot the flower of Greek and Roman culture.

Between the year 400 and the year 500, the sword, the flames, hunger, and the pest had decimated the classic nations of antiquity. Literature and the schools vanished before the ruthless conquerors. The gentle manners of Roman society gave way to the most dark and odious barbarism. There was neither generosity in public, nor courtesy in private, life. Everywhere the most atrocious cruelty, a refinement of ferocity, — the human race seemed to sink to the level of the wild beasts. The pen can hardly relate the crude depravity of manners which existed on the continent during the years of collapse and ruin, the period in which the Northern barbarians were occupied in settling themselves on the lands of the Roman people in Gaul and Spain and Italy.

On all sides the bonds of society were loosed. The old order went out in wildest confusion; anarchy and corruption reigned supreme. Here and there some fearless bishop or intrepid monk attempted to stem the torrent of public and private vice, but in vain. The schools were closed, once so eloquent. The orators were silent, the night of ignorance and oppression began, and its horrors make us shudder after more than a thousand years, by their very recital Men forget how to write their language, the Latin tongue, with even

tolerable correctness. An unknown document of that day written in good Latin would be at once suspected as a forgery by any modern scholar, — since for a long time there were so few capable of producing such work. Only one country escaped these frightful disorders, — that was Ireland. The Northern and Eastern barbarians spared that distant island, which thus became the refuge of thousands of Gauls, Spaniards, Italians, and even Orientals, driven from their homes by the invading hordes. Other multitudes came to Ireland to escape the anarchy of the continent. It was the one haven of refuge in the west for men of Roman culture, — even England was falling by piecemeal into the hands of the Angles, the Jutes, and the Saxons, savage pirates who scoured incessantly the Northern seas, and erased from the soil of Britain nearly all traces of the old Roman civilization.

III.

It is impossible in the short space at my disposal to set forth all the interesting information we possess concerning the ancient Irish schools and their learning. I must confine myself to some general outlines, as it would take a large book to do justice to the subject. The Irish schools had a powerful influence on the continent from the year 500 to the year 1000, in which time their monks, missionaries, and students literally overran Europe. They were among the wisest and most energetic counsellors of Charlemagne in the splendid restoration of learning which he accomplished in the latter half of the eighth century, and when in the middle of the tenth century, Otho the Great of Germany undertook a similar reform, the Irish monks were among his most trusty helpers. Their schools were scattered along the Rhine, in Burgundy, Alsace, Lombardy, and Bavaria. They were painters, illuminators, musicians, and sculptors, besides being apostles, preachers, and confessors.

Of all their labors for humanity on the continent, — the monasteries they built, the roads they opened, the swamps they dried, the canals they constructed, the soil they tilled, the heathen they converted and civilized, the down-trodden peasantry they consoled, instructed, and elevated, I can only make a passing mention. The upper and the lower Rhine, the Black Forest, Switzerland, Alsace, and Lorraine, Lombardy, and Bavaria are under the deepest obligations to those good Celtic men for the introduction or reform of Christianity, the softening of manners, acquaintance with the ancient classic models of thought and expression, the first lessons in music and the fine arts, — in a word, it was the Irish missionaries who took these coarse and ignorant pagans by the hand, and introduced them to the benefits and charms of a superior human society.

In these short sketches I will confine myself to the Irish schools in Ireland, their number, their character, their external appearance, their teachers and students, as well as the arts and sciences which were taught there.

The Irish Celts were a highly cultured people when St. Patrick arrived in Ireland. They had considerable barbaric luxury in dress and dwellings, and used weapons and ornaments of gold and silver. They had many kinds of musical instruments, and their tournaments or knightly games of chivalry reveal a people far advanced in civilization, fond of its arts, and intent on de-

veloping them. Their priests, the Druids, possessed a great deal of learning of a certain kind,— such as it was, it was eagerly sought after, and their schools were filled with many thousands of the pagan Irish youth. They never taught within four walls, but always in the depths of some great forest, under the spreading oaks, on the summit of some lonely mountain, or in some remote valley.

Barnesmore Gap.

[Lovers of the picturesque can nowhere find a place more worthy of a visit than the famous Barnesmore Gap, which winds along between Donegal and Ballyshannon, in the heart of the country which formerly owed allegiance to the princes of Tyrconnel. The ruins of the ancient castle and abbey of the O'Donnells may yet be seen, as they recall to the mind of the tourist "Tyrconnel's dread war-cry, O'Donnell Abu."]

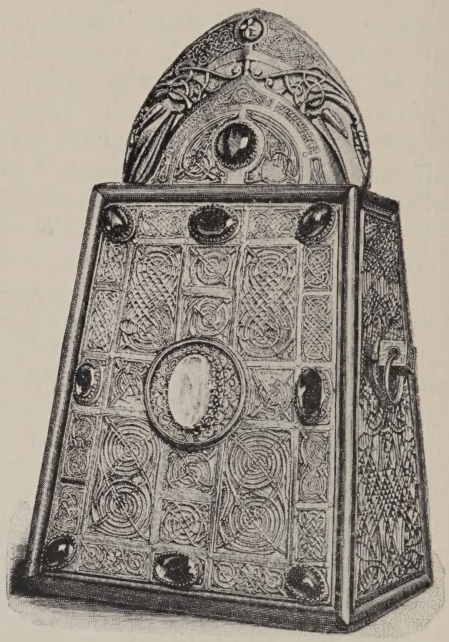
The land was filled with poets, historians, and philosophers, or men of wide, general information, who were held in high esteem. There was a system of law, with advocates and judges. Altogether, St. Patrick found an excellent basis of character and culture on which to elevate the edifice of the Christian faith. He was himself a learned man, who had studied many years in the best Christian and classic schools of Gaul and Italy. He had seen much of the world before coming to Ireland. His first converts were among the learned men. He himself spread the love of learning everywhere, by preparing little manuals or catechisms, by teaching the language of civilized Europe, by introducing the Roman alphabet, and instructing in reading and writing the men and women he gathered in the monasteries; he sent the young Irish abroad to learn the wisdom of the ancients from the monks of Tours and Lèrins; he reformed the ancient Irish laws, and made a Christian digest of them; he travelled around the country with scribes and skilled workmen, — architects, goldsmiths, carpenters, and the like. In him zeal took on the character of genius. Out of the plastic Celtic soul it carved a national Christian character which has withstood, in weal and in

woe, the wear and tear of 1400 years. He was scarcely dead when the whole island appears dotted with schools established by his most cherished disciples. How then can we help referring to St. Patrick, the first strong impulse which gave a Christian direction to the natural curiosity of the Celtic race, and made the Christian Irish the most scholarly and refined race of the early middle ages?

IV.

NOW one will naturally ask: But how do we know about these schools of 1200 or 1300 years ago? Has not every ancient record perished that could enlighten us? It is true that multitudes of the ancient books and monuments have perished; but the ancient Irish were excellent annalists or historians, and in spite of war and confiscation, poverty, contempt, and neglect, many venerable books of history have reached us. In the penal days, when learned and civilized England sought those books to burn them, the hunted priest carried them from glen to glen on his back, the peasant hid them under the hearthstone, they were carried off to Belgium and Germany, France and Italy, in whose libraries some of them are yet found.

The ancient Irish loved also to write the lives of their Saints. We have a number of valuable biographies of these good men of old,



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell.

[The iron bell of St. Patrick is the oldest Irish relic of Christian metal work that has descended to us. It has an unbroken history through 1400 years. The reliquary in which it was enshrined was made about 1091, and has never been lost sight of. From the beginning it had a special keeper, and in many succeeding generations its custody was continued in the same family.]

which describe the manners and institutions of former days. Then again the European writers, such as they were, of the eighth and ninth centuries and later, refer often to the Irish schools and their learning. We have also some ancient monuments, grassy mounds and ruins which mark the spots where once the studious youth of Ireland and the continent was gathered.

Finally there are the popular traditions. In spite of legal and compulsory ignorance, the Celt could never forget that it was he who had taught his oppressor the first rudi-

ments of faith and learning ; he could never forget that there was a day when all Ireland was a university to which distracted Europe fled for peace and consolation, where learning was given gratuitously, and books and food provided for the needy student: these were rare titles of merit, too precious to be allowed to lapse into oblivion.

There was a time when monarchies and aristocracies counted battles and murders and slaughters, and those great successful robberies called conquests, as the true sources of distinction, the proper titles to general esteem. But, thank God, we live in a better and a holier world, which honors the victories of mind, the battles of patience and ingenuity, the conquests made in the name of humanity, the inroads upon vice and ignorance, the glorious, peaceful conquests of religion and science. To be logical, we must read the history of the past with sympathy and affection for all those who have had the same objects, partaken of the same spirit, as ourselves.

Where was there ever a more intellectual, more peaceful, more ingenious people than those who filled the ancient Irish schools? Who ever toiled more unselfishly, according to their lights, for the common welfare of Church and state and people? Who ever put their zeal and learning more generously at the disposition of the whole human race?

We modern peoples cannot withhold our praise and admiration from those great and good Celtic men who reconciled, in their day, faith and science, who loved the Scriptures with a love that did not exclude Homer and Virgil, who lived with the people and for the people, who rebuked the injustices of the powerful,

The Vale of Avoca.

[While the name of Moore lives the Vale of Avoca will not be forgotten, for he it was who immortalized it. The charming scenery, and the bracing air which sweeps through the vale from the Wicklow mountains are all that are needed to make it indeed the paradise of which the poet sang. The tree beneath which he is said to have sat while he wooed the muse to tell of his surroundings is not the least interesting feature of the vale of Clara, while the charming Avonmore winds its way at the traveller's feet singing lullabies as it runs its tortuous course to the sea.]

and sorrowed with the defenceless in their helplessness, who elevated labor and ennobled the laborer, who softened the heart of the wealthy, who rescued the vast tracts of waste lands, and bridged the rivers, and cut roads over the highest hills. "Peace hath its victories not less renowned than war;" religion and learning have victories more famous than either, — the victories of the spirit over matter, of right over wrong, of enlightenment over ignorance.

V.

LET us now look at the most venerable of these ancient schools — that of Armagh All the Christian learning of the Irish comes down from the swelling height of Macha, where Patrick built his church, and fixed his Episcopal chair. Long before Patrick, there had been a famous school of poetry and romance in the neighborhood. Armagh was the classic land of Celtic chivalry. Emania, the home of the Red Branch Knights, and the splendid palace of the Northern kings, were near by. The piety and fancy of the Celt have woven the facts of the foundation of the school of Armagh into the tenderest of legends.

It is related how, when Patrick was ascending the slope of the Sacred Hill, book in hand, surrounded by the clergy and the people, a startled deer with its little fawn broke from a neighboring thicket. The attendants wanted to kill them, but the gentle old man forbade it. He took the little fawn upon his shoulders, the scared doe followed after, and thus they went to the convent of the nuns of Na Fearta where those good women cared tenderly for the humble friends of St. Patrick.

In this very act Patrick was a teacher, for he impressed upon the rough warriors about him a lesson of Christian mildness and pity. He showed himself a true disciple of the Good Shepherd, whose gospel he came to preach, and he left an example of conduct to the priests of his race and blood. Besides the cathedral there arose the houses for monks and students; the library and the archives were added in time, —

Kells Round Tower.

[The round tower of Kells is one of the finest examples of its kind in Ireland, and stands beside the church or oratory, which is thought to be as old as the time of St. Columba, the apostle of the Picts, and founder of the great establishment of Iona, on the coast of Scotland, where so many of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Denmark, and the Isles lie buried. St. Columba's house is a short distance from the cemetery, a small, oblong building, which presents the earliest example of cylindrical vaulting to be found in the kingdom. The hook of stone projecting from the wall is supposed to have been used by the saint to hang his satchel of books upon.]

before long the Hill of Macha was a busy centre of Christian studies. The material wants were well provided for, and the discipline closely looked after. A prison for the refractory students was built upon the grounds. For the protection of his church and school, Patrick sur-

rounded them with a large earthen mound, and in the neighborhood he planted a spacious grove in which the monks and their students might refresh themselves after their labors.

The first president of this school was Benignus, a youth especially beloved by St. Patrick, and who, in the time, the wild-eyed Celtic youth learned to submit to strict training; the sons of the bards tuned their harps and their pipes to the classic harmonies of Greece; the throats which had loved to chant the sorrows of Deirdrè and the high deeds of Cuchulainn now learned to pour

Round Tower, Glendalough.

[The noble monastic establishment of Glendalough, around which a city subsequently rose, flourished, and decayed, was founded by St. Kevin, in the early part of the sixth century. The remains of "the seven churches" are yet to be seen, while shattered crosses, crumbling oratories, scattered yew trees, and the moss-grown tombs of bishops, abbots and anchorites, mutely tell the tale of the ancient glory of Erin. Its round tower is one of the finest in Ireland.]

St. Kevin's Bed.

[St. Kevin's Bed is a cavity large enough to admit of a person's body fitting into it, the sides hewn out and squared, and situated at a considerable distance above the lake at Glendalough. It is supposed to have been the retreat of St. Kevin, when pursuing that course of study and contemplation for which his name is even yet famous. Here, too, St. Laurence is said to have passed much of his time in prayer and supplication to God.]

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early days of Patrick's mission, had abandoned all to follow the apostle. Benignus was a sweet musician; he was the psalm-singer of Patrick, i.e., he directed the musical services which the wise apostle established wherever he went among a people passionately devoted to music and poetry. In this school, for the first forth the solemn and majestic church song of Rome.

The sons of the proud Celtic chieftains began to learn Greek and Latin and Hebrew. They had escaped the yoke of the pagan Rome only to bear the sweet and salutary servitude of the Christian Rome. The Sacred Scriptures were studied

daily; they were copied with accuracy and devotion. The only complete copy of the New Testament in Latin which the ancient Celtic Church has handed down to us was made in the school of Armagh. Its students of theology were well acquainted with the works of St. Jerome, and every scholar knows what a mine of learning they are. For over 1200 years they formed the chief and almost only resource of all scriptural students. Countless priests and bishops were formed in that school on the writings of Gregory the Great, — that wise and noble pontiff for whom the Irish had so great an affection that they came to believe he was born in Ireland.

The writings and the sayings of St. Patrick himself were for centuries part of the teaching at Armagh. The autograph works of the great apostle were preserved with reverence by the professors as well as the writings of Benignus, the first president, who brought peace to the warring clans by his famous Book of Rights which established the revenues, rights, and privileges of the various civil rulers in Ireland, from the Ard Righ to the lowest chieftain. It is a book which may compare in interest with the Domesday Book of England or the Book of Settlements of Iceland. All three of these ancient works throw a flood of light on the manners and habits of the peoples of these historic islands. Benignus wrote also a life of St. Patrick which, to our great sorrow, has been lost in the period of wild disorder that followed the invasions of the Danes.

The school of Armagh became at once the intellectual centre of northwestern Europe. Soon swarms of students came from Wales and Britain. A whole quarter of the town was given over to the Saxon students, just as centuries later they had a section of Rome for themselves. They were the sons of the fierce

St. Kevin's Kitchen, Glendalough.

[St. Kevin's kitchen is one of the most interesting features of far-famed Glendalough. Its high pitched roof of stone is to-day as perfect as it was 13 centuries ago, when it sheltered the saintly Kevin. The chancel which a few years ago remained, though of great antiquity, appears to have been an addition. Portions of the ancient east window may still be observed, above the head of the choir arch, which was not formed in the usual manner, but cut out of the masonry. The little tower upon the west end appears to be the first example of a belfry springing from a roof or gable.]

German pirates, who scoured the great water-ways of the North, but they learned refinement, gentle manners, the arts and sciences, from our cultured ancestors. Armagh was chiefly a school of theology, and, indeed, it was meet that the learning of Christian Ireland should be based upon Christian principles, and an accurate knowledge of the teachings of the Lord. But no narrow nationalism presided over its development. One of its early presidents was a Welshman, Gildas the Wise, whose piety and learning did much to make the school popular among the Christian Kymry.

The school of Armagh was always the true centre of Irish national life. When the Danes began their murderous career that lasted more than two centuries, Armagh was always an objective point of their

piratical raids. Nine times in 200 years this ancient seat of learning was pillaged by the Vikings. On every occasion they brought the books of the professors and students into the open court of the cloister or school and made a bonfire of them. In five centuries it was burned to the ground 16 times. No wonder that the literary labors of its inmates have disappeared. The sword, the flames, barbarism, ignorance, neglect. and, worse than all, the contempt of later ages, have made sad havoc with the thousands of splendid manuscripts which once adorned the shelves of its library.

The ancient Irish annals mention frequently the deaths of famous professors of Armagh. They are called learned scribes, professors of divinity, wise doctors, moderators of the school, paragons of learning, the heads of western Europe for piety, devotion, and scientific acquirements. For over 1000 years this venerable school spread the light of religious and profane science throughout Ireland, and for many centuries over the rest of Europe. It really belongs in the list of the Christian schools of the Greco-Roman world. Its true place is with Edessa and Nisibis in the far Orient, with Alexandria in Egypt, and Antioch in Syria, with the Christian academies of Cæsarea and Constantinople.

As the lights of faith and science flickered low in the Orient, they blazed up with unsuspected vigor at the extremity of the Occident. Oxford and Cambridge are of yesterday compared with Armagh In those days of Celtic independence and culture, reedy swamps and oak forests covered the spot where now arise the spires and turrets of those great schools, which owe their origin to the earlier labors of Celtic teachers. How grateful they have been, let the legions of Irish martyrs tell

An Ancient Cross at Monasterboice.

[Monasterboice, with its splendid round tower, church, and crosses, the latter three in number, the tallest 23 feet high, was founded by St. Bute or Bœtius, who died in the fifth century. It was the parent monastery of the north-eastern portion of Ireland, until it was eclipsed by the neighboring abbey of Mellifont, in the twelfth century. For ages Monasterboice was celebrated for its learning and hospitality, in an age when Ireland was famous throughout the world for these characteristics. Two churches remain, one of which is supposed to have been built in the sixth century, while various carvings from the Scriptures attest the venerable character of the crosses, which are supposed to have been erected in the ninth or tenth century.]

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before the Supreme Judge of nations; let the sorrows, the world-wide wanderings, the manifold woes of seven centuries, be witnesses before the tribunal of humanity.

For 1000 years Armagh was a busy seat of studies where books were written, transcribed, given away gratis, sent over to the continent. It is thence that came to Europe many precious copies of the Scriptures, the Fathers, the poets, life of St. Patrick, — the scribe, in the year 807, had the autograph writings of St. Patrick before him, — the life of St. Martin, the Pastoral Rule of Gregory the Great for the conduct of bishops and priests, and finally the New Testament in Latin, — the

Armagh.

[Armagh, which had the honor of holding the "Damhliag Mor," or great stone church built by St. Patrick, together with the great school which held 7,000 students, was built centuries before the birth of Christ. It has had a checkered history, having been burnt and plundered no less than 26 times. The present cathedral is supposed to occupy part of the site of the one built by St. Patrick. The library contains 15,000 volumes, many of them of rare value. The Catholic Cathedral was consecrated in 1873, and is a very handsome structure. The archbishop of Armagh is primate of All Ireland, and the present prelate has just been created a cardinal by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.]

orators, mathematicians, and scientists of the old classical world.

To-day, of all that incessant activity, there remains but one volume, — the famous Book of Armagh, copied in the year 807, — over 1000 years ago, by the scribe Ferdomnach. It contains the oldest and most authentic specimens of the Irish language, the most authentic account of the only complete copy which remains to us out of the thousands made by Celtic monks and students in the previous 350 years.

All through the middle ages this book was looked on as a priceless treasure, and kept in a splendid shrine. A regular custodian was appointed for it. The office was for centuries hereditary in a certain

family, till one of them had the baseness to pawn this great treasure, for a few pounds, in order to obtain means to go to London, where he swore away the head of holy Oliver Plunkett, then Archbishop of Armagh (1681). This last relic of the school of Armagh is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and constitutes a venerable link between the Irish of the ninth and those of the nineteenth century.

Colleen Bawn Rock, Killarney.

[The Colleen Bawn Rock, so called because of its having been the place where the late Dion Boucicault laid the memorable death scene of the heroine in "The Collegians," Gerald Griffin's powerful novel, is a small rock about 50 yards from the shore of the Lower Lake at Killarney. It is not the scene of the death of Eily O'Connor, as told by Griffin, but the actor, recognizing the picturesque beauty of the spot, placed the final struggle there in his world-famed play.]

MAY.

BY JAMES F. PITTS.

SHE comes again with smiles and flowers to bless us,
To decorate the earth so grim and gray,
While from the south her breathings wild caress us,
Sweet May!

The world is sad with pain, with age is hoary,
It groans and travails on its toilsome way,
But on it like a coronal of glory
Sits May!

PATIENCE.

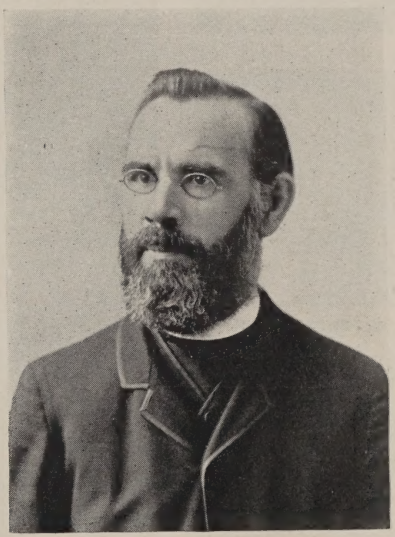
CHURCH MUSIC AND ITS ABUSES.

PALESTRINA ITS ONLY SAVIOUR.

BY REV. GUSTAVE GRAF.

THE sixteenth century may justly be styled the Golden Age of Church Music. To that period are most truly applicable the prophetic words of Ecclesiasticus: "Let us praise men of renown, such as by their skill sought out musical tunes and published canticles of the Scripture," who "set singers before the altar and by their voices made sweet melody, and to the festivals added beauty and set in order the solemn times." The first attempt, rude and bold indeed, at harmonizing Plain Chant was made by Huckbald, a monk of Flanders (930), and was called Organum. It simply consisted in the addition of either fourths below or fifths above the Plain Chant melody. To modern ears such a combination of tones would be the most hideous cacophony. A more barbarous discord still, one note only above the Gregorian melody, was used for the requiem mass.

Yet from this very crude and primitive Organum or musical organization was developed a system of music which found its crown and perfection in Palestrina's famous Mass of Pope Marcellus, a masterpiece of tonal art, as complete and perfect in all its details as Beethoven's gigantic Missa Solemnis, and as typical of the polyphonic form and construction as the Cologne Cathedral is an unsurpassed model of Gothic architecture. In the fourteenth century already we find a better state of art in the Faux-Bourdon, which consisted in the addition to the Plain Chant of several notes both above and below the so-called cantus firmus, or principal melody. It was not, however, until the beginning of the fifteenth century that the art of adding, not only note to note, but melody to melody, which is the foundation of the polyphonic or many-voiced school, was invented. The

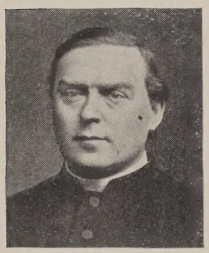


REV. GUSTAVE GRAF.

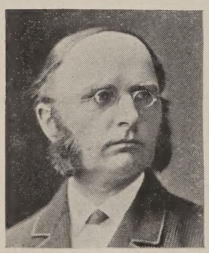
reputed founder of this new style of music was William Du Fay of Chimay, in Hainault. Baini, in his biography of Palestrina, says that Du Fay was a tenor singer in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, from 1380 to 1432, and that he died there. Other historians, however, state that Du Fay died in his own country. It is a remarkable fact that Italy, the alma mater of all Europe in those times, received her first musical works of any importance from foreign composers. Foreign musicians, ultramontanes, as they were called, stood at the head of her schools of music and church choirs for more than a century;

and these were principally Netherlanders.

With the exception of a few German and French composers, Dutch masters had the universal control of musical matters in nearly all the cathedrals and Orlandus Lassus, a gigantic rival, who, at the age of 21, was already chapelmaster at the Lateran Basilica. Lassus left Rome in 1557 to take the position of musical director in the Chapel of Albert V. at Munich, where he re-



REV. FR. HABERL.



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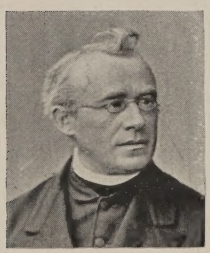
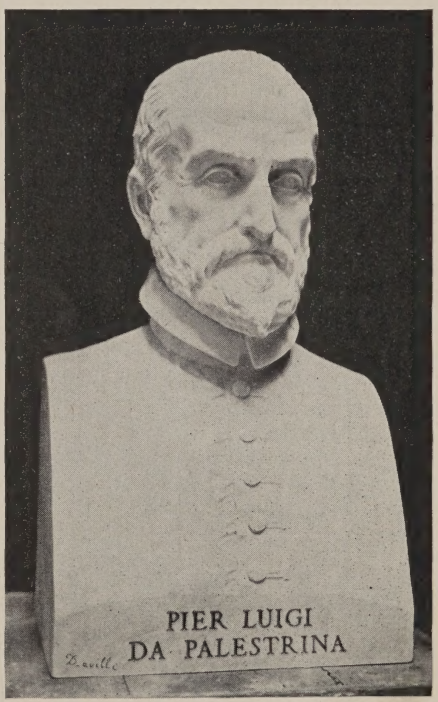
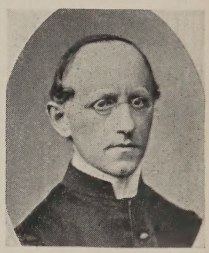


REV. DR. FRANZ WITT.



PALESTRINA AND HIS GERMAN DISCIPLES.



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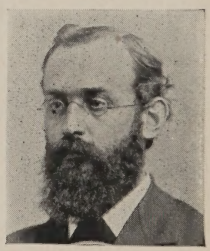

PROF. SINGENBERGER.

[Rev. X. Haberl, director of the Palestrina Musical School at Ratisbon, Bavaria, is the first priest ever permitted by the Pope to copy Palestrina's works in the Vatican library. Professor Stehle is the organist at St. Gall, Switzerland. Rev. Dr. Franz Witt is the founder of the German St. Cecilia Society and of the Scola Gregoriana at Rome. Dr. Jacob is the author of "Art in the Service of the Church" and is one of the foremost promoters of the movement for reform in church music in Germany. Rev. Dr. Haller is professor of the Palestrina style of music in the Ratisbon Musical School and the composer of many valuable works.]

churches of importance in Europe. John O'Keghem, Josquin des Près, Adrian Willaert, the fathers of the polyphonic school of music, were all of Flemish origin. The genius of Palestrina gained at last for Italy the musical supremacy which had been so long and so ably held by the masters of the Netherland school. Palestrina himself found in the Flemish contemporary, mained until his death, which occurred a few months after Palestrina had departed. Here, then, are the two great giants of the Golden Age of Church Music—"men of renown:" Lassus, the German, who expresses in his musical works the deep and soul-felt thoughts of a German mind and builds up his colossal harmonies like the pillars and arches of a Gothic cathe-

dral; Palestrina, the Italian, who, surrounded by the classic remains of Greek and Roman art, and influenced by a lovely, serene climate, reflects in his art the beautiful sky which smiles over the charming Italian landscape and the graceful beauty and magnificent splendors of the great Basilicas in Rome, for which he composed his music.

Palestrina's music, says the learned historian Ambros, seems an echo of heavenly voices, brings the angelic hosts down to earth, whilst that of Orlando raises men to heaven. The Italian master may be compared, for his delicacy and grace of style, to Raffaele, whilst the German master, for his universality and the grandeur of his genius, to the Art-Titan Michael Angelo. To the Italian master, however, history has given the laurel crown, with the inscription of Prince of Musicians and Saviour of Church Music.

Giovanni Pierluigi Sante was born in the year 1526, at Palestrina, the Preneste of the ancient Latium, some five leagues southeast of Rome. From the name of his birthplace he was afterwards called Palestrina. The historian Schelle tells us that his parents, peasants in the Roman Campagna, though not rich, were yet in a position to give their talented son a good musical education. From whom Palestrina received his first instruction in the art which he was destined one day to elevate to a height hitherto unattained, has never been clearly ascertained. It is probable, however, that he entered the school of music founded in Rome by the celebrated Claude Goudimel of Vaison near Avignon. He also may have been a pupil of Arcadelt, who was singing-master of the choir boys (magister puerorum) of St. Peter's. In the year 1544 Giovanni Pierluigi was appointed organist and choir-master of the cathedral of his native place. In 1551 he was called back to Rome to succeed Arcadelt as Maestro di Capella, and teacher of the choristers of St. Peter's, at a salary of six scudi per month, a residence, and certain allowances. Palestrina had married in 1547, and his noble wife Lucretia bore him four sons, only the youngest of whom, Hygin, survived him. By the publication of his first works in 1554, a volume of masses for four and five voices, Palestrina attracted considerable attention, especially as it was dedicated to the Pope (Julius III.), a rather bold proceeding, in the opinion of the critics of that time. In reward for this, the Pope appointed him singer in the papal choir, an extraordinary favor, indeed, as by ancient enactments none but clerics, called capellani cantores, could be members of the Sixtine choir. Besides, a rigid examination was strictly required, and the admission was to be decided by the votes of the singers, who, at that time were nearly all foreigners. In the case of Palestrina, the Pope also made an exception to this rule and admitted him without examination and without the consent of the 24 singers, as it is explicitly related in the Diarium of the papal choir. Pierluigi did not enjoy his painful situation long; for the severe Pope Paul IV., who succeeded in six months Marcellus II., a great patron of Palestrina, having died after a reign of only 21 days, commenced at once a reform in his chapel by dismissing Palestrina and two other married singers, Leonard Barré and Dominico Ferrabesco. The effect of this unexpected expulsion was so heavy upon the sensitive and highly strung disposition of Palestrina that for two months he was prostrate under an attack of fever and complete nervous exhaustion.

Being destined to fulfil a glorious artistic mission for the honor of the church's ritual, Providence did not forget him, and on Oct. 1 (1555), he was appointed chapel-master of St. John of Lateran by the canons of that basilica, which position he held until February, 1561. During this period he composed his Lamentations and Magnificats, and the celebrated Improperia, or Reproaches, placed in our Saviour's

mouth, to his people for their cruel and ungrateful conduct, intermixed with the so-called trisagion, "Holy God, Mighty God, Immortal God," sung alternately in Greek and Latin by a chorus and semi-chorus, during the adoration of the Holy Cross on Good Friday. To look at the score of this sublime composition, it might be taken for the work of a mere tyro in harmony. Nothing but the simplest chords of only three notes are used by the great master, and yet, says Cardinal Wiseman in his Lecture on Holy Week, to hear those chords sung slow, yet bold, full, yet soft, with the melting modulation which the Sixtine choir alone can give, produces a feeling of sweet devotional melancholy, a mildened emotion, which not even the more artful and far-famed Miserere of Allegri can excite. It is truly the triumph of nature over art, and it was a mighty effort of genius to conceive that the simplest possible combinations could produce such wonderful effect. The English historian Burney has called Palestrina the "Homer of ancient music," and no composition more justly entitles him to that name. Great men like Mozart, Goethe, Mendelssohn, and others undertook the long journey to Rome to hear the famous Holy Week music in the Sixtine Chapel, the compositions of Palestrina always being the special attraction. In 1561 Palestrina accepted the post of chapel-master at St. Mary Major, and there he achieved the great work by which he earned the glorious title of "Saviour of Church Music." It happened in this way: —

The Fathers of the Council of Trent, convoked by Paul III. in 1545 and continued to the year 1563 under Julius III. and Paul IV., had under their consideration, in the 22d session, the question of ecclesiastical music. Although at this period the art of counterpoint had already reached a high degree of perfection, and could boast of such masters as Du Fay, Ockenheim, Willaert, Josquin des Pres, and many others of the Flemish, German, Spanish, and Italian schools, yet serious abuses of all kinds had crept in, and apparently through the same causes which have brought about and keep up the present state of degraded music in our churches. Singers and organists ignored the noble works of the truly great and inspired masters, and substituted, in their stead, the shallow, insipid, frivolous productions of mercenary, degraded art. In music, more than in any other art, it is unfortunately only too often the case that superficial knowledge and deficient judgment and talent usurps the claims of real artistic merit! Speaking of the abuses existing at the time of the Council of Trent, Baini, Palestrina's greatest biographer, informs us that they chiefly consisted in the treatment of the words of the Sacred Liturgy.

Most extravagant liberties were taken with the text by the unscrupulous composers and singers, such as, for instance, the interpolation of words in the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Thus we find masses with the following additions in the Gloria — Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris — Primogenitus Mariae Virginis matris — Suscipe deprecationem nostram, ad Mariae gloriam — Quoniam tu solus Sanctus — Mariam sanctificans — Tu solus Dominus — Mariam gubernans — To solus altissimus — Mariam coronans.

The confusion of words was such that Cardinal Capranica, when being asked by Pope Nicholas V. how he liked his choir, boldly answered with a comparison, not as elegant as it is expressive, that it seemed to him, "like a sack full of little pigs, for he heard a dreadful noise and tremendous screaming, but could distinguish nothing articulate." There was yet another abuse, which has again become quite common in our days — the employment of secular melodies as themes for religious compositions; hence the celebrated mass "L'homme armé," founded on the tune of the popular song of that name. We may observe, however, that this abuse was by no means as bad as what exists in modern church music. The secular

music of that period was written in long notes and rhythm, bearing a certain resemblance to the Gregorian melodies. Such frivolous, light, and jiggy airs as Haydn has written to the Kyrie and Rossini to the Stabat Mater, such sentimental love ditties as we hear nowadays, as Ave Marias, O Salutaris, etc., etc., were unknown when the principal cause of degradation of church music, solo singing, was not yet at play. The Fathers of Trent, hopeless to stem the torrent of abuses by any decrees to regulate or control the intricate matter of church music, had almost unanimously resolved to apply a radical cure to a radical evil, by banishing figured music forever from the Church, and permitting nothing but the old and venerable song of St. Gregory.

It was only at the request of the Emperor Ferdinand that the decree was more leniently formulated as follows: "The bishops are to take care that all music, vocal or instrumental (organ), in which there is anything lascivious or impure, shall be excluded from the churches, so that the house of God may in truth be a house of prayer." (Session XXII. Decret. de observandis et evitandis in celebratione missae.) In the 24th session, Chapter XII. De Ref. it was resolved that the details of the reformation of church music should be left to the bishops, and be regulated in provincial synods as local circumstances might require.

The Council of Trent was brought to a close on Dec. 4, 1563. On Aug. 2, the following year, Pope Pius IV., who had at heart the carrying out of the decrees of the council, appointed a special commission for the subject of church music. This musical committee consisted of the two Cardinals Charles Borromeo and Vitellozzo Vitellozzi, and eight singers of the Papal Chapel. Several meetings were held and the question of having the liturgical words, especially the text of the mass, set to music so as to be intelligible, presented almost insurmountable difficulties in the opinion of the papal singers. St. Charles Borromeo, himself a musician, and, as Cardinal Wiseman says, a man of real taste, as true saints ever were, was well acquainted with the extraordinary abilities of Palestrina, who had been for several years in the service of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which Cardinal Borromeo was then archpriest. At his suggestion the great but modest composer was called on Jan. 10, 1565, and ordered to write a mass which should have no affinity to any profane air, and in which the words could be distinctly heard. He was told that on the success of his efforts depended the fate of figured music, for if he failed it should be forever banished from the house of God.

Poor Palestrina! exclaims Baini, this was the severest trial of his whole life, for he felt the full weight of the responsibility imposed upon him by the commission. His genius was equal to the occasion; — in the short space of three months he had more than finished his task; for instead of one, he wrote three masses, in order to have a better chance of achieving success. On the title page of the first mass are found the words: Illumina oculos meos (Enlighten mine eyes, O Lord), which motto reveals the interior piety and religious sense of the great master. The three masses were performed by the papal singers in the palace of Cardinal Vitellozzo, on April 28, 1565, in presence of Cardinal Borromeo and six other cardinals. The third mass elicited a burst of applause from cardinals and singers, the victory was gained, the case was won, the illustrious composer had earned the title of Saviour of Music, and no one thought any longer of excluding figured music from the Church.

On June 29 the victorious mass was performed in the Sixtine Chapel, in presence of Pius IV., who was so ravished with delight that he exclaimed: "These must have been the strains which John the Apostle heard in the heavenly Jerusalem, and which another John has renewed in that on earth!" Cardinal Pirani, dean of the Sacred College, turning to Cardinal Serbelloni,

beautifully adapted to the music the lines of Dante : —

Render é questo voce a voce in tempra,
Ed in dolcezza ch'esser non puõ nota,
Se non colá dove'l gioir s' insempra.

Here words are joined, and sounds harmonious blend,
In sweetness, such as can alone be known,
In that blest place where gladness has no end.
Paradiso X.

To which he answered with equal felicity : —

Risponda dunque; oh fortunata sorte!
Risponda alla divina cantilena,
Da tutte parti la beata Corte,
Si ch'ogni vista ne siä piũ serena.

Respond then, blessed lot! respond to this
Heavenly strain, the happy court above,
That so our pleasure may increase to bliss.

Palestrina gave to his prize mass the title of "Missa Papae Marcelli," in grateful remembrance of his former patron Pope Marcellus II. It was published for the first time in 1567, in a volume of masses dedicated to King Philip II. of Spain. A word now as to the form and style of this magnificent composition, the standard pattern of genuine church music. It is written for six voices, soprano, alto, two tenors, and two basses, without any accompaniment. In this respect all music written in the polyphonic or Palestrina style differs from our modern music, which is more instrumental than vocal and therefore not strictly ecclesiastical, as all church music should be essentially choral. Neither the Missa Papae Marcelli, nor any of the 92 other masses composed by Palestrina has any solos, and for this reason the polyphonic style of the Palestrina school will not readily gain favor with the ambitious donnas and dons of the modern choir. In the Palestrina style every voice sings a real solo part, the one as important as the other, all full of life and vigor, producing a rich, soul-stirring harmony which far surpasses the stage effects of modern choral music, with its worldly and often sensuous instrumental accompaniment. No modern church composition can compare with the wonderful Sanctus of the Missa Papae Marcelli, with its gorgeous colossal harmonies, an echo of the countless multitudes in heaven singing in chorus the magnificent canticle, "To the Lamb that was slain," in a voice as the roaring of the sea. But why single out this one movement, when each part of the incomparable mass is a triumph of religious art?

As a reward for the eminent service which Palestrina had rendered to the Church, Pope Pius IV. created expressly for him the position of "Composer to the Pope's Chapel" (Maestro Compositore), a distinction, which, after Palestrina's death, was conferred only on one more composer, Felix Anerio. On the death of Giovanni Animuccra in 1571, the Chapter of St. Peter's offered to Palestrina the post of chapel-master, which he accepted and retained to the end of his life, although from a pecuniary point of view he did not better himself. There was no more industrious composer and director than Palestrina. His church works alone comprise 93 masses, 63 motets, the vesper hymns for the whole year (45 in number), 68 offertories for five voices, three books of Lamentations, and two books of Magnificats. Thanks to the musical generosity of the two great and art-loving pontiffs, Pius IX. and Leo XIII. thanks also to the untiring energy and profound musical erudition of Rev. Father Haberl, the founder and director of the celebrated church music school at Regensburg, as well as to the prominent members of the St. Cecilia Society, a complete edition in 33 volumes of Palestrina's works is now ready, the most appropriate monument erected to the "Saviour of Music" after the long lapse of 300 years. And what is more important still, the heavenly strains of the great master are once more resounding through the cathedrals of many countries in Europe, where the frivolous and worldly church music of the modern operatic school has been banished, and the house of God has again become a house of prayer.

On Jan. 26, 1594, Palestrina, worn out at last by work and by age, was attacked by pleurisy. He only lingered a few days; on Jan. 28 he most fer-

vently received the last Sacraments from the hands of his dear and faithful friend, St. Philip of Neri, and on Feb. 2, the Feast of the Purification of Mary, his last hour had come. St. Philip tried to awaken in the dying man a desire to celebrate this feast in Heaven with Our Blessed Lady, in honor of whom he had composed so many devout chants.

"Ah," said the dying maestro, summoning up all his remaining strength, "how earnestly I hope that Mary, my refuge, will intercede for me to her Divine Son." These were his last words; shortly after uttering them, reclining in St. Philip's arms, his beautiful soul went up into that realm of eternal harmony whither his lofty mind had so often been transported in his musical meditations. His funeral was attended, not only by all the musicians of Rome, but by an immense concourse of people. He was buried, by order of the Pope, in the Church of St. Peter, with all the honors and pomp used at the funerals of cardinals and princes. His coffin is laid in a tomb near the altar of SS. Simon and Jude, and bears the inscription, "Joannes Petrus Aloysius Praenestinus Musicae Princeps"; and it is as the Prince of Music that his name lives in the annals of fame.

One word only as to the general character of Palestrina's music. The "Prince of Music," like every great master, closely and diligently studied the works of his predecessors. Formed in that great school of the Netherlanders, he faithfully followed its principles and traditions, but without becoming guilty of its faults. His genius, so rich, so fruitful, brought polyphonic art to its culminating point, by ennobling and purifying its inward organism, by idealizing, in the spirit of the Church, its mystic religious life. In Palestrina's works Catholic church music found its greatest and purest revelation, because they are the most perfect musical expression of the rich and imposing Liturgy of the Church. Palestrina's music is church music par excellence, because it is founded on the Church's own music, the Gregorian Chant. No master studied Gregorian Chant more deeply, no one loved it more tenderly, than Palestrina; no one, before or after, knew better how to use it with more artistic variety and success. From that heavenly inspired song he drew his wonderful inspiration. The Gregorian melodies, like golden threads, run through all his compositions; hence they may truly be styled "musical homelies" of the Chrysostom of church music. Modern composers have cast overboard both the Holy Writ and the works of the Fathers of sacred music, hence the distinct line of demarcation between liturgical and profane music has disappeared.

The opera style is adopted for church works even by well-meaning and highly gifted so-called church composers; in many cases it is the empty, sentimental, and silly modern ballad that has supplanted the old song of the Church. A revival of real church art means a return to the true source of sacred music, the Gregorian Chant, and to the masterpieces of the Golden Age of church music, particularly those of the two great luminaries of the musical firmament, Palestrina and Lassus. That movement is now a fait accompli in Germany and other countries of Europe, thanks to the zeal, energy, artistic taste, and religious sense of men like Proske, Witt, Jacob, Haller, Haberl, and others of the St. Cecilia Society. The famous church music school at Ratisbon is the true exponent of the polyphonic or Palestrina style, and nowhere else are the immortal works of the Prince of Music rendered with greater perfection than in the magnificent gothic Dom of the German Alma Mater of Sacred Song. May the same movement soon spread across the Atlantic!

May the celestial harmonies of the saintly Giant of Catholic tone-art loom up in serene majesty and irresistible impressiveness above the worldly, sensuous, trivial strains which emanate in such quantities from the organ lofts of our churches!

IGNORANT ESSAYS.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

WHY is it that the great writers have not told us more about the beauty and the manifold triumphs of impudence? Why have the realists so completely neglected this department of life? Even Zola has not touched it. Impudence — the fact — naked and unabashed, is so obvious, so prevalent, and so successful, that it has assumed the form of protective agencies, which, for the sake of sheer veracity, call themselves Assurance Companies.

I never see an English sparrow making away with the "grub" intended for American birds that I do not feel inclined to say in the language of the sparrow's land, "Well, I'm blowed!" If an able-bodied man could only have a sparrow's nerve in proportion to his own weight, political knowledge, and general education, he could remove the Catskills. Just think of what the average sparrow might accomplish, if, after christening himself Coxey, he should only put himself at the head of his tribe, and march upon Washington, though, perhaps, it is quite as well that he knows little about coöperation at present. As an individual hustler he gets through too good a day's work on his own hook. I once saw a crowd of about thirty sparrows drive away an adult cat from a basin of bread and milk. But that was in Chicago.

Since Herbert Spencer has taken to investigating the ethical nature of dogs and birds and horses, I presume that it may be permitted to us, the little fellows, to inquire into the beginnings of human impudence, as that fine quality first manifests itself in animals. Men, women, and children are complex creatures. They are so civilized they can make virtues look like vices, and at will reverse the process. But an animal, bird, or beast, is the soul of candor. The ordinary book agent is less modest than the ordinary sparrow, but the bird does not walk into your office with his tail or book of tales in his inside pocket.

I once lived in the island of Guernsey and built for myself a cage about the size of a hall bedroom, in which every kind of bird found board and lodging gratis. One glorious afternoon in July the cage was fixed on planks which were supported by the window-sill and area railings. About fifty specimens of the feathered race tried to look

happy in jail. Two or three of us, humans, were watching the prisoners with interest. There were thrushes, blackbirds, finches, linnets, yellow hammers, and others, all, just like good Christians on this Sabbath day, eating, drinking, singing, or sleeping.

The window at which we sat looked down upon a steep declivity of flower garden, and the chorus of the caged birds seemed to draw all the other songsters of the island. The trees were vocal. Suddenly, on the dark-colored gravel of the walk which led up to the window, I saw a small yellow object daintily strutting along. It was a little canary that couldn't have been more than a few days out of the egg. Well, on it came, attracted by the noise. A lady, who knew all about birds, said, "I do hope we shall be able to catch that little fellow." She got an alpine climbing staff and made of it a sort of elevated railroad from the walk to the top of the cage. She then opened a little door of the cage near the staff, and we sat in silence. On came the tramp, with apparently not the least trepidation. He wasn't old enough to fly, but he walked straight up the stick, looked down at the crowd of chatterers, stepped on a ring within the cage, and was perfectly at home. Gradually, he dropped from ring to ring, looking impertinently at each of his fellow prisoners, and finally landed on the ground floor. He deliberately sampled the different seeds, drank from, or bathed in, half a dozen water dishes, and then calmly hopped up again from floor to floor, until he reached the top ring, where he remained monarch of all he surveyed.

Some of the larger birds occasionally indulged in a good-humored scrap. Indeed there was more than enough of quarrelling. I remained in that house for three months after the arrival of the tramp canary, and, though he was not half the size of the next smallest bird in the cage, he bossed the crowd, and bore himself with all the dignity of Russia's autocrat. Was this another victory of mind over matter? Or did the baser-born chorus singers knuckle under, compelled by the law of preëstablished harmony, to acknowledge the natural claims of the gifted warbler with the butter-colored feathers?

Kindness is powerful with animals, but I have been often led to think that where kindness fails, impudence conquers. In Lincoln Park, Chicago, I saw a lady put her hand on the heads of three lions in succession, and stroke their ears as if they were kittens. They growled when she pretended to leave, and when she returned, they fought among themselves for the first chance of being petted again. But this lady had nursed those lions, and they seemed to know her as a child knows its mother. There was a little lame Scotch terrier in the cage with the same lions. He did nothing but bark and snarl and snap at them. One good swish of any one of the three tails would have wiped him out of existence. But he just ordered the big animals around as if he were the lion and they were the rat catchers. They obeyed, although with the long, deep rumblings as of muffled thunder.

He was not a pretty dog, nor was his voice calculated to make him many friends. He was in no danger of being worried by encores. I don't know that he had any moral qualities worth bragging about. But he was Scotch. He had the reputation of being a terror as well as a terrier; and he had a broken leg. Perhaps, as an invalid, he appealed to the sympathies of his big companions. This, however, would not account for his insolent airs of superiority. He took the best of the food. He got the first and last shake-hands from the lady. His bare-faced impudence was more powerful than all the kindness and attention of the gentle nurse. And he gave nothing for his living except his bark. For the struggle of life he had no equipment but impudence, and yet he kept three lions in what must have been literally a condition of galling servitude. There is room somewhere here for a moral.

But Æsop is dead. And when he lived he tacked morals only to fables — where, indeed, they seem to belong.

Talking about animals reminds me of an artist friend, who for several years had a studio in Boston. He had another friend who lived somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, when at home.

This western man walked across the continent every year, and passed several months in the lumber regions of Canada, where he made enough money by cutting down trees to support himself during the leisure months. About the same time every year, he walked into my friend's studio, made some comment on the progress of art in the city, criticised new buildings, or monuments, had a cup of tea, chatted, and smoked for an hour, and then quietly said, "good-bye," without shaking hands, as he started out for his constitutional walk to the Rockies.

This man was an Englishman. A giant in height and girth, with the soft, low, gentle voice of one accustomed to live in solitude, he had seen much of the world, and had taken an active part in great European events. He wore a wide-leafed white hat, a blue shirt, and his trousers were stowed partly away in his big boots. He was well educated, and had the wise and true thing to say upon any subject that came up. But he spoke little.

"Why, on earth, do you live in the Rockies?" said the artist.

"Just because I like it. I have to keep away from civilization if I am to live at all. It is ruining everything. The only intelligence that I can find in London or Boston is the machinery. All the men have become helpless. Everything is done for you. You will soon forget how to walk. Your legs will drop off, as useless, and you'll be shot down the street through pneumatic tubes. Then your hands, ears, eyes, and noses will go in the same fashion, and there'll be nothing left but mouth and wind. You will then be completely civilized and fit for translation."

"Well," said the Boston man, "that's comforting. But, look here; tell me how you live when you're 'to hum.' Do you condescend to dwell in a house made with hands?"

"With my own hands. I have a log hut on the side of a mountain, the mountain being the principal part of the hut. I don't see a human being for months at a time, and don't want to see one."

"Do you ever come across a grizzly?"

"Almost every day."

"You take an occasional shot, I presume."

"Shoot a grizzly! I'd as soon think of shooting a baby. Why, they're the only friends I have. We are on terms of intimate acquaintance. I don't harm them, and they don't harm me. The beasts I'd like to shoot are the fellows calling themselves sportsmen who come out to disturb the tranquil, amiable temper of my bear friends. Come out sometime and see for yourself. You'll find more true religion among grizzly bears than among many so-called Christians of your cities. Good-bye."

Upon one occasion in the House of Commons the late Mr. Biggar said something — as upon several other occasions — that called Mr. Gladstone to his feet with a protest and a hope that the erring member would see fit to make an apology. The member for Cavan held his tongue in all the languages he knew. Another Irish member rose and said that before he left Ireland he had met Mr. Biggar's old schoolmaster, who said that he hoped the House would not be too hard upon "Joe," for he had always been "a very naughty and troublesome boy." Whereupon Mr. Gladstone laughed, and the war was over. When I was a boy I was very like "Joe." But the sun shines upon the just and the unjust, and one particular event proved to me that it is profitable to be a bad boy.

When an irate parent drove me from the room for some compound fracture of domestic law — which happened,

I think, whenever I persisted in asking questions that couldn't be answered — I went out to the stables and held communion with a very naughty and troublesome thorough-bred horse who made it a point to bite or kick or smash everything and everybody that came in his way. I was eleven, and the horse was only four, so that it was my duty to set him a good example. I did so. I heaped coals of fire upon his head — without knowing it. I took him out cakes and oranges and apples. He was grateful and bestowed his friendship upon me.

Finally we became such friends that he walked about the garden on the narrow paths through the flower beds after me, and picked his steps like a French dancing master. They all said that I had bewitched him. They put me on his back and he took me close up to the hounds after the fox. No boy in the country had such a magnificent horse or such splendid fun as I had for the winters of the four following years. My older brothers would have given "a year's growth" for the chance of getting a gallop out of my steed, but he buck-jumped them out of the saddle, or backed into the stable, or smashed the stall, or walked into a shop window. And here was I, a delicate little rat of a fellow, who could never do anything but catch the measles, or scarletina, or whooping-cough, or a cold in my head — the envy of every able-bodied youth within twenty miles. When I went hunting and got tossed off over a stone-wall, my horse tried to pick me up by the end of my jacket and the broad of my trousers. He nibbled at me till I was on his back again. When I went away to school the beautiful animal was utterly useless to anybody else in the family, so my father sent him to the fair, where he was sold for a song to an honest farmer, whose arm he chewed off before they reached the farm. Now, I submit, this sort of thing makes it profitable to be a naughty boy, and is calculated to upset ethical laws which have been regarded with respect from the time of Aristotle.

"Life," said a writer of the last century, "is a tragedy to him who feels, a comedy to him who thinks." This aphorism may be taken with a grain of salt. Like all epigrams and most proverbs, it contains a half-truth. Every human being feels and thinks occasionally, and carries in himself the elements of both tragedy and comedy, though of course the proportions are arranged with infinite variety. There is scarcely a man who under due provocation may not develop something of Hamlet and also something of Falstaff. Nor is there always wanting the capability of Autolycus, the impudent, facetious knave without conscience, who circulates so freely in all classes of modern society, and who betters the instruction of his prototype merely by peddling his wares in a richer community and on a larger scale.

We all know the trickster, but he thrives and laughs at his facile dupes. He — or perhaps she — hangs at first upon the outskirts of educational movements, religious and philosophical, social and artistic. The species is rampant in literature and journalism.

This combination of Autolycus and Cagliostro does not long remain upon the outskirts, but by a diabolical persistance manages to penetrate to the heart of the community. By flattering the meanest passions, by pandering to the lowest faculties, this sinister influence has a tendency to undermine all that is sane and simple, healthful, hopeful, and true. It is part of the world-wide struggle between fraud and cunning, on the one hand, and honesty, with enlightened conscience, upon the other. Up to and at the present stage of evolution, there can be little doubt that in bulk the evil influences have had the best of the battle. The cunning, low-minded fellow is very frequently ahead. And this is "the survival of the fittest"!

When writing upon this subject, Carlyle said that the talk about the fittest surviving always suggested to him a lot of worms squirming in a sar-

dine box. The struggle, he said, was certainly quite fierce enough to delight the most ardent worshippers of the "laissez-faire" doctrine, and, no doubt, some of the worms do wriggle to the top. "But," added the old man, "I am not at all sure that the most effective wrigglers are the nicest or the cleanest worms."

The æsthetic fakir is an interesting figure. To him Boston is a city of refuge. The Englishman, with knickerbockers and a sunflower, comes along to deliver his Ruskin-and-watery lectures upon art. His fame has passed through "Punch" to "Pinafore," so that when he reaches Boston, the sages, poets, professors, and descendants of the martyrs are ready to make obeisance. This young gentleman is the flower of the army to which he belongs. He is a scholar, something of a poet, and, when off the stage, a comedian. He is dined and feted by the elect, by "the New Englanders of the Brahman caste." But, behold! during the process of the pageant his tongue is in his cheek. This gentleman has been trained carefully for the enterprise. He is a perfect master of mild cynicism, artistic chaff, and Rochefoucauld's maxims. His notoriety is largely due to his genius for reversing epigrams. In his rendering of the old proverbs, the early worm is represented as catching the bird, and the moss as gathering no rolling stone. Of course there is no meaning in all this, but, to continue the method, an artistic sentence which has any meaning is not art. It is mere common sense — the last refuge of ignoble minds.

Such perfection of studied imbecility is not attained in a day. This young man had been practising diligently for years. Upon the very first occasion that he dined with his brother freshmen at his university, he took the intellects and the consciences of his classmates by storm. Many of those boys were the sons of clergymen who had spent most of their lives in quiet villages, and who were as untutored in paradox as in dynamite. While dinner was being served, young Rochefoucauld passed around a paper requesting signatures for membership of a society which had for its object "the suppression of virtue." A youth of 16 years who could rise to such a height of helpfulness to society will, as Voltaire said of young Charles XII., "go far." And he did.

Before his departure the college dons wished him to go to Athens and follow the investigations of Dr. Schliemann. His reward should be commensurate with his trouble. The precocious youth replied: "Gentlemen, you do me much honor, and I thank you for your consideration; but the enterprise you suggest means work. Now, in my life I have tried many things, but, thank Heaven! I have never yet tried work, and I don't propose to begin at this late hour. I am informed by a friend of mine, an American theatrical agent, that he will take me through the states and exhibit me for 12 months, and then send me safe home with a certain sum of money, as a reward for my complaisance. That sum would be very much more than this university would feel inclined to pay me for three years' residence among the isles of Greece. I have, of course, closed with the offer, as they say — I am informed — upon the stock exchange." In return for his modesty, his mutilated proverbs, and his watered-Ruskin, the United States paid this young man about $50,000.

There have been many attempts to copy this humorist's methods, but as yet no one has imitated his financial success. His school of philosophy has dwindled at last to Delsartism, which professes to teach young ladies how to behave in a preternaturally selfish fashion in drawing-rooms, and how to fall gracefully from chairs without breaking an arm or a finger. As a preliminary to each lesson, the hat is passed around for a dollar from each pupil. It is said that the gifted people

who have adopted this profession do not save $50,000 a year from the profits of the business.

Newspaper faking, next to the advertising department, is the most profitable part of the business. Men who have nothing to say on every subject, and who say it diligently in two or three columns daily throughout the year, make vast sums of money. They are not witty or wise to any overwhelming extent, nor do their views on any subject possess more value than those of the man on the street; but they have the eye of the reader, through which their well-paid words pass rapidly into eternity. Wordsworth says somewhere that "those who have little to confer have nothing to receive." But the case is reversed with the great gossip fakirs, who give nothing and get everything.

And then we come to the "boss" fakir, so entitled because in proportion to his capital his profits are appalling. This is the young man who, with scarcely enough intelligence or education to compose a grammatical sentence, and who probably has never read a book in his life, manages to make something like a fortune by "literature" within 10 or 12 years. This person commences his career by hanging around publishers' offices to get the "wind of the word" of a new book, or some personal gossip concerning a well-known author. "Mr. Blank, while at a public banquet last evening, was seen to fix his eyes upon the reporters' table. To-day he commences his great work which is to deal with journalism in the United States. I am informed that he is writing the manuscript of this new novel with his own hand and a stub pen. He uses violet ink this year. As your readers are aware, he wrote in blue last year. Until two years ago this famous novelist was accustomed to write with black ink and a quill. But as our French friends say, 'We have changed all that.' Now, as he has seen fit to alter his methods, you may rely upon my word for it, that the literary world, with that chic for which it is so justly celebrated, will promptly follow his example."

Or again: "Owing to the injury received by his son in a foot-ball rush, Mr. Blink's illustrated article on 'The Soul in Nirvana' will not appear in the forthcoming number of that most deservedly popular magazine, 'Esoteria.' Mr. Blink himself, I regret to say, is suffering from a severe cold in the head, caught while taking the temperature of the water for his skye terrier's bath. This forenoon I was informed that the dog is well and happy, and that both Mr. Blink and his son will be out of danger to-morrow. I caught a slight glimpse of Gyp, the terrier, as I passed the window. She nodded to me quite pleasantly, and I could not help recalling the poet's beautiful words:—

"'The bark is still there,
Though the master is gone.'"

When a scribbling rag-picker is fixed in the way of acquiring all this information he immediately forms a syndicate for the diffusion of literary news among the millions. His column becomes "a feature" of the popular journal. Autolycus goes on from victory to victory. He establishes an office, employs clerks and typewriters, and opens communication with eminent men of science, art, and literature, at home and abroad. After pestering people with all sorts of idiotic and impertinent questions, he receives 50 rebuffs, requesting him to mind his own business. With the autograph he concocts an illustrated article for one of the magazines, and at once starts out as a young genius like Chatterton or Rudyard Kipling. But he does much more than this. He utilizes in some way each letter received from his eminent friends and correspondents. For example, poor, unfortunate Mr. Gladstone sends him the usually closely written postal card, thanking him for the kind inquiries about his health, but adding that he does not feel justified at present in disclosing through a postal

card what answer he intends making to Lord Salisbury's next speech.

The happy youth, big with intelligence, strings together a long rigmarole about his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, which he promises one day to publish. He advises his readers not to sleep o' nights until they shall have read the revelations in British politics with which the writer is primed; and the most gratifying part of it all is that the youthful jackal of the book stores is taken just as seriously as he desired.

This is the ne plus ultra of the fakir's art. It is several degrees beyond the ingenuity of the bunco steerer or the brazen throat of the street pedler. It is the latest and most profitable development of periodical literature. It is the combination of boy-in-buttons and sneak thief.

A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH A PROTESTANT.

BY J. AUDLEY MAXWELL.

AN intelligent and conscientious inquirer is my Protestant friend, though somewhat prejudiced and always inquisitorial. He said to me pointedly, "You must admit that Catholic dogmas restrict scope in regions of thought."

"Certainly," I replied.

"What!" said he, "I never heard a Catholic make that admission before."

"Catholic dogmas," I said, "just as surely restrict investigation in regions of thought as do lighthouses on our coasts restrict navigation in regions of earth. Both aid by restriction. Dogmas are lighthouses upon coasts of thought. The man who runs his ship of thought against the rock of St. Peter must perish, but the light which shines upon the rock, not only gives the careful mariner ample warning of peril, but also illumines the world and shows him where he may sail in safety; and he has vast liberty to sail in safety. The Catholic Church is at once the most conservative and the most liberal of governments. Against license it opposes rigid and clearly defined barriers, as high as heaven and perhaps pendent from heaven rather than sustained by earth, immovable in any event, outside of which barriers all is liberty enlightened by truth, bounded only by mental capacity."

"You are somewhat ingenious," said my friend; "but I don't quite see the point."

"You see but you do not perceive," I continued; "you hear but you do not hearken. Can you demonstrate to me that the whole is greater than a part, or that lines parallel to the same line are parallel to each other? Do not these axiomatic propositions baffle, and therefore restrict, at the same time that they aid human thought. When you undertake to demonstrate an axiom I will endeavor to explain to you the doctrine of the Trinity. You and I will both fail, but truth remains, and is mighty, and will prevail, in spite of your and my inability to resolve a simple element into component parts."

My friend interposed: "You suggest to me a thought. I am, as you know, profoundly religious, and convinced above all of the immortality of man and of his vastly increased power of observation and of thought in the next life. It appears to me that puny man is himself a trinity. Yes, a double trinity, in that he has mind, soul, and body, and has three lives; the first

life is nine months long, the second three score and ten years, and the third life is never-ending. I think that the third life is as superior to the second as is the second superior to the first. It is probable that what we can demonstrate in this life, may be axiomatic in the next, and therefore not demonstrable in the next. The blessed and the damned perhaps alike know, comprehend, and accept, perforce, the highest conclusions of the differential and integral calculus as elementary truths not demonstrable by them. But what about the quarrel of (what you call) the Church with Science?"

"The Catholic Church," I said, "teaches nothing about natural philosophy. It is not important to the soul of man whether the earth be round or flat. Galileo, about whom and the Church you Protestants have prated so much nonsense, made the mistake of insisting that his theory of natural science should by accepted and taught by the Church as religious dogma. Copernicus, who was the real discoverer of the diurnal motion of our planet, preceded Galileo and was honored and encouraged by the Church. When you become a Catholic, as you certainly will, I must advise you not to request the Pope to issue an encyclical upon the constitution of meteorites in spite of the fact that meteorites are not part of the earth, and in some sense may be considered heavenly bodies."

"You have a quarrel with the Deluge and Geology," said he, "and what you teach as to the origin of man is against demonstrated truth."

"The Church," I replied, "attends to its own business and pays no attention to granite, gravel, sand, — aut id omne genus. As to the origin of man I don't see that the Church should be concerned about his origin but rather about his condition and destiny. The Church permits (and I use the verb advisedly and emphatically) its members to believe anything and everything not in conflict with the Church itself, and no truth of natural science is or can be in conflict with the Church.

"For example:—

"1st. An eminent writer in the Catholic World said that it was and is permissible for a Catholic to believe that the Deluge was not universal, and covered but a part of the earth, and hence I infer that it is permissible for a Catholic to believe that Noah was not the father of all mankind. So much for the quarrel with the Deluge.

"2d. I think it was the same eminent writer, who, again addressing the public through the Catholic World, said that it was and is permissible for the Catholic to believe that the six periods of time of the Creation were not six days such as we know, but six periods of time, however enormous. So much for the alleged quarrel with geology.

"3d. Later and recently an exceedingly able contribution to Donahoe's Magazine, by Professor Zahm, says that it was and is permissible for a Catholic to believe in the hypothesis of evolution as adopted, or at least suggested and urged by Darwin and others, in regard to the origin of mankind. So much for the alleged quarrel between the Church and science as to the origin of mankind.

"Now I am inclined to put some of the above propositions together and advance farther, and so illustrate to you the immense liberty of thought enjoyed, and capable of abuse, by Catholics. You Protestants have no landmarks and no lighthouses, and therefore you do not know whither to direct the keel of inquiry. The Catholic, on the contrary, knows where he can't sail, and exact knowledge of danger is exact knowledge of safety. The thought which I am about to express will not wreck me upon the rock of St. Peter, but, expressed by you, my Protestant Puritan friend, would strand you upon the narrow rock of Plymouth.

"It follows from paragraphs marked first, second, and third above, that it is permissible for a Catholic to believe that neither Noah nor Adam was the father of all mankind, and it farther

follows that a Catholic may believe that man came from the Mollusk via the Monkey. Being a Catholic I am at once conservative and liberal. The truth lies between. As a conservative I cling to my parents Adam and Eve; as a Liberal I am inclined to believe that some of the human race came, by evolution, from the Mollusk, through the Monkey to the stature and form, though not to the color or smell of the descendants of Adam.

"In other words, I am inclined to believe that the white man is a descendant of Adam, a special miraculous creation, and the colored races, black, yellow, and red, are the product of evolution, and may boast of a more ancient ancestry than can you or I.

"No man is more kind to, and considerate of, the colored races than I, in spite of the fact that the red men took the life of my brother, the best of all our family. He was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and, when killed, wore the uniform of a brevet second lieutenant of the United States army. He fell pierced by three arrows shot by Apache Indians near Fort Union, New Mexico. As to the negroes, they all love me, and I like them. A slave-holder, I never struck a slave; but, after the war, I did strike a freedman. As to the yellow Chinamen, I know nothing about them, except that they are not blood relatives of me or of you.

"The coming and fulfilled mission of Christ made all mankind, of all colors, kinds, and degrees, equal spiritually, but how different was the relative position of the races under the old dispensation. The Old Testament history is a history not of human kind but of Israel, a chosen few, and no one outside of Israel is vouchsafed mention unless such mention is necessary to the history of Israel. See the Egyptians, the Moabites, the Amalekites, and, if you please, Jonah's whale, none of whom would have been noticed by the Old Testament except for contact with the select race chosen of God. And see, what is most remarkable and significant as to racial difference, the statement of Holy Writ that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair and took them wives" (Genesis vi. 2), and hence the wrath of God and the deluge; see also Sodom and Gomorrah. If the above does not indicate and condemn miscegenation, sexual union of a superior and inferior race, what does it possibly indicate?"

My Protestant friend said, somewhat indignantly, "Do you mean that the Catholic Church would impose these opinions upon us?"

I replied, "Dear, foolish friend, have I not carefully guarded my expressions throughout in order to indicate that, outside of dogma and discipline, the Church permits and does not teach?"

"True, my friend," and he is a good friend.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

BY J. N. TAYLOR.

ALMOST a hundred years before the invention of the electric telegraph, on a sultry day in June, 1752, when the low growls of distant thunder harbingered an approaching storm, a man with the head of a philosopher was engaged in the rather boyish recreation of kite flying. This immortal kite flyer was Benjamin Franklin, and his mission on that memorable June day was to prove, if possible, the similarity between chemical electricity and lightning. This he succeeded in doing, and his researches did much to extend the theoretical and practical knowledge of electricity.

While Franklin was experimenting with his kite in Philadelphia, learned men in France and Russia were investigating in the same field. Two French scientists, shortly after Franklin's success, made experiments with like results. These experiments were attended with considerable danger, and one eminent physicist, Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg, was struck dead by a bolt that entered his house on an iron rod which he had erected on the roof to draw the lightning from the clouds. It was during a terrific bombardment from above that a vicious zigzag sought the iron rod and went down into the room where the professor was examining an electrometer, which formed part of his apparatus. His head was about a foot from the rod when the flash came; and a friend who was with him says that a ball of bluish fire as large as an apple darted from the iron to the professor's head, with a report like a pistol. The professor's death was instantaneous.

The transmission of electrical signals was begun as early as the year following the ascent of Franklin's kite. At first, instruments with as many wires as there are letters in the alphabet were used, and signals were transmitted for short distances slowly but intelligently. But it was not till the year 1832, when Samuel B. F. Morse, a man from New England, invented an apparatus and a

code of signals made up of dots and dashes, that any great progress was made in putting electricity into practical use for telegraphing. Seemingly insurmountable obstacles were thrown in Mr. Morse's way when he first made known his plans, and the shallow thinkers of those days jeered at him.

From a whole network of wires for the sending of signals, Mr. Morse came down to a single wire, and the instruments then invented are to be found doing duty in out-of-the-way offices even at this late day.

The first really successful attempt of the Morse system was made Sept. 2, 1837, over a circuit of copper wire 1,700 feet in length. The attempt was a success. A profound sensation and a petition to congress for an appropriation sufficient to build a line of some length, in order to establish the practicability of the invention, was the result. Discouraging delays followed, and it was not till Feb. 23, 1843, that congress made the appropriation. Late in May of the following year, a line from Baltimore to Washington having been completed, the first telegraph message to go any considerable distance by the Morse code, was sent from one city to the other and an answer received.

Then began the building of telegraph lines in every direction, and honors like incoming surges of the ocean almost overwhelmed the inventor. Fourteen years later saw the ocean spanned with a cable, and lines of telegraph stretched in every direction.

The old-fashioned but always reliable register for recording dots and dashes began to be looked upon with disfavor by ambitious young operators, and reading by sound was the next event in the great miracle of human progress. It is difficult to secure accurate data regarding the advent of sound reading. Early in the 50's reports went over the circuits that such and such a man of somewhere had disconnected the old recording instrument, and was taking messages directly from the wires by sound.

One of the first to take messages in this way was James Leonard, of Lexington, Ky., and it has been claimed for him that he was the first operator to read messages by sound; but there are other well-authenticated instances in which operators are said to have read in this way as early as Leonard did. It is a fact that Col. R. C. Clowry, of Chicago, was the first operator to receive messages regularly by sound in St. Louis, and that was about the time that Leonard was heard from. There are so many who claim first place in this matter, that it is next to impossible to say to whom the honor is due.

Sound reading opened a new field of vast possibilities in telegraphy, and it needed but one example to set all the young operators by the ears. New additions to the ranks of sound readers came thick and fast, and the awe and wonderment inspired even by the primitive method of receiving signals was as nothing in comparison to that brought about by the seemingly impossible feat of translating a hum of dots and dashes.

In those days the telegraph operator was looked upon as something, while not quite supernatural, yet a trifle more than human. There was always a certain amount of mystery attached to him. His stories of chain lightning sending by some man in the far-away city office, or yarns of his own exploits on the wire would hold the attention of a whole

hall full of people; and his wonderful ability as an artist of the key and sounder became the talk of hundreds of his townspeople, who knew not

taneously with sending a different one on another, usually emanate from country towns, and the relaters are always willing to back up their state-

A COUNTRY STORE.
Where the Pulse-Beats of the Great Outside World are felt.

whether he made 40 "breaks" in taking a ten-word message or was able to receive 40 messages without a "break."

Stories of the operator who could receive a message on one wire simul-

ments with cash. Such a thing is impossible, but there are so many mysteries connected with telegraphing that the uninitiated can be made to believe anything.

Probably the greatest wonder

caused by the telegraph was in out-of-the-way places, where people lived who had never had any intercourse whatever with the outside world. To

Thomas A. Edison.

[There seems to be something in the art of telegraphy which tends to develop ambition and ability. There are many former telegraph operators in America to-day occupying places of influence where the "ticker" is never heard. First among those who have risen from the operator's chair stands, of course, Thomas A. Edison. His extraordinary career is familiar throughout the civilized world. There are many others not so well known to the general public, whose self-made success is worthy of emulation. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE takes pleasure in presenting in the following pages the portraits of some of the most notable of these former telegraphers.]

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these people the hum of the vibrating wires was a weird and uncanny puzzle; and to this day there dwell in remote hamlets those who believe the wires "holler," and who try to recognize the handwriting of far-removed friends in telegrams.

The writer once heard of an old French Canadian woman who spent half a day gazing at the telegraph wires that stretched along in front of the little old house in which she lived. She was watching for a message, and a passer-by who was attracted by the old lady's attitude, asked her what she was looking at, and if she expected to see something pass on the wires, to which she replied :—

"Dere's long taime ah'll look does ting, me sometaime morneen', sometaime heev'nin', but ah'll nevair see someting go pass on 'eem. How ees dat? W'en ah look long taime, by'm bye he's mek sometaime curieuse noise lak sing, den ah spose he's hurry fas' as caint see someting any more? Ah don honderstan' me."

About the time that men began to read by sound, the telegraph took a step forward as a revolutionizer of the old-fashioned modes of conveying signals in time of war. In 1854-55, when the Crimea was the principal theatre of a war, begun on the Danube in 1853, between Russia and the allied powers,— England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey,— the telegraph was used for the first time for purely military purposes. Its success in this war brought it to the attention of the German government, and in 1855 the Germans adopted it as a part of their army organization.

The English were the next to recognize its worth, and in 1857 they began teaching their under engineer officers their telegraph system. In the same year the French employed it in the Algerian war. During the late war of the rebellion it was the genius of Morse that made possible the splendid strategy of Grant; and the part played by the telegraph in that great struggle may perhaps be aptly illustrated in the words of Secretary Stanton, after William E. Kettles, of the United Press in Boston, received the news of the downfall of Richmond. Turning to the men in the old war department telegraph office, he said, "Boys, I consider the telegraph my right arm!"

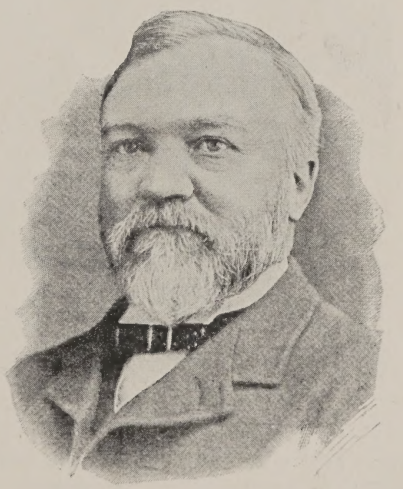
There are enough good stories to fill volumes, of schemes of cunning,

captures, and hair-breadth escapes of some of the old military operators, and the part played by the telegraph in snatching from death, by messages of reprieve, some poor unfortunate about to be blindfolded, and shot.

It is related that during General Hunter's raid through Virginia, two soldiers who had become foot-sore and weary by long marches and lack of food fell behind and were captured. They were heavily ironed and closely guarded for some days. Being threatened with death if they refused to take up arms in the interests of the Confederates, they agreed to turn against their flag, with the secret hope that they might at an opportune moment escape to their own lines. Donning Confederate uniforms, they engaged in a raid on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and were captured and taken to Harper's Ferry in irons. Being recognized, they were accused of desertion and condemned as deserters. Their own stories of how they came to be with Confederate uniforms were disbelieved, and the date set on which they were to be shot.

The day before the time fixed for their execution, a Catholic priest, hearing of their story, questioned them closely and became satisfied that they were telling the truth. What they told him was borne out by the statements of a rebel prisoner whose testimony had not been taken by the court martial. The priest telegraphed a full account of the situation to the kind-hearted President, and the operator at Harper's Ferry sat at his key for nearly 18 hours for the reply.

The day of the execution dawned with all the wires as silent as clothes lines. All was still at noon, and the operator, worn out by loss of sleep, was almost prostrated by the awful nervous strain. One hour before the time set for the death of the prisoners, there was not even the faintest indication of a current. The prisoners had left the jail. The "dead march" broke out mournfully on the air, and looking from the window the operator saw the doomed men, sitting on their coffins, pass by. The sorrowful priest was in that procession; and as it passed the telegraph office, he glanced gloomily at the window. The place of execution was two miles away, and the operator had about given up in despair, when, shortly past noon, the instruments began to splutter fitfully, and then down came the armature of the sounder with a noise suggestive of a good battery. Next came a quick call from Baltimore, and with trembling hand the Harper's



Andrew Carnegie.

[Born in Scotland, 1835; came alone to America when 10 years of age; began his business career in Pittsburg as telegraph messenger boy at 40 cents a day; learned telegraphy and went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad; appointed division superintendent by Thomas A. Scott; invested his savings in oil wells and manufacturing industries, and established the largest steel works in America; author of "Triumphant Democracy," which has been praised and ridiculed as much as any other book of the century; acquired what popularity he possesses by his magnificent gifts.]

Ferry office answered. The message reprieving the two men was received; but before "O. K." was sent in response, the Harper's Ferry man ran with it to a mounted horseman, and a two-mile ride for two lives was on.

The horse was whipped and spurred into a wild, heart-breaking

The Reprive Just in Time.

run; and when the rider came within sight of the soldiers, they had just lined up for the death shot. Waving his hat wildly in the air, he cried out for them to hold, and in another moment the horse fell dead at the feet of the officer in charge of the execution, and the men were saved.

There are several instances where the telegraph brought life for the condemned, and many peculiar cases where, as in that of the two condemned men at Harper's Ferry, the wires, as if by a miracle, came "O. K." just in time to save a life.

The war had hardly closed when there appeared one day in Memphis, Tenn., a young man who was destined to nourish the child of Morse's brain into a full grown, healthy man. There are many and variable accounts of how Thomas A. Edison looked when he appeared in that office; but whether in blue jeans or finely creased tailor-made trousers, the other men were not long in finding out that an operator of unusual ability was among them. He was modest, silent, and thoughtful, and, though he had good reason to, he never boasted. He was born in Milan, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1847, and when quite young moved to Port Huron, Mich. At the age of 12 Tom, as the boys called him, went to work on the Grand Trunk Railway as train boy. He was a favorite from the start; and when he took up the study of qualitative analysis and began conducting chemical experiments in the baggage car, he was not hindered but often laughed at and guyed. While working on the train he set up and printed a paper which he called the Grand Trunk Herald, and made considerable pocket money in this way.

Then telegraphing attracted his attention. The instruments in the windows of the stations along the line had for him a peculiar fascination. He first fashioned a rude battery and some instruments, and set up a line between his father's house and that of a neighbor; but it didn't work very well, and one day, after saving the life of a child belonging to one of the Grand Trunk station agents, he was given a chance to learn the combinations of dots and dashes. Becoming in a short time an expert operator, he roamed from one city to the other, travelling all over the United States and Canada. While going the round in

this way, he established for himself such a reputation as an expert receiver, that the name of Tom Edison became known in every big office in the land.

While in Memphis in 1864, he first turned his attention to experimenting on the duplex system of telegraphy; and it is said of him that he often neglected his regular duties in trying to solve the problem of sending two messages simultaneously over the same wire without causing electrical discord. For four years he worked over the duplex idea; and in 1868, when he first went to Boston, and surprised George F. Milliken with the dexterity with which he could take apart, adjust, and put together the complicated Milliken repeater, the duplex was tried for the first time.

It was not a success, and Edison, somewhat discouraged but not disheartened, left Boston for New York, where he attracted the attention of the Western Union and Gold and Stock people by repairing off hand a gold and stock indicator which broke down at a critical moment. While fixing this indicator a device for recording stock quotations in printed letters was suggested, and he soon offered the officers of the company an apparatus which became known as the printing telegraph for gold and stock quotations. From that day Edison's future was assured. The Western Union and Gold and Stock companies engaged him at a large salary to experiment and give them the refusal of his future telegraphic inventions. This was in 1871. In the following year he perfected the duplex, which he afterward developed into the quadruplex and sextuplex. At first his inventions were regarded with incredulous wonder, but it was not long before people ceased to marvel at anything. Up to 1883 Edison had taken out 235 electrical patents, and the remarkable fertility of his inventive brain showed no signs of waning.

While in the Western Union office in Boston, Edison, like a great many others on the night force, was

A New York Newspaper Correspondent telegraphing his Own Dispatches up in Westchester County, during Blizzard of March, 1888, when the New York City Wires were all down.

bothered by the vast army of cockroaches that each night formed a hollow square, with the operators' lunch boxes on the inside. The lunches were kept on an unused table, and promptly at 6.30 each night, or mayhap earlier, the cockroach legions would march upon the old table, ascend the four legs that

upheld it, and gorge themselves on sandwiches, apple pie, and other eatables. One night while Edison was waiting for Washington to start the

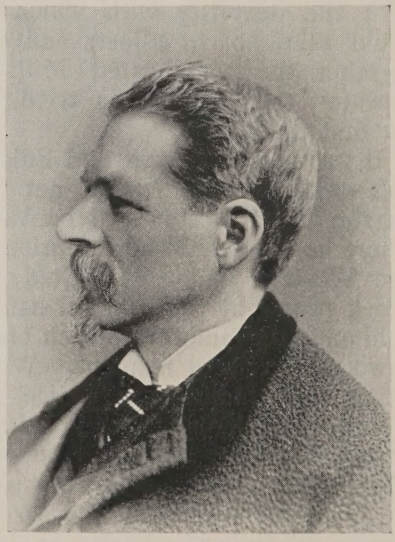
James Morgan.

[A Kentuckian by birth; educated in the West; learned commercial and railway telegraphy at an early age; was one of the expert operators of the United Press, which he left ten years ago to enter the service of the Boston Globe, first as exchange editor, and later as political and editorial writer; was Washington correspondent for several years, and is now assistant managing editor; one of the most brilliant and versatile political writers in the United States, with a wide personal acquaintance among American statesmen.]

newspaper specials, he conceived a plan to annihilate the whole cockroach hoard.

He said nothing, but when he reported for duty the next night he was supplied with a quantity of tin foil and four or five yards of fine wire. Unrolling the tin foil and cutting two narrow ribbons from the long sheet, he stretched them around the table, taking care to keep them as near together as possible without touching, and fastening them into position with some very small tacks. Then he connected the ribbons of foil with two heavy batteries, and awaited the result.

Chief operators and all were interested, and little work was done till the advance guard of the cockroach army put in an appearance. Now, to complete the circuit and set this unique engine of death in operation, it needed but a single cockroach to cross the dead line. One big fellow came up the post at the southeast corner of the room, and stopped for a moment. Then he brushed his nose with his forelegs, and started. He reached the first ribbon in safety; but as soon as his fore-creepers struck the opposite or parallel ribbon, over he went as dead as a free message. From that time



Thomas H. Sherman.

[Born in Bucksport, Me., Dec. 28, 1842. Studied in the public schools, and in the East Maine Conference Seminary; telegraph operator in that town and in Washington, D. C., until March, 1869; private secretary to James G. Blaine from March, 1869 to May, 1889; Consul of the United States at Liverpool, Eng., from May, 1889 to May, 1893. Resides in Boston.]

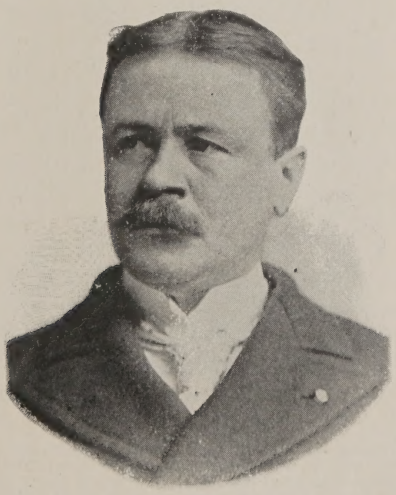
till after lunch, the check boys were kept busy brushing the dead insects to the floor. At midnight the cordon of defunct bugs around the table looked like a square made of an old rope.

Since the rise of Edison's star there have been vast strides in utilizing the telegraph for business purposes. Twenty years ago such a thing as a private wire was unheard of. Now, however, the broker or banker who wishes to keep up with the times has his private wire and operator, some of them as many as two or three wires, and nearly all their business is carried on in that way. Cables have been strung to almost all the important points in the world, the old method of transmission by spark and mirror improved on, and the cables worked duplex.

The history of submarine telegraphy begins with the laying of the cable from Dover to Calais in 1850. In 1858 this country was connected with Europe, and to-day 10 cables are running across the bottom of the great Atlantic from the United States to Europe. Two of these cables start from Brest and six from Valentia. Two more run parallel in the ocean, connecting Lisbon and Pernambuco in South America with Funchal and St. Vincent.

George Henry Dickinson.

[Born in Baltimore, Md., June 24, 1860; was educated in public and private schools of Maryland and New Hampshire; learned telegraphy in Charlestown, N. H., and worked as an operator for the Western Union, Baltimore & Ohio, and the United Press; has been night editor Boston Globe, sporting editor New York World, managing editor Daily America, and is now city editor New York Evening Telegram.]



Henry Guy Carleton.

[Born in New Mexico in 1856; was on the frontier until 1862, with his father, Gen. James H. Carleton; educated at the Jesuit College at Santa Clara, Cal.; in 1873 appointed lieutenant in troop H, 8th U. S. Cavalry, and in 1874 engineer and signal officer of the battalion; picked up a thorough knowledge of telegraphy which proved very useful in a fight with Cortina's band of cattle thieves in 1875; subsequently associate editor of New Orleans Times, special writer on Chicago Tribune and Herald, and New York Times and World; editor of Life; famous as the author of the "Thompson Street Poker Club" sketches, and of several successful dramas; enthusiastic student of the sciences; resides in New York.]

Few who use the submarine telegraph for distant communication stop to think of the journey a cablegram takes. A message for New Zealand filed in Boston might go either to Duxbury, Mass., or Canso, in Nova Scotia; then it would cross the ocean's bottom to Brest or Valentia. From either of those places it might go to Lisbon or Gibraltar, through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to Aden. From Aden it would be sent under the Arabian Sea to Bombay, to take a flight of over 600 miles across the country to Madras. By

that time it would be dry and ready for another bath. Down into the

Ralph D. Blumenfeld.

[Born at Watertown, Wis., in 1863; learned telegraphy, in all its branches, in his native town; acquired a knowledge of journalism in his father's newspaper office, and this experience, combined with his efficiency as a telegrapher, brought him to the front in the service of the Press associations; in 1887 sent to Europe by the United Press, and on returning entered the service of James Gordon Bennett, first as reporter, then as city editor of the New York Evening Telegram, and later as editor of that paper. In 1890 became editor of the London edition of the New York Herald, and on the discontinuance of that enterprise became London correspondent of the Herald; is now superintendent of New York Herald.]

bay of Bengal it would go for Penang and Singapore, and from the last named place it might be sent north to the coast of Siberia or south to the farthest point in New Zealand.

There is a good story about an operator who once worked the land wires in the Duxbury cable office going to sleep one night and a message having to be sent 6,000 or 7,000 miles to wake him up. The operator is now a practising physician in Cambridge, Mass., but before annexing M. D. to his name was one of the gilt-edge telegraphers of the country.

One night while on duty in the Duxbury office, he fell asleep at his key. The sleep was a sound one. The New York operator called till out of patience, when he sent a message to Boston requesting the chief operator in charge to tell Duxbury to answer New York. The sleeper, however, was as deaf to Boston's "Di," "Di," as to the impatient characters flashed on from New York.

In the cable-room next the sleeping operator was the cable artist. The room was dark, and he was watching the mirror for the tiny sparks that in those days went to

Frank A. Munsey.

[Frank A. Munsey is a son of Maine. A dozen years ago he was known among the telegraphers of that state as an expert, with scarcely a peer. He is now known throughout the country as the publisher of Munsey's Magazine. His first success as a publisher was with the Argosy, which he still owns and which he has recently changed from a weekly to a monthly periodical. He has also been in recent years interested in daily journalism, but his most notable effort is his present one with Munsey's Magazine. It is a matter of pride with him that he made his own money, and is using only his own money, in his publications.]

make up a message. To him the Morse alphabet was all Greek, so the sleeper slept on.

Seeing no other way out of the muddle and thinking the operator asleep, New York called Canso in Nova Scotia, and addressed a message to the cable operator at Duxbury. The message read: —

"Go into the other room and wake up that operator."

Canso sent it to Heart's Content, in Newfoundland; Heart's Content rushed it across the deep to Valentia. From there it went to London, thence to Dover, and across the Channel to Calais and to Brest. Brest kept it moving on to Miquelon, and Miquelon gave the cable operator at Duxbury a unique surprise. The sleeper was then aroused, about eleven minutes having been taken by the grand round of the cablegram. He tried to explain matters by telling New York that he was out of adjustment. The story didn't impress the officials as being truthful, and in a day or two there was a vacancy in Duxbury.

A friend of the same operator, who is now employed in one of the largest banking-houses in Boston, met with bitter disappointment early in his career by falling in love with a young woman at the other end of one of the old Western Union wires. She used to say sweet little nothings when a lull in the business gave her an opportunity to use the wire. The young man worked in the Boston office, and had the reputation of being a "fly" sender, and able to receive what he could send, an all-important factor in the "sizing up" of an operator. The woman was proud to have him say even "Gm" or "Ge" (good morning or good evening) to her; and the other girls on the wire, with whom he never condescended to exchange even these ordinary salutations, were jealous. As time wore on, their conversations over the wire became longer and more frequent. Finally an invitation to come to Boston and visit one of the theatres was given and accepted.

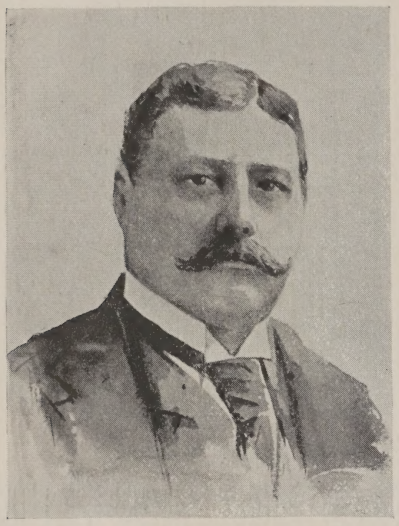
Eugene J. O'Connor.

[Born Oct. 24, 1849, in Springfield, Mass.; learned the telegraph business in his native city; worked ten years for the Western Union in Boston, during the last three years as night chief operator; became the prime organizer of the telegraphers of New England, and in March, 1883, at the national convention at Chicago was elected chairman of the executive board of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers of the United States and Canada, and was one of the most influential leaders in the memorable strike of 1883; was blacklisted by the Western Union, and was subsequently in the service of the American Rapid, United Lines, and Baltimore and Ohio companies; has been four times chosen president of the Boston Telegraphers' Mutual Aid and Literary Association; is now on the editorial staff of the Boston Globe, and for eight years has also been first assistant assessor of the city of Boston.]

The Lothario of the wire was to wear a red, red rose in his button-hole, a white straw hat with a blue band; she was to carry a small satchel of peculiar shape in one hand, and a fluffy lace handkerchief in the other.

The train arrived at the Eastern station on time, and the satchel of peculiar design was sighted. It was indeed of peculiar design — it was an old-fashioned carpet bag, of a grayish green color, and considerably older than the Morse alphabet. The girl was a sight that would have made

Neil Burgess in the "County Fair" go and hide. She was fully 48 years old. Long corkscrew curls of a past era hung down over her shoulders like twists of molasses candy, and a smile loomed up under the eaves of her sunbonnet that would have done credit to a fissure in the side of Vesuvius.



Walter P. Phillips.

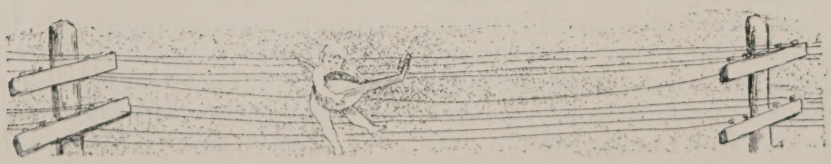
[Born 1846 in Grafton, Mass.; entered the service of the American Telegraph Company in 1861 at Providence, R. I.; lat r editor of the Providence Morning Herald and of the Morning Star; founded the Attleboro Chronicle; in 1874 appointed night agent of the New York State Associated Press; then resident manager, in Washington, of the Associated Press; inventor of the "Phillips Code;" in 1883, became general manager of the United Press, of which he is the virtual founder; author of "Oakum Pickings," and of many humorous sketches.]

She was extremely glad to see him, and he, with the instinct of a true gentleman, tried to appear that he was just as glad to see her. He took her carpet bag, and they boarded a car for the house where he was staying. There were many sly nudges and covert laughs at the tea table, all the girls and young men thinking the young operator was entertaining his aunt from the country. For the evening performance at the theatre the giddy maiden fished out an awful bonnet from the depths of her carpet bag, and slicked up her curls in the most approved fashion. The bonnet was a flower garden in itself, and the writer has the young man's own words for it that she and the bonnet attracted more attention than the play.

The next day he sent her home, but ever after he was careful not to allow himself to converse with any one on the wire except on business.

Romances of the wire are not at all uncommon, but great chances are taken by both parties when they allow themselves to fall in love with each other while blindfolded by distance.

In no other business, perhaps, is the telegraph so valuable as in newspaper work, and the advantages possessed by a newspaper man who can telegraph are incalculable. On an important piece of work miles away from his office, the chances of getting his story in ahead of the other reporters are all in his favor, and often, too, he can gain time by sitting in himself when an inexperienced operator is met with in some country village.



FRANCESCO'S ANGEL.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

. . . Like birds that wing
Across dark forests when they sing,
The days flew in Carrara. I
Was but a quarry slave, they say —
I'd be a quarry slave to-day,
If but Bianca might be by!
Our love folds like a purple haze
Around those old Italian days.

Often, when noon is high, I think
I hear the busy hammers clink
Upon that snow-white rock that seems
A shapeless mass to you; and yet
Each vision of the sculptor's dreams
Within that jealous stone is set!

I was a sculptor too: my hand
And eye were quick to understand
The beauty in the marble locked.
When on the yielding stone I knocked,
White-statued figures answered me! —
But I was slave to poverty.

We peasants were a merry lot!
If life were hard, we knew it not.
Toil melted busy hours like snow.
Clink! clink! the happy hammers go —
I hear them yet. And when the night
Had set our violet skies alight,
The twanging of the mandolin
Wove our light feet its strains within,
Who tript across its tinkling bars,
And danced beneath the dancing stars
That bent to hear the melody.

IANCA always danced with me,
As light as wind-blown leaves, until
The English signor came, to spill
The rich wine of my life, and tear
Away the rose I longed to wear.

This Englishman was hard and cold
As other men whose god is gold.
The workmen feared him from the first;
And as for me, the very worst
And hardest labor he could find
In all the quarry, to his mind,
Belonged to me: 'twas hard to bear,
For I had worked with love and care

At such fine tasks as needed skill.
I held myself as something more
Than common peasant; and until
This overseer came, I bore
My share of praise. He always spurred
With muttered curse or bitter word!

TOLD Bianca all: a change
Was on her, she was cold and strange.
This English signor was to prove
That as he hated he could love!
He hated me; but day by day
I saw him win her love away . . .
And then that maddened taint that creeps
Thro' all my kinsmen's blood, that sleeps
For generations — then awakes
And of a man a maniac makes —
Awoke in me!

Our quarry cuts
Deep in a marble hill that stood
Ridged over with a dark green wood
And tangled roads beseamed with ruts.
Deep in this tunnelled passage hung
A mighty mass of rock, that swung
Dark overhead. At night I crawled
Along the passage marble-walled,
And loosened all the rock! beneath
I placed a slender prop 'twas death
To move: thus death to him I called!

Then, coward! frightened at a breath,
I fled. Upon the road that twines
Past Beppo's olive groves and vines,
I met Bianca: I have said
That she could read my soul — she read
My black thoughts, even as I fled.
It must be so . . . for 'twas not he

HO, going on his nightly round,
The prop straight in the pathway found
And pushed it lightly — it was she
Who went to warn him! . . . Hark! I think
I hear the busy hammers clink
Upon the stone; and Guilo's laugh
Rings merrily — no bird is half
So gay as Guilo is! . . .

They say
A great rock fell there once and lay
Beside a pretty peasant girl
Who loved her English lover well,
And called upon him when she fell!
Across her temple one bright curl
Concealed the wound: the very stone
Was loath to crush so fair a one!

Then I, Francesco, felt my hate
Die out. I loved Bianca still.
Hatred must die, — it is its fate, —
But love, eternal, never will.

I sought Bianca's lover, told
Him all my story, knelt in tears.
I found him humbled, worn, and old, —
'Tis sorrow ages us, not years!
"Go, go!" he said, "your guilty soul
Shall be your jailer night and day!
Your black crime and its memory can
Torment you more than law or man.
Go! get you from my sight away!"

CROSS the rose lane, down the hill,
Past orange groves and vineyards still,
Unto my lonely cot I went.
Despair came too; and stayed content
While hopeless days and nights were spent,
Until there came to me unsought
How my atonement might be wrought
In marble. Ah, but not as they
Who work in plaster or in clay
I chipped the clinging stone away;
Wrought I my penance!

Day by day,
And hour by hour I called her name —
"Bianca" — softly, till she came!
And week by week, arose and grew
A shining angel in my view,
With wings outspread in snowy grace —
An angel, with Bianca's face!

I felt a talent strong and new;
It may be when the brain is ill
The hands but gain a greater skill!
Before the image left the stone
Where it had waited ages through,
Francesca's angel gained renown,
And love among the peasants, too.

ROM sandalled foot to plume-tipt wing,
With toil I carved my offering;
And when at last it stood complete,
I knelt down at those feet of stone,
And made my prayer at her feet,
That I might yet my sin atone!

Within a chapel poor and bare
I placed my altar angel; there
She stands in pure, white holiness,
And seems to pardon and to bless
With subtle power, strange, intense.
Why not? What thoughts of penitence,
What deep remorse, what pain of sin,
Are carved that marble form within!

The skill has left me now: the sign
Is good — it shows that skill divine;
It shows forgiveness may be mine!

THE FIRST STEP.

By the Suffolk Engraving Co., Boston.

MIKE'S GRANDFATHER.

A TALE OF ITALIAN RETRIBUTION.

BY W. D. WILLES.

Y friend Mike is a boot-black. Not one of the peripatetic plebeians of his craft, however, with a box on one shoulder and a chip on the other, but a professional in the art of ebonizing footgear, with a leased privilege of stand, a big leather-cushioned easy chair, and a regular clientele. Furthermore, Mike's habitat is Park Row, and amidst the weird agglomeration of characters indigenous to that locality, his own is by no means the least interesting.

On the same dusty, blustery corner, where the converging winds of heaven rebuffed from the lofty buildings in giant gusts, and the diverging stream of the great city's traffic pouring in and out from every quarter, seem to meet, war, and mingle in one unceasing roar, he has remained a fixture, now for four years, and during these four years, or ever since he left his peasant home among the fields and hills outlying his beloved Neapolitan home, he has wrested his living, foot by foot, and nickel by nickel, from the proud republicans of his adopted country.

But it is not in the sordid character of the money grubber, nor yet in his professional capacity, that Mike becomes of interest. As a utilitarian he is prosaic. It is only when divested of his surroundings, his brushes laid aside, and his polishing rag neatly folded, that Mike stands revealed and worthy of observation per se.

Taken thus and in colloquial mood, it has been my good fortune to have many a chat with Mike, and to hear in his quaint, broken English, many a tale of sunny Italy and life among her vineyards and olive groves with the picturesque Latin peasantry; and among these one day was told to me the tale of the Grandfather.

It happened in this way. Business had been bad with Mike that day, and his smudgy, good-natured countenance was drawn to as great a length as its natural rotundity would allow, when I took my seat in his chair. He had blacked one shoe without ever once flashing his white teeth up at me in his usual, laughing smile, when I tried to draw him into conversation. Still I had thought nothing serious the matter, for Mike always disapproved of combining labor and conversation. When, however, before starting on the second shoe Mike paused and deliberately and distinctly made a most uncomplimentary remark regarding a person unspecified — who did not get down town before four o'clock in the afternoon, I knew that Mike was radically off his usual cheerfulness, and ignoring his gage of battle, relapsed into dignified silence. Thrown thus upon his own resources Mike attacked my remaining shoe with

desperate but silent energy. This finished, and my trousers having been turned down with that critical thoughtfulness so well calculated to fidget the nervous wearer of frayed

Mike paused.

nethers, Mike remarked with lugubrious emphasis: —

"Me no beesaness shina da shoe-a. No mon, harda work. Eef my gran' fadder no one beeg fool, I no haf to, eder." After which engaging piece of candor concerning his ancestor's character, Mike proceeded to tell me the following story of that estimable old gentleman.

Alphabetical limitations prevent a verbatim transcription of Mike's phonetic gambols in the English language, so that while robbing it of much of its coloring of quaint idiom, and slangy epigram, the tale will perhaps be more interesting to the general reader if more plainly told, the abruptness of the present tense alone being retained. As a story of the Italian peasant character, illustrating the terrible love for revenge even when arrayed against the consuming greed of avarice, I believe it is unique.

"My grandfather," began Mike, "was a young farmer, leasing a small farm about 40 miles from Naples. It is a fruitful country. The summer is long with a blue sky and a great sun. Crops grow fast and the soil is rich and warm. The winter is short and snow is rarer then the lava rain. So my grandfather begin with nothing but his two arms and a good wife to keep the little home. They work long and rest little — never, except on Sundays and the great fête days. Even then they do not, like the other young people, dress in their fine clothes, with ribbons and trinkets, and go to the village to spend their money in the booths and wine shops. Instead they save, and work hard always to save more. Living is cheap with poor peasant folks but they live cheaper still.

"Then one day my grandfather get money enough saved to buy his farm, and all the people at the village wonder, and are respectful to the man who owns his farm. Still my grandfather keep on saving, and as he get more money he buy more land to earn him more yet to save.

"By and by, he get so rich that no one in the village have so much money or so much land as he. Still he never stop saving, and his great vineyards and fields pile up the money for him, and he hide it all over the house. He fill old pots with silver and stuff rags in the top, and hide them in the cellar, behind the fireplace, everywhere. One day he take an old pair of breeches and tie up the legs and fill them with money and hide it up under the roof. I live with my grandfather, and I see these things.

"Now, all the people in the village get very humble to my grandfather when he walk out, and the tax collector for the king, he stop at my grandfather's house when he come around, and he is a great man in the country side. But the people are very jealous, too, and they hate my grandfather because he get so rich. Besides, he was a hard man, and stern, who never did any wrong, but always get his own when it is due him. He lend money, too, to the farmers, and people in the country, and when he get it back, he get more because he lent it.

"Well, one day a man come up from the village. He was the shoemaker to the people, and he own his little house in the village and he do well. But his son had come to marry and he wanted money — much money, to give him so he could go to America to grow rich. He ask my grandfather for the money, so much as would make $500 here, and he say that he pay in a year. My grandfather trust not much in the

"He sit down and take a glass."

man, but he know that he own the little house in the village, so after much talk and paper writing he give it to him.

"Then the man go away and my grandfather see nothing of him for many months, until one day he go to the village to buy some things he need on the farm. There he meet the man, whose name was Guiseppe, and he ask my grandfather to drink with him in his little garden, of a bottle of chianti. My grandfather never drink anything and so he say, but Guiseppe laugh and say: —

"'Oho! friends and neighbors always drink the small glass together.'

"So my grandfather who wish not to offend Guiseppe, and who was also very hot and thirsty with his long, dusty walk to the village, say 'very well,' and he sit down and take a glass. Then Guiseppe, who was a jolly fellow, make my grandfather laugh with stories, and they take another glass, and by and bye another flask come on the table. All this make my grandfather, who never drink wine, very jolly — as jolly as the men in the wine shops before they take too much and quarrel. Then his heart no longer stay so cold and his good-nature come to the head and he love everybody.

"Then, Guiseppe, seeing how things may be, call in the neighbors and they have a jolly time. And in the talk Guiseppe turn to my grandfather and ask in a loud voice:

"'Is it true, O Padrone, that I owe you money?'

"And my grandfather, with the wine in his head, and not liking before all the neighbors to humiliate the man whose wine he drink, say: 'You owe me nothing. Not one pesa.'

"But Guiseppe say: 'Men have said there are papers showing otherwise.'

"Still my grandfather, thinking Guiseppe is hurt by men saying he owes much money and would have them think he is rich, say in his friendliness and to keep the secret: 'Such paper cannot be good. You owe me nothing.'

"Guiseppe then have all he desire and say no more, and the neighbors are much astonished, but they all sit late in the garden over the wine, and when my grandfather go home he very sick, and never remember what he say in the day he spend with Guiseppe. So when the year is up, he go to Guiseppe and ask for his money, but Guiseppe laugh and say: —

"'I owe you nothing. Not one pesa. You say so before all the people and they swear it.'

"'But I have papers. They tell that you owe me much money,' say my grandfather.

"'You have told the people the papers are not good. They swear that, too,' replied Guiseppe.

"Then my grandfather see the trap that caught him, and in a great passion he hold his hands to the sky and say: —

"'You have said you owe me nothing, and never shall you, now, make payment, no matter how much you may want to. But for your lie I, here, lay the curse of your wicked sin on your soul, and never will I lift it.'

"Then my grandfather turn away, and Guiseppe laugh more and also turn away. But my grandfather go home, and for many days he sit and never speak, but look always on the ground, and so stern no one would dare to speak to him.

"Guiseppe, though he laugh, still think sometimes of the sin laid on his soul, and then it frighten him and he sing and laugh loud at his work to keep up his heart. But

when he meet my grandfather sometimes in the village he act the same, and once he ask him with a great laugh to drink, and the old man would have killed him in rage had not he run, so he never try that again.

"The years keep on going by though, until one summer the speckled death come to the village and many poor people die. And among those who get it, Guiseppe is very bad, and must die. Then he think even more of the old man who lay the black sin on his soul, and he get so frightened that neither the padre nor his own wife can comfort him, so much the terror was on him. And he send for my grandfather, but the old man would not go for fear he, too, catch the plague. Then Guiseppe's wife come and on her knees beg my grandfather to see the husband who is dying. And my grandfather at last go down with her, but his face is not good to see — so hard and stern.

"There, in the little house where Guiseppe live, all his family stand around and on the bed Guiseppe, very near the death, listening to the padre and kissing his crucifix. But when he see my grandfather he break out into great sobs and try to take his hand, which the old man draw back, and stand at the foot of the bed and fold his arms. Then with hot tears streaming from the

"Listening to the padre and kissing his crucifix."

eyes Guiseppe tell my grandfather how the sin haunt him, and beg that he accept his money and forgive the wrong. When he say this my grandfather listen, but his face never

"He sit all the long days in the sun by the door."

change, and at last he say in a deep voice: —

"'Years ago you laugh at me when I tell you of your great sin. Never will I laugh at you, but never, too, will I lift the sin I laid.'

"Then Guiseppe is siezed with terrible agony, and the padre with a grave face tell my grandfather that although his forgiveness count for nothing to the penitent soul, it may be from himself withheld as he withholds it. Guiseppe's family, too, pray my grandfather on their knees to take all they have and lift his curse; but he turn away cold as he come, and Guiseppe, with a scream, half sit up in the bed and then fall back, dead. But my grandfather come back up the hills to his home, and after that he sit all the long days in the sun by the door and mutter, and care nothing for those who come near."

Mike had stopped. The light had died from his flashing eyes, and I knew another picture was before his mind. "And is that all?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "that is all. My grandfather never seem to care about money after. May be he afraid for his own soul. May be not. He sit all day and take no care for the farm, nor the crops, nor his money, nor anything. The harvests are poor, and he lose his land little by little, and everybody steal from him — even one man steal the breeches with the money from up under the roof, so when at last he die, I come to America. That is all."

A CHAR-COAL SKETCH.

BY CHARLOTTE MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

"'Tis sweet to lub, but, oh! how bitter
To lub a gal, and den not git her."

"WHAT feeling and emotion dere is in dem poetry lines, Miss Cl'rindy."

"I 'clar to goodness, Mr. Hamilton, you gib me a start. You are very po'tryetic, dis mawnin'."

A sigh from Mr. Hamilton.

"S'pect you are dreffful put out not to find Miss M'riar in de lawndry. You must be powerful anxious to talk ter she."

"Me want to conversate with her!" said Mr. Madison Randolph Hamilton; "wot does she know ob a gemman like me? She don't unnerstan' me."

Miss Clorinda Montmorenci paused in the operation of starching, and surveyed him with an open-mouth admiration that met with his unqualified approval, for in his own and the ladies' opinion, he was the handsomest gentleman connected with the Ocean House. He had the most perfect teeth, the most charming mahogany complexion, and Hyperion himself would have gnashed his teeth in envy could he have seen that brow surmounted by such curls, always "so iled," as Clorinda expressed herself in confidence to Celinda Eugenia Bush.

But the depressing knowledge that Madison Randolph had been preëmpted, so to speak, by Mrs. Maria Parthenope Brown, the naiad who presided over the laundry, had dampened the spirits of her handmaidens. Still, they attributed Mrs. Maria's powers of fascination to the possession of a bank book popularly supposed to represent t'ousands and t'ousands. It must be admitted that Madison Randolph was influenced by pecuniary considerations, but it also should be put to his credit that he was not impervious to the charms of youth and beauty. Every time he looked at Maria and then at her lovely assistant, Clorinda, a great sigh welled from the very soles of his shiny shoes, and he reflected gloomily on the whyness of the thus.

Moreover, his dusky fiancée displayed none of that trusting reciprocity which he desired, for she would not give him even a peep into the bank book. Indeed, when he tried to snatch it from her the previous evening, she had dealt him a box on the ear that had opened a whole fir-

mament of stars to his vision, and caused him to reflect upon the possibilities of conjugal happiness with a partner who had evidently taken lessons in the noble art of Pollux while he was a pickaninny stealing melons. Furthermore, he shrewdly argued that matrimony was not likely to develop a sweetness in a disposition that had not mellowed under the softening influence of courtship.

"Did you consider that remark in poet'y pussonal?" he inquired.

"I didn't notice wot you said," rejoined Clorinda with colossal indifference.

"Now, what you want ter pervaricate for? You heard me 'jaculate in the language of true affection the following, inasmuch, wharas, to wit:

"'Tis sweet to lub, but, ah! how bitter,
To lub a gal and den not git her!"

The tenderness with which Madison Randolph Hamilton rolled out the lines was unmistakable. Clorinda tossed her head, turned up her eyes till only the whites were visible and tittered.

"G'long out ob this, you 'siniwatin' critter!"

"But did you construct it pussonal, dat's wot I wants luceriferdated."

"Ax Miss Mariar. Don't pear as if you was as sweet on her as you used to was."

"Arsk she?" said Madison Randolph in lofty scorn after he had cast a careful glance about him lest he be surprised by Miss Mariar. "Dat ornery old niggah! She took 'vantage of my youf. I don't want to conversate wif she. She don't unnerstan' me. She has no culchaw. She jest nuffin' but an old rabbit wif no soul above shinin' shirt collars. My wife has got to have culchaw. She don't even know grammar. The first principles of grammar is never to say 'her.' She always does."

"Wot is culchaw?" asked Clorinda, in some anxiety.

"Course you don't know. You is young and inexperienced. Very few folks does know. You unnerstan', Miss Clorinda, dat I am s'perior to the average gentleman? I have been a resident of Boston and prominent places 'proximating to dat intellectual radish of America, as my professor called it. At one period of my existence, I officiated as janitor in an institution of learning where the atmosphere was thicker dan molasses with culchaw. I declar', when I contemplates dat butterific period when I 'sociated wif de giants ob de land, and acquired dat nebulosity of mind dat caused them to confab wif me on de wickedness ob de umpires, I could a'most knock out my brains for havin' abandoned dem classic shades. Dat Mis' Mariar, she hasn't any more soul dan a pumpkin. Might as well talk poet'y to a cabbage as to she."

Clorinda's face grew pleased as Madison Randolph continued and she said: —

"She am mighty comfortable fixed, and wot good is culchaw?"

"Wh-wh-at is dat?" cried Madison Randolph, leaping a foot off the floor as he heard a slight noise. "'Taint nuffin'," he added encouragingly after listening. "Oh, you needn't care for culchaw, Miss Clorinda. Youf and beauty don't need it. Culchaw is only for middle-aged ladies, real down ornery lookin'. Dey must have something to attract the opposite sex Besides, when a gentleman has culchaw, his lady don't want none. Too much culchaw spoils the cookin'."

"You's just awful, Mr. Hamilton."

"Why don't you answer my question? Did you 'propriate to your be-au-ti-ful se'f dat pussonal poet'y line dat I 'jaculated?"

"Lawsy me, Mr. Hamilton!"

"Don't you know a gentleman who is in the predication so sensationally expatiated in dose feelin' lines? Does your heart tell you right here at your feet, not t'ree feet from you, is one who adores you? Contagious to you is one who loves you better than his life or — or — or a whole patch ob watermilons. Clorinda, I lub you ter extraction. I throw myself at your lubly feet for you to prognostricate whether I am to exist in the sunshine of your presence or forever vegetable in darkness!"

Clorinda let the garment she was starching drop, and clasping her hands, rolled her eyes and glanced at Madison Randolph who having carefully placed his handkerchief upon the floor, pulled up his trousers' legs and sank upon it, precisely as he had seen the lord do before the haughty heiress and coquette in the theatre the evening previous.

Clorinda danced in glee, emitting shrill suppressed screams of ecstacy.

"Laws! laws! You's a play-actor and the greatest scollard I ever see! Wot will Mis' Mariar say — I doesn't promise nothin' — but sposen — wot will she do?"

"She can go and chew grass like Naybutchednosens. He was a powerful sight a head of she. Lubliest of thy sex, art thou mine?"

"Now, there, lemme go, you bold niggah!" raising the starch pan threateningly. "Gracious! sposen she come!"

"She'll be in the dark till the deed am done. Strike while the iron am hot, says William Shakespeare. I want to mysterfercate she. Clorinda, we will just step off in a carriage to the Methody pa'sonage to-night, and when we return, I will have the honor and happiness of presentin' to she Mrs. Madison Randolph Hamilton."

To this proposition, Clorinda made the usual maidenly demurs, but by artfully working upon her jealousy, Madison Randolph gained her assent.

At precisely eight by the village clock, he was awaiting her coming at the appointed trysting place. He was allowed to wait. A quarter, a half, three-quarters elapsed. Anxiously he consulted his Waterbury. It was on the stroke of nine. What could detain his love? Had Mariar discovered the plot? Cold sweat stood on his brow and his face turned gray. At this harrowing juncture, a female form appeared and threw itself into his outstretched arms with an abandon that caused him nearly to lose his balance. The wedding finery was shielded by a gossamer from the thick mist which was falling.

"Bless de Lawd!" he said with heartfelt fervor as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. "I thought that debbel had cotched you."

"I reckon not," panted Clorinda, jubilantly, "I got ahead of dat yaller niggah. Think she suspected someting."

"Let her suspect," said Madison Randolph, contemptuously, as he took his seat beside her in the buggy. "She will be pow'ful surprised, I reckon. He-he-he! Won't her eyes bulge when I lead her to you and say, 'let me present you to Mrs. Madison Randolph Hamilton!'"

Clorinda chuckled and he urged the livery steed to his best speed. They were soon at the parsonage, and with impressive gallantry he conducted her to the parlor, where to his astonishment he beheld through the semi-darkness, that was only

lightened by the lamp in the inner room, nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of his circle. This was Clorinda's idea of keeping a secret!

The ladies had surrounded her and now she was enveloped in a voluminous veil that bore a suspicious resemblance to a parlor curtain. The parson requested him to take his place beside her. He obeyed with a queer feeling and the ceremony proceeded to the question: "Do you take this man for your lawful husband?" when Clorinda jerked her hand from his and exclaimed: —

"Me! Me marry dat onery low-down lyin' niggah! I t'ink not. I'd as lief go out into de gawden and pick up a cabbage stump!"

She threw back the bridal veil and disclosed the vindictive countenance of Maria, while the lights were suddenly turned up and Madison Randolph saw the smiles of his associates as they revelled in his discomfiture.

"Nebber t'ought I was behind the door all the time? T'ank de Lawd, I has more sense dan te t'row myse'f away on a peacock, if I hasn't culchaw! He-he-he!"

SELFISHNESS.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT LEWIS.

A SUNFLOWER once was nodding o'er a wall
On slender stem, a brilliant, golden ball;
Beneath it, dandelions small.

"We can't grow tall," the dandelions said:
"But why not have as round and bright a head?"
Thus they whispered as they lay in bed.

At dawn they turned their faces to the sun,
And held them up and waited, just for fun,
Until they were bright golden, ev'ry one.

And when the sunflower saw what had occurred,
It was enraged, and frowningly demurred,
And hung its head, and sulked, and slurred.

"I've made you bright and golden to the core,"
The mild sun said. "What now? You ask for more,
And want the whole of my effulgent store?"

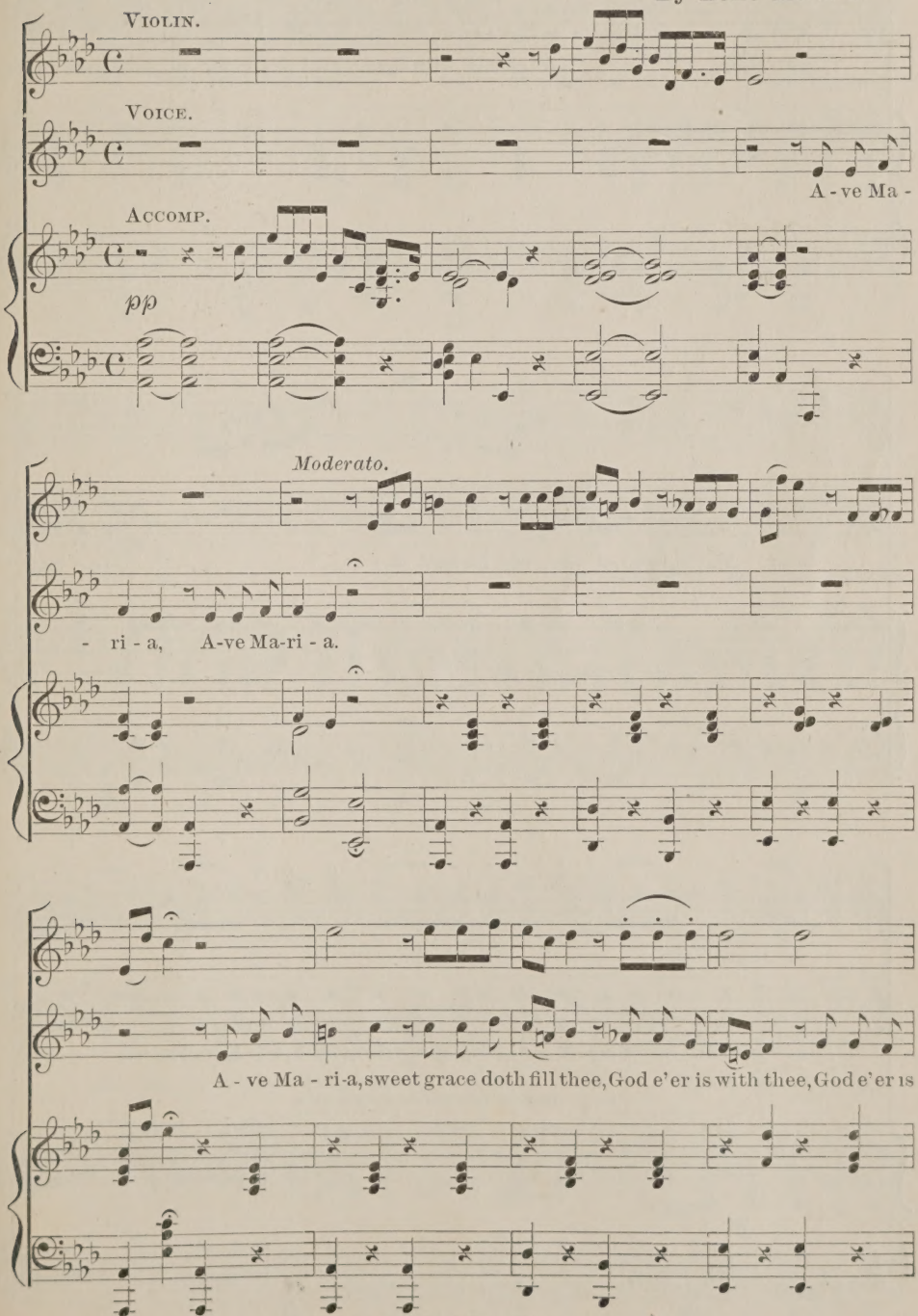
The sun consumed a century to think
If he'd make sunflowers red or pink;
At last he daubed their selfish hearts with ink,

And that's the reason, dandelions say,
No black heart spoils their brilliant ray.
(If they grow selfish, though, it may.)

AVE MARIA.

WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

By Belle Menard.



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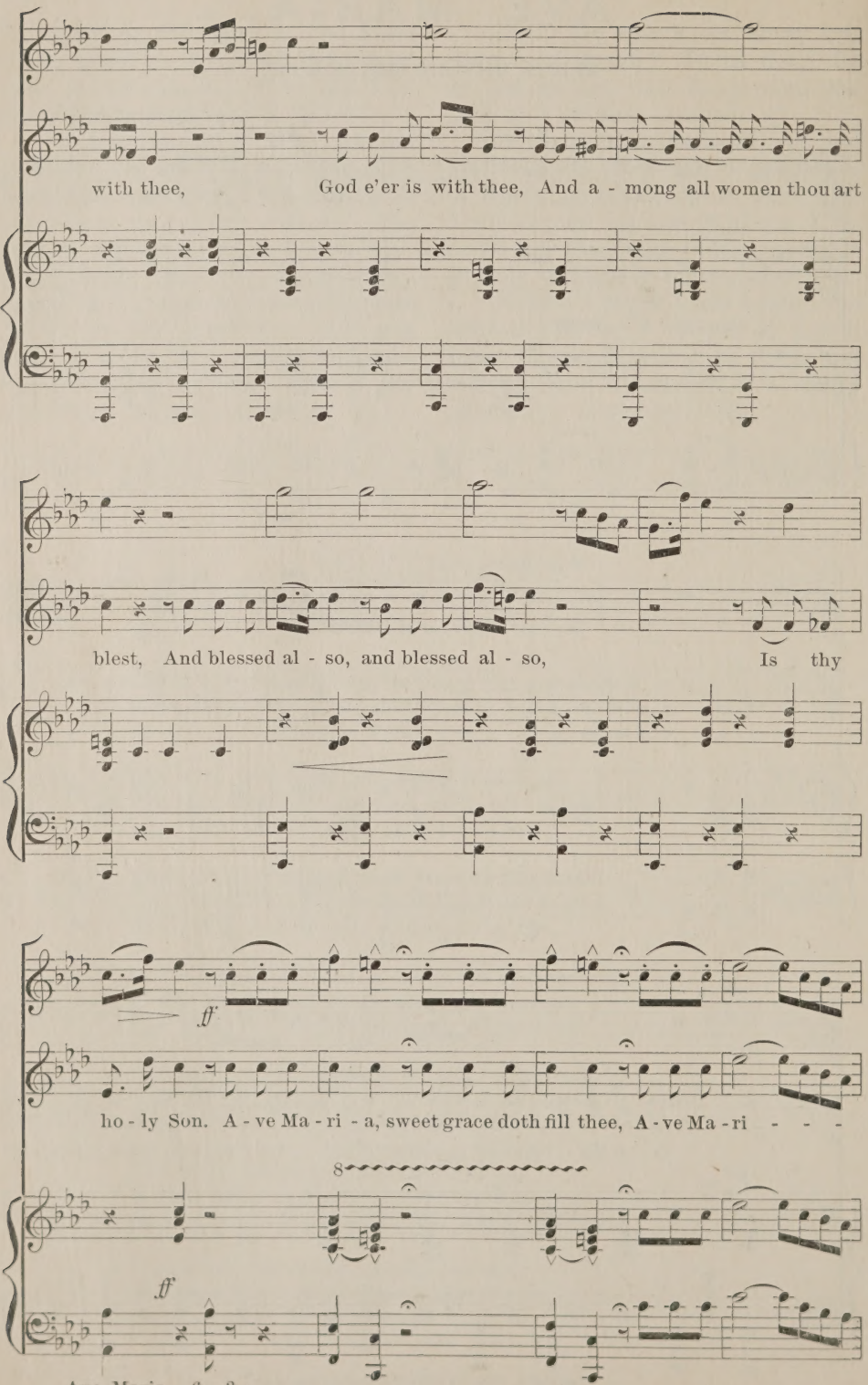
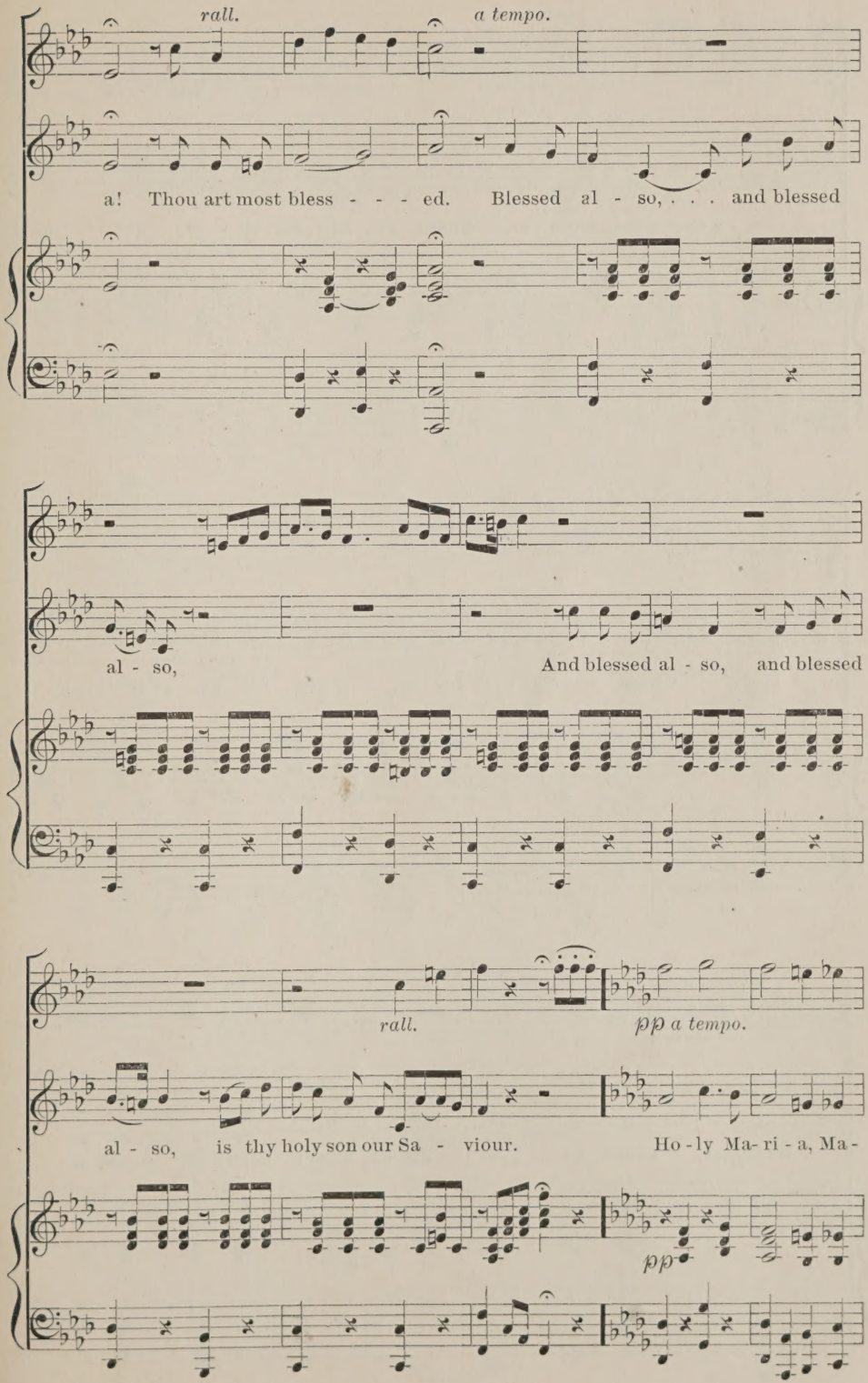
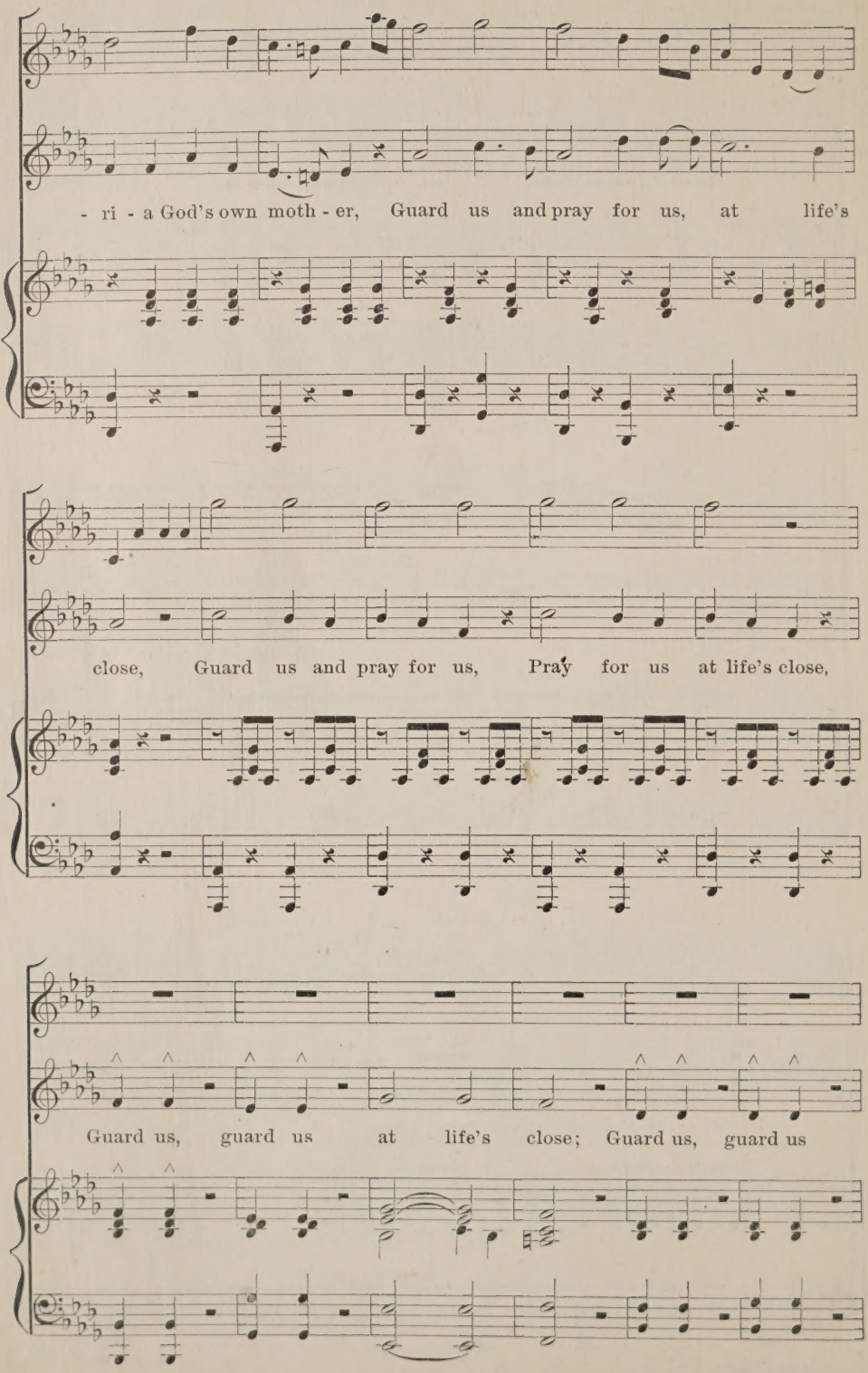
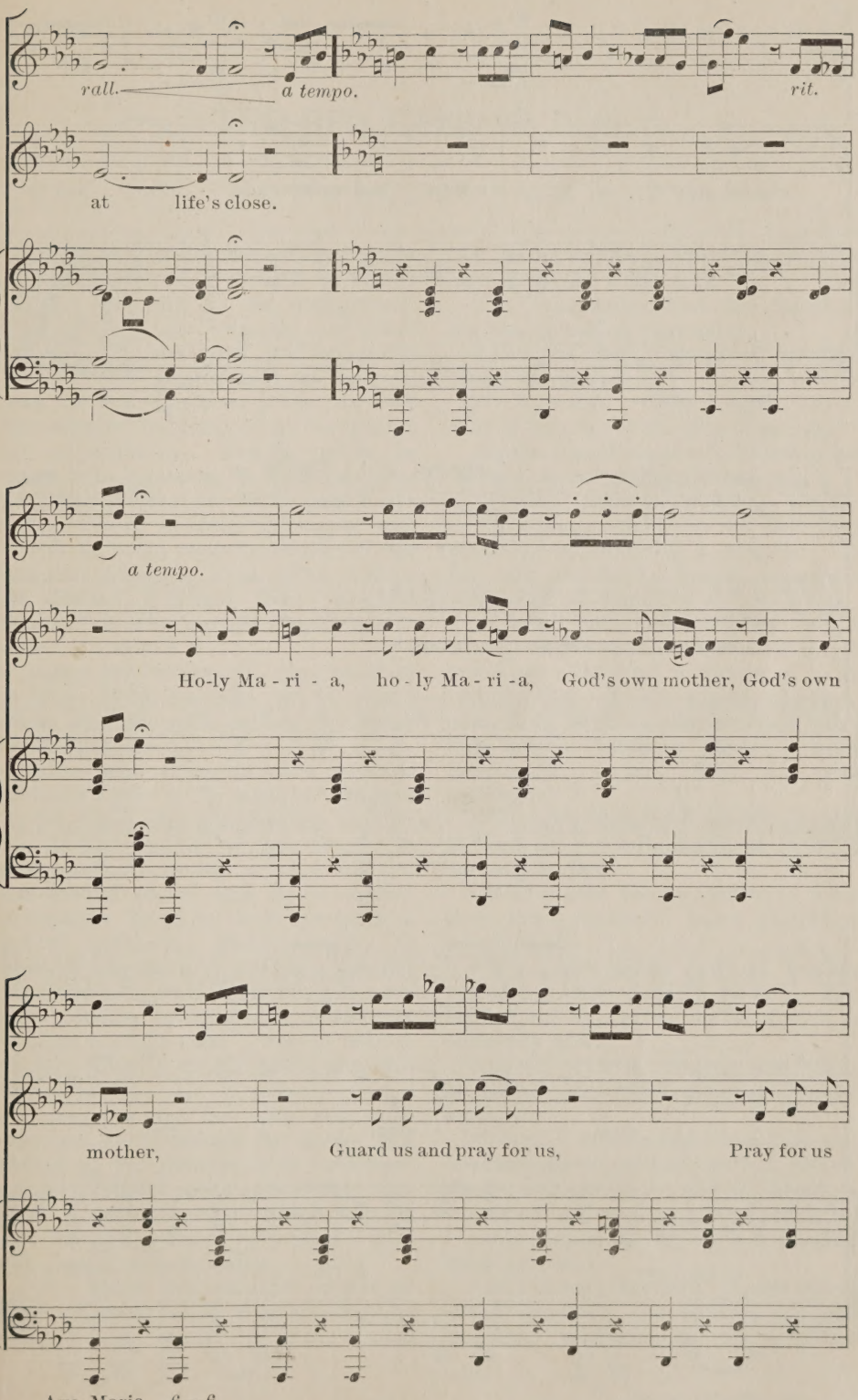
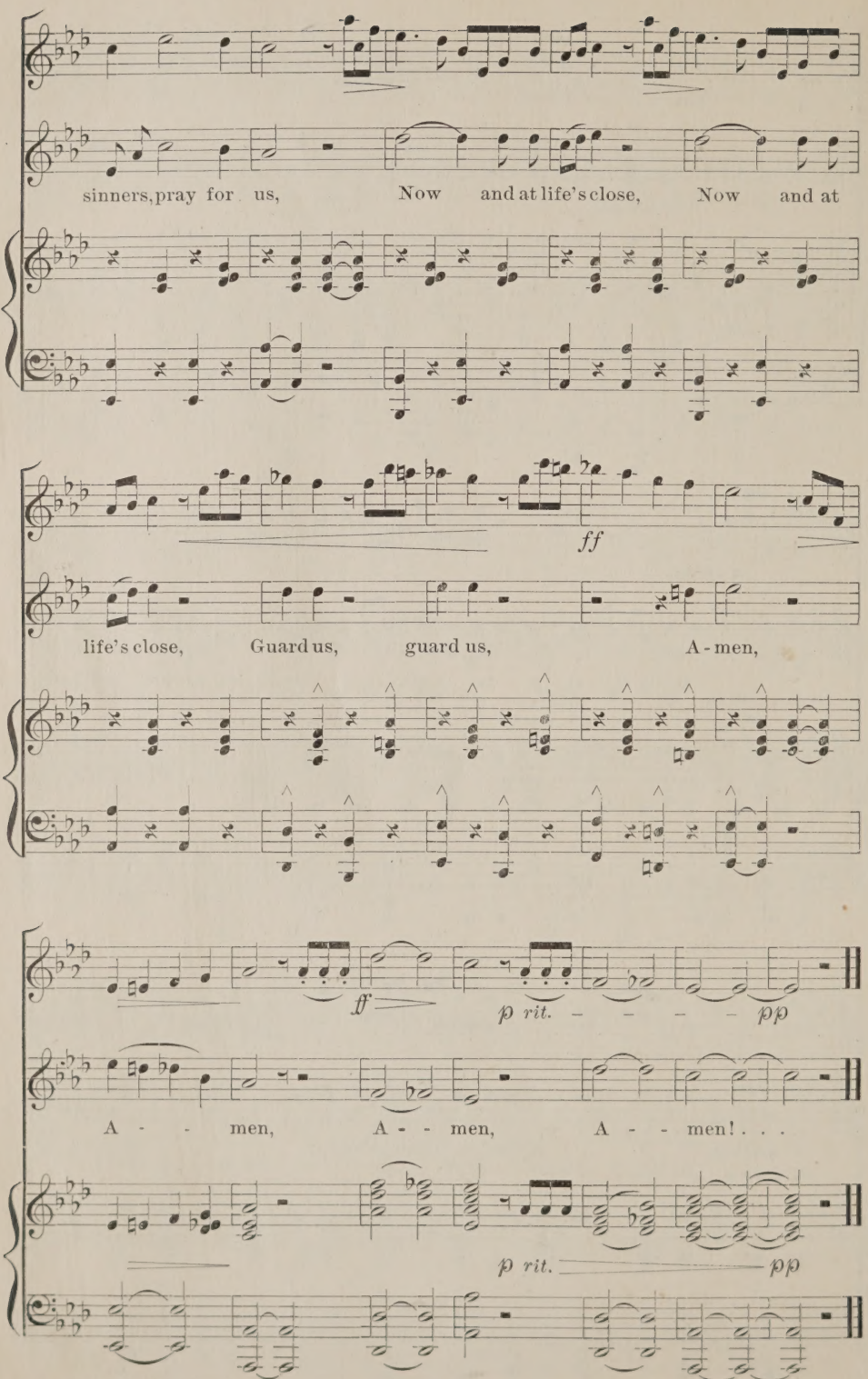

with thee, God e'er is with thee, And a - mong all women thou art
blest, And blessed al - so, and blessed al - so, Is thy
ff
ho - ly Son. A - ve Ma - ri - a, sweet grace doth fill thee, A - ve Ma - ri - - -
8
ff


rall.
a tempo.
a! Thou art most bless - - - ed. Blessed al - so, . . . and blessed
al - so,
And blessed al - so, and blessed
rall.
pp a tempo.
al - so, is thy holy son our Sa - viour.
Ho - ly Ma- ri - a, Ma -
pp

Ave Maria. 6—4.


- ri - a God's own moth - er, Guard us and pray for us, at life's
close, Guard us and pray for us, Pray for us at life's close,
Guard us, guard us at life's close; Guard us, guard us


rall.
a tempo.
rit.
at life's close.
a tempo.
Ho-ly Ma - ri - a, ho - ly Ma - ri - a, God's own mother, God's own
mother, Guard us and pray for us, Pray for us


sinners, pray for us, Now and at life's close, Now and at
ff
life's close, Guard us, guard us, A - men,
ff
p rit. pp
A - - men, A - - men, A - - men! . . .
p rit. pp

THE RED CLOVER DOILY.

BY IDA I. SUMMERSCALES.

GNES was in her accustomed nook in the cheery bay of the sitting-room, but the work over which she bent was unwonted employment for her. It was the first time that Louis had seen her engaged in so trivial an occupation as embroidering. Usually when he came in to luncheon, he found his little friend puckering her brow over Latin lines, or deep in letter-writing, or with pencil in hand, ready to check off impressive passages from "The Prince of India," "Mosses from an Old Manse," or some volume equally profitable.

Agnes embroidering? Engrossed in it too! What surprise was in store? Blest the being for whom this work was in progress!

Some such thoughts were reflected in Louis's face as he stretched himself on the divan and pillowed his head in his locked hands at an angle to command luxuriously a view of the sun-flooded recess and its attractive occupant. To enjoy these few minutes before luncheon, contemplating, as now, the picture that the girl opposite, absorbed in her self-imposed tasks, ever made for him, he hurried with his collections towards noon — chafed almost visibly when a prolix delinquent detained him.

Sometimes he lay still and only watched her; oftener he broke the thread of her thought with irrelevant questions, the more provoking the more stimulated he to prick her to look his way in annoyed protest. To-day queries were in order.

"For whom this wasteful output of time and attention?" was his first inquiry.

"It isn't wasteful. Not for you, anyhow," was the rejoinder.

The independence of this friend of his was becoming aggressive.

"But you haven't answered my question," he replied.

No response. "How long do you intend to keep me on the rack of anxiety?"

Agnes tossed her head, doubting his interest, and scrutinized her work.

"Well?" Louis insisted.

"Not long enough to warrant your receiving so much as a wrench. It's for my mother," Agnes conceded. "Now let me alone!"

"Can't," Louis emitted lazily. "Not while you clip your answers so. I wager you'd get a hundred in directness in an examination. You're expert, when you want to be brief, at answering the question only. Volunteer, please, a little information to-day. Why are you making it?"

"Mother's birthday is a fortnight off. It must not go unremembered by me," Agnes returned.

"Will it take you two weeks to work that little square?" Louis remarked wonderingly.

"No. I've begun early as I plan working a little only on it each day. Mother will appreciate my handiwork—especially now."

A most fruitful subject had been launched. Agnes was growing communicative.

"Why?" Louis asked encouragingly.

"Because she will know that while I was busied with it, I could not be wearing myself out studying or moping."

Louis shaped his mouth for another interrogation.

"Oh! there's the bell," Agnes interposed, dropping her sewing into the lacquered work-box on the window-

sill. "And it was only yesterday that Sister Eleanor upbraided us with her eyes for being late. Here I go, anyhow!"

The next day Louis asked, "What is it you're working? A napkin?"

"A small one," Agnes answered. "The housewife's name for it is doily."

"What use are doilies?" Louis was as searching as a catechism.

"Intensely practical people, yourself for instance," Agnes informed him mischievously, "would condemn them as more ornamental than useful. You see them usually under small dishes on the table. Don't you remember how artistic the table looked at Archer's the other night? There were tiny pansy doilies under the butter plates and larger ones under the olive and jelly dishes."

"The table did look inviting, I must say," Louis admitted. "It takes a woman, though, to note details. I hadn't observed the pansies particularly."

He rose and went near her. "What is your pattern?"

"Clover blossoms. See the two heads and this leaf? Here are the shaded silks for them."

"My! they'll be natural enough to be fragrant when they're finished," Louis commented. "Is it necessary to have those?" pointing to the embroidery rings.

"Some people get along without these hoops," Agnes emphasized smilingly; "as a sailor would say, they hold the portion that you are working 'taut,' keeping you from puckering your material."

"What is this around the edge?" Louis' interest was growing.

"A border of scallops and eyelets. The linen out here is to be fringed when the doily is done."

"Ah — ha! but why don't you pierce those holes?"

"Oh! we never work eyelets open in silk embroidery. We make them like dots — so," and Agnes started to cover one.

Louis, who had not the keenest vision, grew suddenly most near-sighted. To witness the operation to his satisfaction, it was necessary that he come very close to Agnes. In raising her head to exhibit her work with a complacent "There!" Agnes became conscious of Louis' proximity.

"Go away!" she exclaimed, reddening and pushing him from her. "I believe you're just pretending you want to know!"

Another noon, Louis observed, "It's a wonder that such a literary person as you would deign to squander precious moments on embroidery."

"Why, a love for learning is not at variance with needlecraft!" was the surprised response. "Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was so notable a weaver, and so jealous of her supremacy in this direction, that she changed Arachne, a mortal, into a spider for excelling her in the making of webs. The order including the spider is called arachnida to this day. Then the skill of the ladies of the middle ages in making tapestries, is a matter of history and tradition. They used to depict with the needle on canvas the battles and other fierce contests in which their redoubtable lords figured. Our modern troubadour, even, has not scorned to make one of his most engaging heroines an adept in embroidering."

"Who is he? And the heroine?" Louis demanded, amused at Agnes' warmth, and congratulating himself on the ease with which she had been drawn into voluble defence.

"Don't you know Tennyson? And have you never heard of Elaine?" Agnes questioned, her intonation implying that if Louis' reading had not included some account of "the lily maid of Astolat," his range in literature had been reprehensibly limited.

"Of course, I'm not so impecunious a back-number in this radiant eve of the twentieth century, as to lack a postage-stamp impression of the man who wrote 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' But Elaine? Who was she? Recount her feats with the needle instantly, or, in the words of the

would-be minister to Dahomey in the 'Texas Steer,' 'I'll hold you purs'n'ly 'sponsible' for my ignorance on this score hereafter."

"Elaine? Oh! she was the maid who loved Lancelot, the prince of the knights of the Round Table. When he went disguised, to tilt in King Arthur's great diamond tournament, he left his well-known shield with her, and she, the adorable, fearing that it would get rusty or soiled, made a silken case for it on which she braided, color for color, the device on the shield, and added an original border of branches and flowers and nests, with little yellow-throated occupants."

"Why, she was a sweetheart worth having!" Louis averred. "Didn't Lancelot wear her in his heart of hearts?"

"That's the pity of it," Agnes reflected. "Lancelot was wrapped up in Queen Guinevere. As far as he was concerned, Elaine's love was as idly expended as the proffered diamonds that the jealous Guinevere spurned into the stream. When Lancelot discovered Elaine's infatuation, he promised to endow her liberally, should her future knight be poor, and vowed to be her champion always — more than that he could not offer. But there! Tennyson is in the bookcase yonder, read the idyl for yourself."

"You're too charming a narrator to make dry reading alluring," Louis said, as the bell rang, adding, as Agnes, warned of some fervid avowal, retreated towards the door, "if you'd give me a tithe of the affection that Elaine lavished on Lancelot, I warrant my adoring appreciation would repay you!"

Towards the end of the week, as the piece of dainty needlework neared completion, Louis became intrepid in his protestations; Agnes, so insidious are the advances of the experienced little archer, less and less disdainful. She grew to look, even, for Louis' buoyant step and the cheery whistle that signalled his entrance. And not to have him from day to day inspect the progress that she made with her handiwork, would have been an oversight which she, secretly aggrieved, would have turned over and over in her mind all the afternoon.

The day on which the doily was finished, Louis came to luncheon an hour earlier than usual.

"You're just in time!" was Agnes's bright greeting. Often now she anticipated Louis in the way of salutation.

"For what? To see the doily finished?" he asked, approaching with alacrity to watch her dispose of the thread of pale pink silk with which she had replenished her needle.

"Yes. I've only the light tips of these florets to make — then I'm done."

"My! what memories of new-mown hay your clover blooms bring up!" ejaculated Louis, who, in his youth, had spent several years on a farm. "And those whitish arcs in the leaves! You have suggested them with the fidelity of a botanist." Louis was seated now, following intently the motion of Agnes's deft fingers.

The hand wielding the needle was small and supple, and to the ecstatic gazer it appeared as soft as swan's down and as white.

Agnes divined a crisis. She was loath to precipitate matters, so she lingered over the finishing touches. Finally, inspect the doily as she would, there was neither reason nor material for further stitching. She severed the last thread slowly, and with a little sigh of relief smoothed out the neatly worked square on the table.

Louis, patient as fate, waited for her to lay down the scissors, and then possessed himself of her hand.

"Now, give me a little of your attention, please," he requested. "Do you really think that I've been taken up all along with the doily, or have you thought correctly that it's the girl who has interested me?"

"Don't be silly, Louis!" Agnes replied nervously, trying to withdraw her hand.

"Agnes, listen!" Louis pleaded. Her name seemed to inspire him. "I was never more in earnest in my life. You

are a woman of sense. Give me a hearing. This little hand is unspeakably precious. Don't wrest it from me. I want it for all time. Say that it may be mine."

"What nonsense this is!" Agnes exclaimed, struggling still to release her hand.

"That's what you said six years ago, when in the flush of your success as a school-teacher you turned not only from my devotion but from the homage of other admirers!" Louis replied vehemently. "I was diffident enough then to be dashed by your coldness, but time has shown me the value of insistence — and your worth, too, my teacher in all that is good! May I not believe that you do not regard me unfavorably?"

"But it's all so sudden, Louis!" Agnes was half won.

"Am I to be turned down for that?" he responded spiritedly. "Let my offer, rather, be all the more flattering for its being unexpected. And sudden?" he argued. "Haven't we known each other all our lives? Weren't we reared in the same parish? It's only for the last three years, since my settling in the West, that we've been separated. . . . And my admiration for you has ever been an open secret. Years ago, back East, Marian Watson and Belle Graham and other girls that knew us, predicted invariably, 'You'll marry Agnes yet!'"

"But broken down as I am, what helpmate would I make for any man?" Agnes said dejectedly. "I'm out here at Eleanor's on sick leave, remember!"

"Pshaw! merely a temporary prostration from overwork," Louis replied sanguinely. "Give up, for a while anyhow, those mind-torturing studies of yours; imbibe with the bracing air of these plains deep draughts of vitalizing love, and, my word for it, your year in Denver will mark an epoch in your life. Besides, Agnes, I do not want you to give up the honorable position you hold for one less acceptable. I'd scorn asking a girl to go down hill with me. I have health, thank Heaven, and enthusiasm. I've made a good start in law while winning recognition as a collector, and it was only this morning that myself and several friends received word from Cripple Creek of the successful issue of an investment we made in some gold mines there last fall. Fortune, certainly, will atone richly for her past austerities if she but prompt you now to say 'yes.' Don't keep me in suspense, Agnes. Make me the happiest of men. Say yes!"

The tenor of Agnes's answer may be gathered from Louis's remark when the bell rang: "You will have to make another for your mother, sweetheart. This is associated with too many pleasant memories to be the property of any one but myself." And the red clover doily, folded tenderly, was stowed away in one of the speaker's inside pockets.

For Women by Women.

Makers and Buyers of Bargains.

Did your mind's eye ever rest on the other women at the bargain counter? Not the weary saleswomen or the motley throng of bargain hunters, but the gaunt, famished spectres in the background, mute protest shining in their sunken eyes, the fortitude of despair stamped on their wasted features. There are among them women bent with toil and years, mothers with babes clasped to their breasts, young girls entering on womanhood, and little children forced from their play to add their paltry earnings to the family fund.

They represent the great industrial mass of women workers striving nobly for self-support, and as little a part of blatant, swaggering, poverty-making capital, as of the well-to-do class greedily chaffering over the counters for bargains already paid for in human flesh and blood.

In every large city there is a proportionate number of women with an insatiable thirst for getting something for nothing. The injury they do to working women is incalculable. They haven't intellect enough to compute it, or heart enough to care if they could; as a general rule they are idle married women, who find in trivial saving a sufficient excuse for neglecting their children and household duties, delegating their responsibilities to over-worked maids-of-all-work.

It is a remarkable fact that marriage frequently develops in women a selfish indifference to the trials of bread-winners, even though they themselves had been part of the working world. Their new interests absorb them to the exclusion of everything else, and after a while the oppressed become oppressors. A timid or too indulgent husband furnishes the funds, and the bargain-hunter revels in her favorite pastime. She starts out in the morning and returns at dusk, laden with trophies won from points all over the city.

She would be only a ridiculous feature of metropolitan life were it not for the serious issue involved in her conscienceless pursuit. Dealers recognize her existence and defer to it by cutting prices to meet the demands of her stingy soul, and all along the line of productive labor pressure is brought to bear till the natural conclusion is reached in a scale of starvation wages.

The Sunday papers are eagerly purchased and as eagerly scanned by thousands of women intent only on locating counters to be visited the following day. Visions of bargains accompany them to church, lend color to their dreams, and furnish delightful topics of conversation with similiarly minded friends.

Where this bargain mania is very pronounced it would be a wise precaution for men to retain charge of their money till the sales are over, just as in many cases prudent employers refuse to pay drinking men on Saturday.

Some working women may share this passion, but fortunately they haven't time or opportunity to aid in their own destruction.

This mild protest against the bargain habit is the direct result of an incident that came under the writer's notice. A few days ago a young girl said to her (oh, so wearily), "I am completely disheartened. I got work, but can't earn car fare at it." Inquiry elicited the fact that she was working in a well-known manufacturing house, making wrappers for 95 cents a dozen! For the magnificent sum of less than eight cents each, this poor little girl

was expected to lay six plaits in front, arrange the back in elaborate folds, run in gathered sleeves, finish off with frilled collar, belt, buttons, and button-holes.

"They say you make good pay in there when you get smart," she added; "but I can't make one wrapper a day yet."

Granting that any woman could be nimble enough to make a dozen a day, the "good pay" still seemed to the writer to be a mythical condition, $5.70 a week being hardly a fabulous sum from which to pay for board, clothing, and incidental expenses.

"I could get back in the factory," she continued; "but the lint seemed to get into my lungs and make me cough."

There was no complaint in her voice or manner. She was simply marshalling facts, and reviewing her prospects of making a living. She had tried factory life and broke down under the strain; delicate lungs are rather a handicap. She admitted this in a resigned, thoroughly disheartened way, more pathetic than tears.

On taking up the paper the following Sunday, the wrappers were found conspicuously advertised at a figure that might have astonished the reader only for that glimpse afforded into the inner workings of the trade.

The wistful look in that girl's eyes, and the pitiful quiver about her mouth, would have made any woman with a woman's heart forever renounce bargains, and firmly resolve to help turn every bargain counter in the country upside down.

Such a resolution carried into effect would be productive of more good than all the Utopian schemes, for controlling and reforming the polls. Women are wasting energy clamoring for suffrage, demanding widening of a sphere that would be better contracted till every individual case of suffering and wrong existing among their sex came directly under notice, and so nearer to a happier condition of life.

It is to be hoped that one result of the coming convention of working women's clubs will be better protection of woman's labor, establishing a scale of at least living wages, thus rendering impossible the continuance of existing abuses.

"Live and let live" is a motto we women would do well to study. It expresses a fundamental principle of Christianity too often ignored by our sex.

M. B. O'S.

Feminine Philosophy.

When a razor refuses to take an edge the barber stops fussing with it, lays it away, and in a little while, no one knows just how, the edge returns. If we treated our brains and our bodies that way, instead of wearing them out on the grindstone, it would be a good deal more sensible.

Did you ever notice how much more successful the trolley system is than the cable? The former gets its power from above, the latter from below.

I noticed a pair of birds this morning building a nest in a rain storm not a bit troubled by the wet. They knew it would clear up sometime, and in the meantime they did not see any sense in sitting around and grumbling, but just set to and did a good day's work, getting ready for the good time. And yet we look down on the dumb things and pride ourselves on our human nature.

Isn't it delightful to berate ourselves to some one who will not agree with us, who will condone that which we condemn, and give our self-love that little pat on the shoulder we were waiting for?

One of the greatest essentials to success is a clear realization of how long it takes to succeed.

How nice it would be if we could think as well of ourselves as we can make others think of us. It is so easy, by a little favor done here, a little dissimulation practised there, to make

nearly everybody pleased with us, and all the time we know in our hearts just how wrong is the estimate in which we are held. I have always thought it must be a relief to the mind of a criminal to be pronounced guilty.

A woman's heart and her desk are very much alike. There is a quantity of matter, more or less precious, scattered about it which every one can see. The casual observer thinks it contains nothing else. Nevertheless there are secret pigeon holes and hidden drawers where the chief treasures are kept shut away from general view and not often opened even by the owner. She looks at the outside of the hiding place and warms herself with the knowledge of what is there, yet feels it too holy to be looked at often. If an unsympathetic eye approaches, the closed desk hides even the approach to the secrets, while that which lies on top does guard duty and distracts attention.

To a woman who really loves there is more satisfaction in her lover's absence when she knows he longs to be with her than in his presence when he knows he should be elsewhere.

The sayings of a fool with a bank account are brighter than the most scintillant wit of a poor genius.

Tact is much more to be praised in a man than in a woman, because he is somewhat slower in his perceptions, and must arrive by reasoning at a comprehension of what is to be done under certain circumstances. Hence, if he rises instantly to the occasion, it is admirable, while a woman has by nature in tuition and a power of interpreting the feelings of those around her which makes tact involuntary.

Tact in a woman is like good spelling. Its presence is taken as a matter of course, while its absence is always adversely commented upon.

In the greatest minds the partition dividing wit from foolishness is very thin. In a small mind it is absent altogether.

A woman who cannot make a happy home is the most pitiful failure in the world, even though she have every other talent on earth.

The happiest and best served employer is one who sometimes closes her eyes, and the best servant she who often stops her ears.

This always seemed to me a very deep and clever little verse:—

'Twixt fool and wise this difference lies:
The fool his folly shows and knows it not,
The wise his folly knows and shows it not.

Although often confused no two things differ more than hurry and despatch: one is strength and wisdom; the other, weakness and folly.

Life, the active delightful living, is the salt of existence without which no other ingredient can make a wholesome, pleasant flavor. Those few hours or even minutes in the day, in which we really live in the presence of those we love or in some congenial occupation when we realize life in every nerve and drop of blood, do they not leaven the whole, are they not the bright sunny-caps without which the water is grim and repellent?

J. M. B.

Keep Little Troubles to Yourself.

One of the most harmful mistakes a young woman can make, is to fancy that perfect confidence between husband and wife necessitates telling each other everything. There are innumerable happenings in every life the retailing of which to one's partner would make him or her miserable, or at least uncomfortable, — not great matters, acts whose wrong interpretation would cause doubt, which is unhappiness, — but daily bothers, the words, letters, and actions of others, saucy cooks, or

unreasonable employers, and all the "corners" of life.

It cannot be very cheering for a husband, father, or brother to be entertained during the evening with an account of the shortcomings of butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, the smoking of the kitchen stove, or the grease spot on the parlor carpet. The rise in the price of butter is not an appetizing subject for dinner discourse, neither is the fact that strawberries are yet too dear for moderate purses. Ignore that part of life when "he" comes home. If you cannot do that laugh at it. There is not one man in 100 who brings his business home. So why should not women be equally thoughtful?

There is another point of view. The best man living needs or requires far more indulgence and consideration than any woman need ever expect. Let him tell his woes, but keep yours to yourself. Make him think you have none. If a woman wants a happy home, wants her husband's arm around her in times of great trial, wants his admiration, his respect, and last but not least, his petting, she has got to keep the little things to herself or else fib about them. When he holds her close and pats her and says, "Poor little woman, are you all tired out?" which do you think will make him keep on,— "No, Jack, I am not a bit tired, but I did want to be petted," or a detailed account of all the things which have gone wrong all day? The string of trials will bring sympathy a few times, but they will pall on the most affectionate Jack after a while, and he will go for his newspaper or some one who can be a little more amusing, for they must be amused, these children of a larger growth, and the sooner women realize it the happier for them.

God alone is great enough to bear all the little things for us; do not bind them on the shoulders of men. J. M. B.

Look over the advertisements in this number. You may find them index-fingers of good opportunities.

Why Men do not Suffer.

We women suffer some of our bitterest pangs unnecessarily. We allow our hearts to ache cruelly at some word or action of men which would be devoid of sting could we only realize how different their natures are from ours. If a woman wants to come to a realizing, comforting sense of this, which will take the hurt out of many an apparent lack of sympathy and comprehension, she has only to read that part of the third paragraph of Emerson's Essay on Experience, which commences "People grieve and bemoan themselves," through to the end.

Could any sermon, any volume of sermons, teach us any more plainly the difference between a man's and a woman's inner nature? He says: "Suffering turns out to be scene painting and counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is." If there is one woman in a thousand who can say "I agree with him" Heaven help her. To women grief and pain and suffering are the teachers from whom they learn most surely the lessons of life — their own utter helplessness, and the power of the Almighty. A woman's soul, when it realizes the awful depth of grief, comes to the surface, not because of the shallowness of the waters but because they are so deep that by their density they force all bodies to the top.

Emerson says again: "In the death of my son I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, no more. I cannot get it near me." Would it be so to any woman? Would the loss of the little, darling, clinging fingers, the tender lips, even the hourly anxiety and care, be a far-off, impersonal thing that she could not get near her? Does not the very dread of it, when he is well and happy, clutch her heart like a vampire-bat, and cling there and shake its horrid wings, and suck the very life out of her? Oh, if through that whole paragraph he voices the feeling of men, does the woman live who can think their natures like unto hers? J. M. B.

Cooking Contest.

"I AM so glad that you decided to keep the contest open until May 12," writes a Kansas contributor, adding, "it will give so many others a chance to compete."

We should like very much to grant this opportunity, but the closing was announced for April 12, not May 12, and the large number of receipts already awaiting examination compels us to declare the contest closed. The necessity of applying a practical test to the receipts submitted, in order to prove their merit, has made it impossible for the judges to arrive at a decision in time to have the prize winner's name announced in this number.

Being thoroughly impressed with the importance of good cooking in the home, DONAHOE'S has determined that every receipt printed in its pages shall reward the efforts of the home-maker who uses it. Many kindly words of praise have come to us, thanking us for help given, and warmly testifying to the practical value of our Women's Department. Experienced housekeepers and young amateur cooks write to tell us of their success; a few among the latter class whisper softly of first failures always followed, however, by a successful second trial. It couldn't be otherwise; our receipts are culled from hundreds of homes, not clipped from cook-books compiled by men, or from household columns strung together by newspaper women without one grain of practical knowledge of the subject.

While thanking our readers for the intense interest shown in the contest, we cannot promise to use receipts sent in after the 12th; we feel that such a measure would be unfair to our more prompt contributors, many of whom have not yet received the individual attention their contributions merit.

We shall continue to publish the recipes in the order of their receipt till all have been given to the public; when this is done much will be accomplished towards adding to the attractions of home, and reducing masculine grumbling to the lowest possible percentage.

Such is woman's mission, seizing every opportunity to improve and to elevate, or as a Maryland competitor so prettily expresses it, "Reading your charming magazine has convinced me that woman's sphere of usefulness knows no limitations, rejects no measure of reform, and shirks no duty, great or small. Acting on this conviction, I wish to do my humble part in making a success of your culinary contest."

Another appreciative reader, sending in her favorite recipe, takes the opportunity of saying these encouraging words: "Really as a Catholic I'm proud of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It surprises my Protestant friends who visit us. It is the truest representative that the Catholic people have ever had."

No. 27. BEEF STEW.

I have found the following the most satisfactory way of utilizing the remains of a roast of beef, which, except, in the case of a very large family, is always considerable.

Precisely one hour before meal time cut cold meat in cubes and put in covered kettle (porcelain-lined preferable); cover with cold water, adding two or three carrots, also cut in cubes (small cubes), and one sliced onion, if acceptable to family taste, sometimes substituting parsnips or turnips for carrots.

Allow meat to come to a quick boil, say within 10 minutes, then set back on range to simmer.

When half the specified hour has elapsed add a generous cupful of tomatoes beaten to a pulp, canned or fresh as season permits; cover again to simmer, and 10 minutes before serving draw kettle once more to position for boiling and add dumplings, which should be the most desirable portion of the stew.

Dumplings.— Two cups thoroughly sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and a very small pinch of salt, making with cold water a batter thick enough to drop slowly from a wooden spoon into the boiling liquid, one very large spoonful for each dumpling. Place them as quickly as possible, taking care to submerge them; cover tightly, and do not uncover until time to serve. Dumplings require 10 minutes' quick boiling and steaming to be perfect. You can then raise them and serve in covered dish with generous quantity of warm liquid, in which the carrot and turnip are now scarcely distinguishable except by flavor. Serve meat separately on its platter, also with gravy and such of the vegetables as retain shape, and around the platter I usu-

ally place potatoes boiled to the floury perfection that I hope all housekeepers know how to secure.

It is not easy to place cost of this dish. Three pounds of roast, 16 cents per pound, will make with the given accompaniments a dinner for quite a large family, and here let me say I have found that no beef freshly prepared for the purpose makes such a successful ground work for this stew as the "cold roast."

This receipt is original, thoroughly tested, and time and proportions are accurately given.

JENNIE MOONEY.

1739 Diamond street, Philadelphia.

No. 28. FRIED CHICKEN AND TOAST.

Procure a nice tender fowl, one weighing about two and one-half pounds, one loaf of bread, tablespoonful of butter, tablespoonful of lard, pepper and salt.

Having dressed and washed fowl, cut in halves, and dry thoroughly. Then have frying-pan ready with one tablespoonful lard, same of butter. When it comes to boiling heat, place the chicken in, with the outer side down; cover closely to prevent steam escaping for ten minutes, then turn it over and set a little back to cook slowly for 20 minutes more; slice the bread and toast it, and when chicken is done place it on a warm platter; sprinkle with pepper and salt, adding a little salt to the gravy on pan; dip in the toast on one side only, and serve as quickly as possible. This will satisfy two persons, and is much more palatable than broiled chicken, the cover on pan making it moist and helping to retain the flavor that is often lost by broiling it. Cost 49 cents.

MRS. P. J. DOOLY.

77 South Ferry street, Albany.

No. 29. PEAR, PEACH, AND APPLE PUDDING.

Pare some nice, ripe pears (to weigh about three-fourths of a pound), put them in a saucepan with a few cloves, some lemon or orange peel, and stew about a quarter of an hour in two cupfuls of water. Put them in your pudding-dish, having made the following custard: one pint of cream or milk, four eggs, sugar to taste, a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of flour; beat the eggs and sugar well, add the flour. Grate some nutmeg; add the cream by degrees, stirring all the time; pour this over the pears, and bake in a quick oven. Apples or peaches may be substituted. Serve cold with sweet cream. Cost, 25 cents.

MRS. MARY WELCH.

No. 3 Sidney street, Bangor, Me.

No. 30. BAKED BEEF HEART.

Soak the heart for three hours in cold water, take out the muscle and wash the inside clean. Make a dressing of one cupful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, a pinch of black pepper. Mix, and fill the heart. Tie with a twine, and wrap closely in a cloth. Put in a saucepan and boil until tender, — will take one hour and a half to cook tender. Take up, remove the cloth, put in a baking-pan, and brown in a quick oven. Serve with brown sauce.

Entire cost: Beef heart, 20 cents; bread crumbs and spice, 10 cents. Total, 30 cents.

NELLIE FLYNN.

Box 74, St. Ignace, Mich.

No. 31. BIRD PIE.

Clean and parboil the birds, and if large, cut in halves. Season the liquor, and thicken it slightly with flour; wet in cold water; arrange the birds around the edge of a deep, round dish, with the feet all turned toward the centre and the breasts up. Cover with the liquor, and dot with a teaspoonful of butter for each bird. Lay an inch-wide strip of paste around the edge of the dish, wet this, and cover with a crust rolled a little larger than the dish. Cut a cross in the centre of the crust and let the edges of cover and rim just come together. Bake in a hot oven about half an hour, or until the crust is nicely browned.

Very small birds may be stuffed with oysters. Onions and parsley will give variety to the seasoning, and parboiled potatoes, or slices of hard-boiled eggs will help out when there is but little meat. Pigeons or partridge may be stuffed as for roasting, and the flavor varied by browning the birds in butter before baking. The cost will vary according to the kind of bird used — say, if partridge are used, 2 partridge, 20 cents; 1-2 lb. butter, 10 cents; flour, flavoring, etc., 10 cents. Total, 40 cents.

DOT MEHAN.

Bathurst, N. B.

No. 32. SPONGE CAKE.

Beat three eggs two minutes, add one and one-half cups white sugar, and beat five minutes; one cup of flour; beat two minutes; one-half cup of cold water, another cup of flour in which has been stirred two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder; beat it well, and add a little salt and flavor. Three eggs, 4 cents; 1½ cups of sugar, 4 cents; 2 cups of flour, 5 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt and flavor, 2 cents. Entire cost, about 10 cents. This makes a fine loaf cake, and is really delicious if baked in three layers and put together with icing sprinkled with cocoanut.

MRS. JOHN MCNAMARA.

Stanley, Ontario Co., N. Y.

No. 33. VEAL LOAF.

Add to three pounds of uncooked veal, chopped very fine, one-half pound of lean

ham, also chopped; mix, and then add two eggs well beaten, half a teaspoonful of black or white pepper, same quantity of powdered sage, one level tablespoonful of salt, and one cup of bread crumbs. Mix all these ingredients together and press tightly into an oblong loaf, about nine inches in length. Now turn it out carefully on a well-buttered baking pan; brush it over with beaten egg, and bake in a slow oven for two hours. Baste three or four times, while baking, with a tablespoonful of butter melted in a half cup of boiling water. The entire cost of this is about 43 cents, as follows: —

3 pounds veal, at 10 cts. . . .	30 cts.
½ " ham, at 14 cts. . . .	7 "
¼ dozen eggs, at 16 cts. . . .	4 "
1 ounce butter, at 20 cts. . . .	1 "
Bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and sage	1 "
	43 "

Your butcher will chop the meat. Veal loaf can be served either hot or cold, but is better cold, and is particularly nice for sandwiches, luncheon, etc. When served cold, cut in thin slices, and garnish dish with water-cress, carrot top, or any pretty garnish.

Veal loaf is nutritious, easily masticated, easily made, and easy to serve.

ELLA M. KENNEDY.

Brighton, Mich.

No. 34. BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

One quart smallest pea beans, one pound fat salt pork (no lean), two thin slices onion, one tablespoonful of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, and one saltspoonful of mustard.

Do not soak or parboil beans.

Into the bean-pot (a two-quart size), put one thin slice of the pork and the two slices of onion. Then put in the beans, having previously picked over, washed, and drained them. Add the sugar, salt, mustard, and molasses. Score the remainder of the pork (I simply make three cuts through the rind), and push it down under the beans. Put cover on the pot and place in a hot oven. Every hour at least, add hot water, and only add enough to barely cover the beans. Bake ten hours in a hot oven. Cost about 20 cents. This recipe accurately followed, will produce the finest result.

MRS. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN.

650 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass.

No. 35. STEAMED PUDDING.

One quart of flour, one-half cup of butter, three spoonfuls of baking powder; mix with sweet milk; steam three hours; to be eaten with sauce.

VINEGAR SAUCE.

One tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and one-half cup of vinegar. The whole pudding with sauce would not cost over 20 cents.

MARY J. RODERICK.

30 South Baptist street, Newport, R. I.

No. 36. ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Two quarts of oysters. One pint rolled and sifted cracker crumbs. Drain off juice from oysters, grease a porcelain dish with butter, and sprinkle thickly with cracker crumbs, then add a layer of oysters, then more cracker crumbs, and continue adding layers till the dish is filled, the last layer being cracker dust. Use pepper and salt to taste, place pieces of butter on top, and before removing from the oven pour around the edge one-half cup of sweet cream; bake one and one-half hours in a moderate oven. A delicious dish will repay your efforts.

BAKED SALMON.

Sprinkle the salmon with salt and dredge with flour; put in oven with a little water and generous piece of butter, baste often and bake a delicate brown. Bake for one and one-half hours, garnish with green leaves, and serve with rich butter gravy.

MRS. MARY GORMAN.

Ellsworth, Me.

No. 37. GINGERBREAD PIE.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one egg, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of hot water.

One teaspoonful of ginger. Rub the butter and sugar together, then the egg well beaten. Next the molasses, ginger, soda, and milk. Stir all together.

Take out one cupful of the mixture, and put in the flour; stir till smooth. Then put in the remainder, beat well. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, this will make two pies. When cold split and fill with cream.

Filling: One and one-half pint of cream, whipped with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. The cost, butter, 6 cents; sugar, 2 1-2; egg, 1 1-2; molasses, 3; flour, 3; milk, 1; soda, ginger, and vanilla, 1-2; cream, 35. Total cost, 53 cents.

M. C.

Bangor, Me.

No. 38. TOMATOES WHOLE FOR WINTER USE.

Fill a large stone jar with ripe tomatoes, then add a few whole cloves and a little sugar; cover them well with one-half cold vinegar and half water, place a piece of flannel over the jar, well down into the vinegar, then tie down with paper. Should mildew collect on the flannel, it will not injure the tomatoes in the least. Cost, 40 cents.

MRS. D. HARRIGAN.

Calais, Me.

No. 39. Chocolate Pie.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, well beaten; five eggs, whites of two for frosting; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cup of milk; four cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a pinch of salt. Half of this quantity will be spiced with one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of clove, one teaspoonful of mace, one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of currants. Bake in four tin plates.

Frosting. — Two squares of Baker's chocolate in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and six tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Cook three minutes. The whites of two eggs, with one cup of pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Place one dark part, then a layer of chocolate, and one of cocoanut, and repeat layers in same order. The entire cost of the pies (two) will be 50 cents.

Mrs. Owen F. Burns.
43 Columbia street, Worcester, Mass.

No. 40. Ohio Plum Pudding.

Beat six yolks and four whites of eggs very light, add tumbler of sweet milk. Stir in, gradually, one pound each of stale-bread crumbs, flour, beef suet, chopped very fine, currants, washed and dried, stoned raisins, well pounded, and three-fourths pound of sugar; mix well. Add two nutmegs, a tablespoonful of mace and cinnamon, a wineglass of brandy, a teaspoonful of salt, a pound of citron chopped fine, and another tumbler of sweet milk; butter and flour a bag; pour in pudding, and steam for eight hours, or boil for four. This will keep for months. Steam when needed.

Sauce. — One cup white sugar, butter size of an egg, white of one egg, grated rind of lemon.

Bridget Baker.
New Holland, O.

No. 41. Colorado Plum Pudding.

One-half cup sugar; six crackers, rolled fine; two eggs, one cup raisins, teaspoonful butter, one-half sheet gelatine, 3 pints milk. Beat together sugar, eggs, and butter; add the milk, raisins, and a little salt. Dissolve gelatine in water; mix in; add crackers, season with nutmeg or cinnamon, and bake in pudding pan.

Sauce. — Place in boiling water a small saucepan containing half pint of hot water, to which add half cup of sugar and quarter cup of butter beaten to a cream; stir until thick. Add tablespoonful of brandy just before serving. Cost, 50 cents.

Miss Marie Doyle.
Denver, Col.

No. 42. Vegetable Soup.

Three quarts of stock, two each, carrots, turnips, potatoes, three pints boiling water, two tomatoes, half cup rice or barley, one stalk of celery, or little chopped cabbage. Add the stock to the boiling water. Chop the vegetables, mix in; add rice, and let boil till tender. Add pepper and salt to taste. Strain, or not, as preferred. If strained, serve with croutons. To make croutons, toast slices of stale bread, put small piece of butter in saucepan; cut toast in small pieces, put in saucepan, and brown.

Mrs. P. J. Sullivan.
Wakefield, Mass.

Coffee.

is rendered more wholesome and palatable if instead of using milk or cream you use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, or if you prefer it unsweetened, then Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

For Modern Cooking.

As a matter of useful information, it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers, or whatever made, will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides, the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder.

Many receipts as published still call for cream-of-tartar and soda, the old-fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adepts in the culinary art are particular to use the Royal only, and the authors of the most popular cook books and the teachers of the successful cooking schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a quick-raising ingredient should embody it.

Temperance Convention.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will hold its twenty-fourth annual convention in St. Paul, Minn., August 1st to 3d, next. Rt. Rev. J. B. Cotter, Bishop of Winona, Minn., is President, and Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., of New York, is Secretary of the Union.

As St. Paul is the home of Archbishop Ireland, a convention of more than ordinary interest may be looked for. A local committee has been appointed, and the most complete arrangements are being made for giving the delegates and visitors a royal welcome to the Northwest.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

FIVE questions from a Danvers friend ask, first, whether the Catholic Church admits, supposing the doctrine of transubstantiation to be false, that belief in it is idolatrous, and, consequently, to be condemned; secondly, if the risk of incurring the guilt of idolatry in this matter be not the chief stumbling-block in the way of would-be converts; thirdly, how can the assertion that Protestantism is freer from such risk than catholicity be best controverted; fourthly, if it be not strange that the doctrine of transubstantiation is not declared in the Apostolic or Nicene Creed; and, finally, whether belief in that doctrine was compulsory from the foundation of the Church, and the doctrine itself proclaimed authoritatively by the Church before the Council of Trent.

In reply we answer that, making for the sake of argument, the impossible supposition that the doctrine of transubstantiation is untrue, the Catholic Church would assuredly regard belief in it as idolatrous and reprehensible in the utmost degree. No such supposition can, of course, be admitted though. The Church has the authority of her own Divine Founder for the belief she requires from all her members in the Real Presence; for Christ not only promised that Presence (St. John vi.) but He also explicitly announced (St. Matthew xxvi. 26) the fulfilment of that promise. The Church has the authority, moreover, of the Apostles (I. Corinthians x. 15–21 and xi. 27–29) that they believed in the doctrine; together with the testimony of the Fathers of the Church, of tradition, and of prescription. It would be utterly impossible for her, consequently, to admit such a supposition as the falsity of belief in the Real Presence, and hence the inquiry regarding idolatry is vain and useless.

Our opinion is that Protestants who are inclined toward the Catholic Church find very little difficulty in accepting the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence. Papal infallibility, we think, proves more of a stumbling-block at the outset — for the reason that it has been so grossly misrepresented — to the average convert than transubstantiation; and the story of more than one conversion tells how readily and gladly belief in the Real Presence, which is one of the most consoling articles of Catholic faith, is accepted by persons entering into the Catholic fold.

The assertion that Protestantism is freer from the risk of idolatry than Catholicism in this matter is adequately answered by the simple fact that, considering the irrefutable authority on which the belief in transubstantiation is founded, a Catholic incurs not the remotest risk of such sin in accepting that dogma, which cannot be denied without imputing falsehood to Christ.

The doctrine of the Real Presence was so clearly, unequivocally, and authoritatively announced by Christ that the framers of the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds doubtless considered it wholly unnecessary to proclaim it anew. It was universally accepted by all Christians from the beginning, and not until heresy began in later years to impugn it, did the Church deem it necessary to declare it an indispensable article of faith. The sixteenth ecumenical council, held at Florence in 1439–45, authoritatively proclaimed the doctrine, and declared that the Church, taught by St. Peter and St. Paul, had always believed

in and taught it from the very dawn of her existence. This was a century before the Tridentine Council.

A correspondent from West Canaan, N. H., wishes to know what a retreat is, and what is the origin of Ember days, with the reason why they are so called.

A retreat is exactly what its name signifies, a withdrawal from one's daily occupations in the world for the purpose of spiritual meditation and profit. Retreats are of different characters and duration. Generally, however, they do not nowadays last longer than a week, and the time is spent in religious exercises, such as listening to sermons, attending special services, all with the view of inspiring greater fervor, sorrow for past sins, and a determination to lead a better life in the future. For the purpose of making a retreat, many people go to some religious house, a monastery, a convent, or a college; but those who cannot give up their occupations to do this, make retreats by attending the services that are held in the church where the retreat is given, and by devoting as much time as they can, during the continuance of the retreat, to spiritual meditation. It is customary, too, to close a retreat with a general confession, according to the advice of the reverend director, and with communion.

Ember days are of great antiquity in the Church, and mention of them is to be found in the works of the earliest ecclesiastical writers, who speak of them as times when it behooves Christians to consecrate the seasons of the year which the days mark to God, to beg His blessing on the fruits of the earth, and to petition for worthy ministers of the altar, inasmuch as ordinations are generally held on the Ember days. Their name comes to them, according to the generally accepted interpretation, from the fact that, in the earlier ages, ashes gathered from the embers of the fire-places were sprinkled on the head in outward token of the humility and self-abasement which the fasters felt when complying with the observances of the days.

Marie J., Philadelphia, inquires what is the meaning of the letters, C. S. P., O. P., S. J., etc., which appear after the names of some priests; whether sisters choose their own names in religion, and if there is any fixed sum, and, if so, how much, to be given to have mass said for one's intention.

The letters in question indicate simply to what order the priest belongs, and they are the initial ones of the Latin words which constitute the name of that order. Thus a clergyman who puts C. S. P. after his name announces that he is a member of the Congregation of St. Paul, or a Paulist priest; O. P. stands for Order of Preachers, the real title of the Dominicans, and S. J., for Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. Sometimes the English title of the order so corresponds with the Latin one that these letters fit both designations equally well; but this is not always the case, as, for instance, C. SS. R., the distinctive signature of the Redemptorists; the two SS here standing for a Latin word that has no similar English equivalent. Some Catholic directories, however, ignore the Latin abbreviations, and use only English ones, styling a Redemptorist by that name and using, for example, "Cong. H. Gh.," to designate a father of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who generally signs himself C. S. Sp.

Sisters are at liberty to choose their own names when they make their religious profession, and generally do so; taking care, of course, to avoid the confusion that would follow the taking of a name already appropriated by some other member of the convent in which they reside. In some orders all the sisters take the name of Mary, in honor of the Mother of God, together with another one, by which they are generally called.

Strictly speaking, there is no fixed sum to be given when one asks a priest to say mass for the giver's intention; but the offering ought to be what is generally considered a just and becoming one. The amount of the offering

varies in different countries; here in the United States, generally speaking, a dollar is the least sum offered when a low mass is requested, as it is also the usual offering. The honorary for a high mass is generally fixed by diocesan statutes, and varies according to circumstances.

From St. Cloud, Minn., comes the inquiry whether the Catholic Church recognizes a Protestant marriage ceremony in any form whatever.

If our correspondent means to ask if the Catholic Church regards as valid a marriage properly performed according to the ritual of the Protestant Church, the answer is that most assuredly she does, as may be seen from the fact that whenever married Protestants become converts to Catholicity, she does not insist that they shall be remarried in the Catholic Church. There may be special cases in which, because of the existence of impediments between the parties when they were married, a different course would be followed in the event of their becoming Catholics; but as a general rule the Catholic Church regards Protestant marriages as perfectly valid.

If our correspondent means whether the Catholic Church recognizes as valid a marriage contracted by Catholics before a Protestant minister, the answer, speaking of places where special decrees are not in force, must be the same. The Church, however, strictly forbids such marriages everywhere, and regards them as constituting so grave an offence that bishops usually reserve to themselves the power of absolving any Catholic who contracts one.

Four separate questions come to us from Cambridgeport, the answers to which will sufficiently indicate their tenor to the readers.

A person who has been enrolled in a Scapular Society can replace his worn-out scapular by a new one without going through the ceremony of enrolment anew. This statement may be found in any good Confraternity Manual.

The Question Box is of the opinion that the St. Benedict's medals which are procured at stores that supply such articles are not blessed, it being the uniform practice of the Catholic Church not to expose blessed articles for sale.

As far as we are aware, the Seven Dolor rosary is recited in the same way as the ordinary beads, with the exception that seven, instead of five, decades are said. The proper subjects for meditation during the recitation of these decades are the seven sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, which may be found enumerated in any work on the rosary.

Children who have been baptized, and who die before they reach an age in which they are capable of sinning, may be prayed to privately since it is the teaching of the Church that such infants are straightway admitted to heaven. Public intercession of the blessed is reserved for those saints whom the church has admitted to the honors of her altars.

The correspondent who wrote from Hudson, Wis., to ask why Lent begins early some years and late in others, was forestalled by another inquirer, who was duly answered in the April issue of our magazine.

Why is the Paschal candle extinguished after the gospel on Ascension Thursday?

The Paschal candle is a figure of Christ, who is the light of the world; and it is extinguished on Ascension Thursday to signify that on that day the risen Redeemer, in whose honor it is lighted on Holy Saturday for the first time, took His final leave of the world and ascended to His heavenly throne, after promising the apostles to send them the Holy Ghost, who descended upon them 10 days later, on Pentecost Sunday.

A Portland, Me., high school boy wishes to know if there be any warrant for the statements contained in a note in Rolfe's edition of "Marmion," used as a text-book in his school, which note asserts that Catholic religious who broke their vows of chastity were punished by being immured alive in their

convents, and instances the finding of a skeleton in the ruins of Coldingham Abbey as plausible proof of the declaration Scott makes in "Marmion" of the immuring of an offending nun in the walls of a Scottish conventual establishment.

The assertion that the Catholic Church ever authorized, sanctioned, or permitted such penalty as immuring alive for the violation of religious vows is unqualifiedly false and calumnious. If such penalty was ever inflicted, it was through the blind, fanatic over-zeal of some misguided superior, who sinned terribly in ordering it, and acted in contravention of the spirit of the Church. Most of such cases that are instanced, however, are purely imaginative on the part of the writers who publish them; and of such character, doubtless is this one which Scott describes, and the one which is located at Coldingham Abbey, because, forsooth the remains of a female skeleton happened to be discovered in its ruins! Poets and novelists are generally rather unreliable historians, a fact that was very forcibly illustrated quite recently by the exposure of the falsehood of the story, much akin to this one told of Coldingham Abbey, by Rider Haggard, who stated, in one of his recent works, that a nun had been immured alive in a Mexican convent, only to have his statement proven false by the ecclesiastical authorities down there, who proved to everybody's satisfaction, that there was not an inch of ground for it to rest upon. In olden times there were doubtless many crimes committed in the name of religion. Catholics, however, were not the sole perpetrators of such crimes. Archdeacon Farrar, in a recent magazine article, instances the burning by Calvin of Servetus and Cartwright's open defence of the cruelest religious persecution as Protestant offences of the sort, and the pages of history will furnish the reader with innumerable others. Our Portland correspondent can assure his Protestant associates who may question him about the immuring of nuns, that the Catholic Church never sanctioned, much less ordered, the infliction of such a penalty for the infraction of religious vows; that she must of necessity always have condemned such crimes, if they were ever perpetrated; and he can, furthermore, inform his non-Catholic acquaintances that the overwhelming majority, if not all of the cases of the immuring of religious that are to be met with in poems and novels are the inventions, pure and simple, of authors' imaginations, or else the fictitious creations of bigoted minds. The exposure of Rider Haggard's story will lend force to such declarations when he makes them. As to this Coldingham Abbey tale, the writer of the note in Rolfe's "Marmion" has no authority whatever for the statement he makes, and he virtually admits that by refraining from asserting positively that the skeleton found there was that of an immured nun. It only seemed to him to be that; and the probabilities all are that it was the remains of a deceased nun who was buried inside the convent walls, as was often done in olden times.

OMENS OF SPRING.

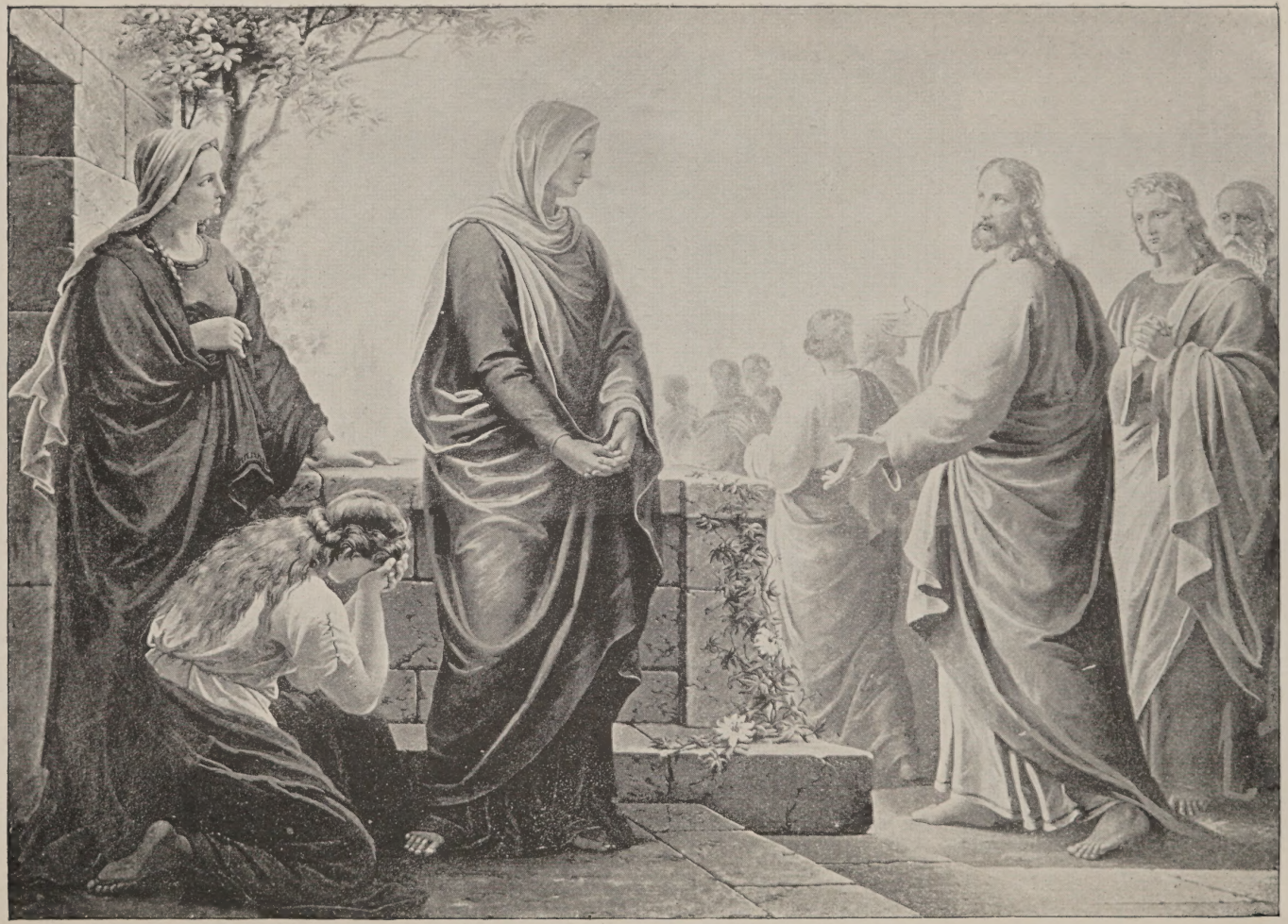
THERE'S a hint of green on the willows,
And I hear the bluebird's song;
The grass is green by the hedge-row,
And the days are growing long.
The mud in the country highway
Is sticky, and black, and deep,
And out in the distant barnyard
I can hear the bleating sheep.

The robins call in the morning,
And the frogs croak loud at night,
And the farmer gets his chores done
At "airly candle-light."
The maple buds are swelling,
And the bees begin to hum,
And a thousand happy tokens
Seem to say that Spring has come.

But I also feel an omen
That my health is hardly right,
For I have that tired feeling,
And a failing appetite.
People's blood needs purifying
At this season of the year:
So I'll take Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
For the joyous Spring is here.

Roses, Plants, and Seeds.

THE GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, Ohio, publish a beautiful 152-page illustrated catalogue of roses, plants, and seeds: four colored plates, one of them the wonderful new rose, Gen'l Rob't E. Lee. Be sure and see it. They will mail it to our readers for 10 cents in stamps.



THE PARTING.

Engraved by the Hub Engraving Co., Boston.

The Postman's Knock.

MANY things make it very fashionable to be busy just now. The grown-up folk are trying to do a dozen things at once, and the children are beginning to worry about all that must be done before the closing of school. It does seem early to talk about that, but then time slips round so quickly that it is just as well to be getting ready for examinations and exhibitions, and all the other extras that wise people think it well to impose upon boys and girls.

"I hate to work when it's hot," writes one little friend of the Children's Department, "so I am doing all I can now."

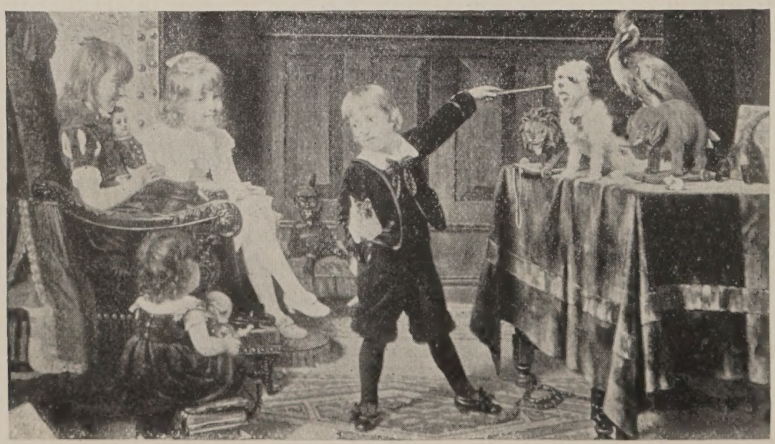
This wise little woman sets an example others would do well to follow. Don't get in arrears with your lessons and then expect to grade creditably by working like a steam engine for a week or so before the test is applied. Steady, honest work the year round is what tells at the close; if you have been ill or out of school don't try to "skip" a grade, take the examination just to find out how much you have fallen behind, but don't be disappointed if you fail.

"I haven't much time," writes Mary Keeley of Texas, "because I have to walk three miles to school every morning, and back again in the evening." Six miles a day for a ten-year-old girl! And yet this little contributor is not too tired to take part in every contest in the Children's Department.

This unselfish spirit of taking interest in the outside world should actuate all our girls and boys. There are so many little happenings in your every-day life, that if you only think awhile you will remember many things to interest other children. It may be a puzzle that others have not tried, a coop for your chickens, a kennel for your dog, or a doll's house for a little sister; the boy who gives a clear description of such things will give pleasure to hundreds of other boys, and the girls might exchange ideas about their dolls, their home duties, and favorite books and studies.

Letters to the department are always welcome, but do not let your style form itself on the plan suggested by many letters published in children's papers; they generally consist of a list of studies, the teacher's name, and a very stupid remark about the waste basket.

Contributions to the Geographical Puzzle are coming in rapidly. The names of the boys and girls who have already responded and the puzzle will be published next month.



His Menagerie.

FOR LITTLE MEN.

Sara Sylvester Writes About Boys. What the Well-Clothed Lad Wears.

DEAREST DOROTHY:

All up the crowded street,
With little Hal and Ben,
One morning I went hunting
For clothes for little men.
At Shuman's corner we folk
Came trooping altogether,
In red reefer, middy suit,
And leggings all o' leather.

Don't turn up your nose at this, Dolly, and remark that "'tisn't poetry." 'Tisn't meant to be. 'Tis fact. The boys — my two nephews who, to let them tell the story, live "way out in the rubarbs," — I had met at the station, provided with chocolates and other necessities of existence, and then taken at once to the place par excellence, where the wants of the "little outer man" are provided for.

On the lower floor of that immense clothes emporium at "Shuman Corner," one would think that the country of Lilliput was a reality right in Boston, for it would not seem at first thought that there were boys enough in existence to ever wear out a tenth part of that immense amount and variety of clothing which fills every case, is piled high on every counter, and lurks behind curtains on unsuspected shelves, and all of which is for the small boy alone. But boys wear out lots of suits in the course of a year, and the stock at Shuman's includes not only everything the most fastidious mother can want for her son, but also quantities of novelties which are constantly being brought out, and many of them the design of this establishment alone. Most of these are things seldom found in small stores, where the demand for up-to-date articles is limited, and the supply is even more meagre.

The portion of Shuman's establishment devoted to juveniles is under charge of Mr. Edwin Arthur Shuman, and he has originated lots of ideas which make this "Juvenile Department" a delightful place. On the walls hang a large number of crayon por-

Dress Suit for Boy of Three.

traits of "really truly" boys, each one proud in the consciousness of wearing a "bran new suit." On a stand is another object of interest — a big cabinet photograph album — in which are lots and lots of photos of boys whom Shuman & Co. have dressed, and oh, how pretty and natural were the attitudes of the little fellows as they faced the camera! There is the swaggering chap, with his hands in his reefer pockets, who thinks himself a six footer, even if he cannot reach the door knob

without assistance; here the tiny fellow, "tickled half to death," with a middy suit and a toy boat; there the lad shyly

Sailor Suit and Cap for Boy of Five.

proud over the fact that he is dressed in his first trousers.

The pictured boys were so interesting that I brought three of them away, and here they are for you to look at, Dolly. The bright-faced one in the sailor suit and cap is Master Paul Leese Schwetzky of New York, who boasts of five years; while the cunning laddie in the middy suit with the long trousers is Master Brownell Davis of New Bedford, who is also five. These sailor and middy suits are very chic, and just the thing for summer wear. The "middys" are made exactly like the clothes worn in the American navy. The long trousers have spring bottoms, and the tiny jackets are adorned with brass buttons; these are mostly in blue and white, but the short-pant sailors are infinite in variety. Made of serge, flannel, or cheviot, they can be had in blue, red, or brown, trimmed with braid, embroidered with gilt anchors, the rolling collars fastened with big sailor knots of black or colored silk. Akin to them are the Jersey suits, in all sorts of colors, with lacings up the front; while in duck, drill, and the Galatea cloths, all of which are washable, the sailor designs are reproduced.

As for the athletic tots, they can be accommodated with white or colored sweaters, and for play wear there are charming Norfolk or reefer suits; or laddie may wear the English knicker-bocker trousers, and a Russian blouse, buttoned down one side, and confined round the waist by a belt. The wear-resisting corduroy velvet suits are also fine for playtime; while for "dress-up" occasions there are the ever-charming suits with Eton or Zouave jackets, to be worn with the Fauntleroy blouses. These blouses vary a suit beyond power of explanation, for they come literally in hundreds of styles, from those of white silk, with jabot fronts of lace, to washable ones in all shades of pinks and blues. Added to this style, there are the cute velvet trousers, fastened at the knee with a slide and buckle, with which may be worn some one of the many kinds of blouses or shirt waists, with Byronic or sailor collars in lace, or of the fabric of which the waist itself is composed.

And, if you want to know how a well-dressed boy looks, when he is ready for dancing-school or a child's party, then observe the picture of little curly-haired Herman G. Curtis, of Jamaica Plain, who seems to be fully conscious of all the dignity conferred by his three years. He has on what approximates, in the "bright lexicon of youth," to full dress for men. His jacket is an Eton; his blouse has the stylish jabot effect in front, and his tiny pique vest is made exactly like a man's dress vest, and fastened with the "correct" three buttons.

Of course, Hal and Ben wanted "one of everything," but I compromised with them on a "Knockabout" for Hal — one of the famous can't-wear-out suits,

you know, which come in won't-show-the-dirt colors, and are accompanied by extra pieces and buttons for the repairs always inevitable, where a live boy's clothes are concerned. Then, Ben was fixed out with a navy blue middy suit, and we came away, after I had also taken a peep at the interesting line of ladies' shirt waists in the "Star" goods, which have strayed down among the little ones' clothing.

And I shall not forget that at Shuman's it is possible to clothe boys from

"Royal Middy" Suit.

top to toe, including shoes and caps; while furnishing goods are as easily obtainable for juveniles as for their elders at Shuman corner.

The boys are still with me, and are calling me now to go under the piano and play elephant in the menagerie they are getting up to while away the time until tea. With such rough play neither Shuman suits nor my own frocks will long remain undamaged, but one can't say no-no to children when they are really healthy and happy. So adieu for the present. Yours as ever,

SARA SYLVESTER.

A German Schoolboy.

AMERICAN schoolboys who think they have to study too hard should fall down on their knees and give thanks that they go to school in America, and not in Germany. They don't know what real hard work is, unless they find it out on the playground, or the ball-field, or the ice pond.

That's what the Uncle said when he saw a lot of boys playing baseball one Saturday forenoon. If those youngsters, he went on, were in Germany, they couldn't be playing ball any week-day forenoon while school was in session. When I look back on my schooldays in that old South German city — that was ever so many years ago, and things may have changed a little over there since then — I wonder what has become of all the knowledge that was crammed into my poor little brain six days a week, and 45 weeks a year. Even on the Wednesday and Saturday half holidays and during the short vacations at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, we never got very far away from our books. It was only during the long vacation of four weeks in August that we found any time for real play.

And how we had to work! Up and dressed every morning, except Sunday, before six o'clock. A light breakfast of bread and butter, cheese and milk or weak coffee, and then an hour of study. Off to school at half-past seven, with our knapsacks, filled with books and a luncheon, on our backs.

No fights on the way, no shying of stones or snowballs (it wasn't often that we saw any snow) at one another or at strangers, no saucy talk or impertinence, such as you will often hear from the lips of American schoolboys. Not that we were all angels and should have died young, like the good boys in story books. No, only that the original sin which is in all of us did not find expression in impudence and vulgarity.

Arrived at school, we file in silently, hang up our knapsacks in the corridor, take out our books, and with a "guten Morgen" to the teacher, who is always standing at his desk to receive us, we take our seats promptly at eight o'clock.

First there is a prayer, sometimes the Vater Unser, repeated by the teacher alone, while we all bow our heads, or are supposed to bow them. I could never help stealing a glance at the teacher during prayer, for he was cross-eyed, and always kept his eyes open, looking at the ceiling. That expression on his face always fascinated me. After prayer we all sang, never more than a stanza or two, however. Sometimes a religious hymn, like "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," which even our shrill, piping voices could not rob of its wondrous melody.

The opening exercises last only about five minutes, and then business begins. Perfect order reigns. I never saw a serious breach of discipline in all the seven years of my school life. If a boy was tardy and could give no excuse except laziness, he had to remain standing during the first hour. That was the worst punishment I ever saw inflicted. Once, in the drawing lesson, I was not very attentive, for that lesson always bored me, and the teacher, a stern young man, just out of the seminary, after reproving me with reproachful looks two or three times, took my pencil from me and kept it during the remainder of the hour. That nearly broke my heart, and for weeks I smarted secretly under the disgrace.

In Quarta, or the fourth class of the gymnasium, Latin was the first lesson of the day. We never spent much time reciting declensions and conjugations and rules of syntax. All such details were supposed to be learned at home, and to be repeated again and again, until they were as familiar as the multiplication table. Time in the school-room is too valuable to waste on

A Song without Words.

anything a boy can learn just as well at home. So perhaps in the lesson the teacher would say: "Schultz, or Lindner, or Morgenthal,"—he never called us by our first names, and never put the "Mr." on,—"can you give the argument of the second oration against Cataline?" Or he would select some particularly hard passage in the task for the day and ask who would volunteer to translate it. Those who thought they were able to render it would raise their right hands or the forefinger, never the whole arm. If a boy tried and succeeded he was always rewarded with praise. If he failed he was never laughed at. It was great sport in the Latin lessons twice a week when we had conversation and extempore translations into Latin from the German or French readers or from a newspaper. If a boy knew any Latin at all it was pretty certain to come to the surface on those days.

The second lesson of the day was mathematics. Arithmetic, algebra, and geometry are just the same horrible things in German that they are in any other language. Many a night I have racked my brain over quadratic equations until 11 or 12 o'clock and then gone to sleep, only to meet them again in a nightmare. The teacher would work out the problems in geometry on the blackboard and we would copy them in our notebooks. The following day we would have to work them out and explain them ourselves.

Recess and luncheon from 10 to half past. What a relief to get out of the stuffy air in that low-ceilinged school room! I can smell it yet, after all these years. But it couldn't be helped, for Germans have a horror of any fresh air indoors. They think it is unhealthy and dangerous.

After recess came an hour of Greek, and after that, history. But didn't we have the old German emperors "down fine!" as the boys say. To save my life I couldn't tell you the name of a single one of them now.

Two hours for the noon recess, and the afternoon session lasted from half-past two till half-past four. Three days a week in Quarta, and twice a week in Tertia we had catechism and church history.

Home for the evening by five o'clock, an hour of recreation, often spent in study, and then a half hour or so for supper. By seven o'clock we were always at our books again. Half a dozen pages of Latin to construe, three or four pages of Greek, perhaps a composition to prepare, problems to solve—and all of it to be done thoroughly and honestly. There is no other time for it, because the school hours are taken up with recitations. No wonder half the German school children have to wear glasses. But strangely enough, they are as strong and healthy as the American school children. In place of football and baseball and tennis they have regular, but not violent, gymnastic exercises and long walks every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and on Sundays if the weather is fine. In winter they are great skaters, and in summer the swimming baths in every city and town are crowded with children. If they study harder and learn more than American children, why—they have all the more to forget. That's easy enough.

Good-Night.

In sweet and simple childlike glee,
Ere age brings grief and care,
We speak it at our mother's knee,
'Tis half of every prayer.

Flowers for All.

Our city gardens are full of beauty, adorned with violets, daisies, jonquils, narcissus, and hyacinths, their neat borders showing the dark rich mould, shedded with blossoms, but you should see the woods now. The trailing gray moss which hangs from the trees, forming yards and yards of crape-like festoons, has lost the dull, dead appearance which it has worn all winter, and shows exquisite live shades of sage green and silvery gray. The slim leaflets curl like the vanes of an ostrich feather. It is forming tiny flowerets, too, which when they open, will be of a modest brownish hue, funnel-shaped, and with six long delicate petals. Ferns spring up everywhere, and purple wild violets and the yellow jasmine throws its strong, green stems, in riotous delight at living, over every tree and shrub within its reach. The air is sweet with its delicious perfume, and its starry golden flowers shine among the slender evergreen leaves.

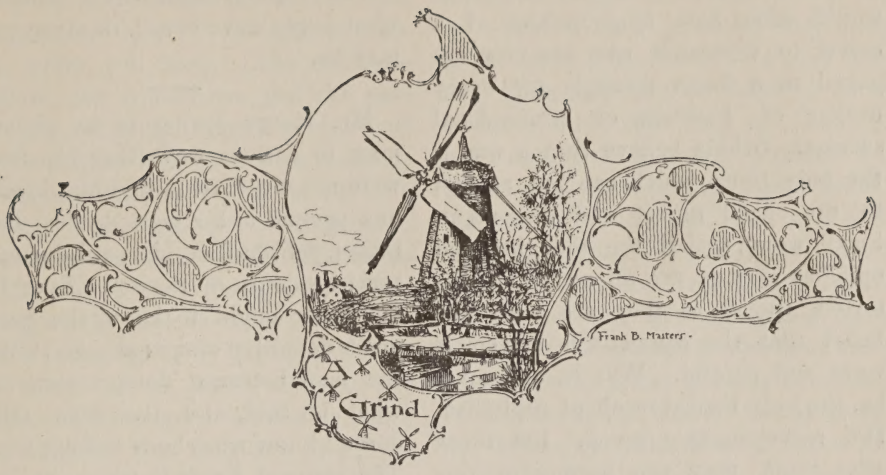
Grasses creeping,
Flower-spangled;
Rocks a-sleeping,
Vine entangled;
Brooklets purling,
Ferns uncurling,
Treetops sighing,
Breezes dying;

Cloudlets shifting,
Insects humming,
Petals drifting,
Fragrance coming;
Dews a-glitter,
Birds a-twitter; —
Shine and azure
Without measure.

World so gray and olden,
Thou art new and golden!
Of all bloom and bliss
For thine adorning,
Nothing dost thou miss
This spring-time morning!

— [Emile Poulsson.

IN A FIX.



TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

Field Marshal von Blumenthal, the only surviving marshal of the Franco-Prussian war, said in an interview the other day: "War seems to be a necessity from which mankind cannot escape. About every 30 years we feel the need of one of these great butcheries which sweep away thousands of men, to re-establish the equilibrium necessary to the progress and development of society." That is to say, the destruction of an enormous amount of wealth which has been slowly and painfully accumulated, the wholesale slaughter of thousands, and the infliction of untold suffering are necessary in order that some of those who are not butchered may "progress" and "develop" for about 30 years, and then the butchery has to be repeated. The origin of this view of war as a beneficent agent is not far to seek. The European nations, and to some extent the United States, are ruled by class government, which is based upon a system of economical exploitation of the workers by the rulers. As long as this exploitation was mostly individual, numerous little wars took place, as in the middle ages, when one knight tried to rob another. Little by little the interests of neighboring members of the ruling classes became so closely interwoven, that these struggles disturbed the whole community. This made war less frequent but more destructive and bloody, for a whole nation would be bent upon robbing and enslaving another nation. Wars are thus solely due to our system and its results. Manufacturers know that a war would hamper production for a while, and cause the present large stock of goods to be used up, which would be of advantage to the capitalist. This knowledge, combined with the jealousy caused by the prosperity of others, and the desire to gain new provinces and colonies as fields for mercantile enterprise, foster the national hatred which now and then breaks forth. In this country many educated

men think a war desirable, because it would offer new opportunities of a career to thousands who are now engaged in a fierce struggle for every chance of business or professional success. Others believe that a war is the only thing which can put an end to the social unrest and discontent. Small wonder that the thoughts and opinions of men are all awry and distorted, tinged as they are with the belief that the competitive system is right and natural. War is, and must be, the only logical result of capitalism and money-making greed. Let those who think they can harmonize this with the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ do it if they can.

If you aim your arrow at a star it will fall and may hurt some one.

Money makes the mare go, and those in the road are likely to get run over.

The milk of human kindness not infrequently contains bacilli.

The light under the bushel has one advantage: the harsh winds cannot extinguish it.

There are those who will tell the truth even though the heavens fall — on some one else.

Life is too short to spend much of it preparing for it and too long not to prepare for it.

Vain are the hopes of youth; but 'tis these vain hopes that give to old age its most delightful remembrance.

It is only the philosopher who can afford to be poor; all others need wealth that they may buy with it philosophy.

There are some people so charitable that they always give a glass of water to a drowning man.

The hopeful man never thinks of what might have been; 'tis always what may be.

Mr. Henry Irving is so clever a man in various ways that his friends were not surprised to find him breaking new ground in his metaphysical dissertation delivered at Harvard during his recent sojourn in Boston. Everybody knows, or ought to know, the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics: "When the man listening doesn't understand what is said, and the man talking doesn't know what he is talking about." The eminent English actor can make himself perfectly clear upon subjects with which he is familiar, but, like the best of men, at times he can get lost in a fog. When he desires to be obscure, or rather, when dealing with topics which in their nature are obscure, he is a master in the arts of obfuscation. Perhaps it is a necessity that a man who speaks much in public should shelter himself occasionally behind a cloud, and that there should always be three courses open for the masterly retreat.

The subject of Mr. Irving's Harvard address was "Individuality," and the speaker advised his young friends to "be themselves," quoting the inevitable advice of Polonius, that prince of platitudinarians, "To thine own self be true." Every man has a great variety of "selves," and the difficulty with all of us is to find out which one of the general assortment it is that has the highest claims upon our fidelity. There is the intellectual nature which urges man to get ahead of his fellows, and the moral nature which lays down the law of sympathy in place of competition as the guide of social life.

The physical or sensual self says: "Eat, drink, and be merry. Go gather rosebuds while you may." The soul, the intellect, the conscience, and the passions are so many integral portions of the individual life, each with a different driving force and destination, each holding up an ideal and holding out a reward, each a distinct self. To which of these is it that Polonius and Mr. Irving would have us to be true?

It was hardly to be expected that in the course of an hour's address any man could have gone exhaustively into this subject. But it speaks poorly for the judgment of a man invited to appear before the students of a great university, that he should have rounded out a number of very involved utterances with the hackneyed phrases of an old courtier who was much addicted to words. One would like to know if any human creature in that Harvard assembly derived a single profitable idea, or the tenth part of an idea from the bewildering concatenation of metaphysical jargon in which Mr. Irving so carefully disguised his thoughts. The students were advised not to be "similitudes" — whatever that may mean — and each one was informed that he had some special vein of valuable metal in the mine of his nature, which it was his duty to discover by the aid of some divining rod, and then to work it for all it might be worth. This may be so or may not, but the idea is clear enough, if it had been left as stated in the first few sentences of the speech, without the multitude of illustrations which illustrated nothing and obscured commonplaces.

This parrot cry of being true to one's self is only another way of saying, "do your duty," and every mortal who thinks — though few there be who do so — knows that it is a very easy thing to do one's duty, but it is a very difficult thing for the vast majority of us to know what that duty is. The ten commandments and the criminal law have laid down the lines of duty for the millions, while the men who have been most conspicuous in the history of the world for strong individuality, have ridden over all laws "in blood up to the bridle." Most men — and fortunately so for society under present conditions — are like sheep, who are useful enough in their way, who blindly follow the leader, and who in due course are devoured for the common good. If Mr. Irving had really meant anything by being true to one's self, he must have meant, of course, the highest self; and now we come to something solid. What is the highest self? It is that noble ideal of the equable development of all the faculties. The highest self shall have been attained when the moral nature directs the reason and imagination, and subordinates the passions which hold the world in bondage.

From what Mr. Irving said it must be inferred that there is in every man some germ of capacity for intellectual predominance, if one could only "hit upon it" in time, nurture, guide, guard, and cultivate it. This is very doubtful. Nature, like murder, will out, and wherever the sturdy germ of any kind of intellectual power exists, it will force its way through all obstacles, as the early violet bursts the frozen clods in its struggle towards the sun. It is a shallow and vain theory, conducive only to utter weariness and dissatisfaction, for any of us to think that we carry about with us somewhere the possibility of some power to be distin-

guished above our fellows. In different proportion we all have the elements of a life which may be made happy for ourselves and useful for others, or which may bring untold misery to all connected with us. Almost any child may be trained to be a more useful member of society than Napoleon, but after all the world's experience, there is more care bestowed on the training of young colts than upon the majority of young children. Intellect is not supreme, as Byron realized: "When the heart and the mind and the voice of mankind shall arise in communion — and who shall resist that proud union?"

Almost every young man aspires to be "a man of the world," and the title establishes a claim to be distinguished from mere thinkers, benefactors, patriots, "hayseeds," students, traders, or what not. Let us reason together for a moment upon the significance of this distinction. Some time ago an English butler, who had defrauded his employer, was cross-examined in a court of justice. It appeared that "butlering" was not his regular occupation. After a good deal of questioning about his means of living he said, with an air of the loftiest assurance, "I am a man of the world." The lawyer asked him if that was one of the regular professions, and if he meant by it that his business in life was to defraud people. There was no reply. Indeed, it is hard enough to define "a man of the world," but the phenomenon may be described. We all know him. He is the most generous fellow on earth — he never denies himself the best of everything. He has no scruples and no narrow views about religion or society. He may be an ornament of the highest circles or the lowest, but his mental and moral equipment is the same. In his composition there is neither love nor hate. In the smithy of life man must be either the anvil or the hammer, and his choice is soon made. He has no heart, no conscience, while perfectly happy in the possession of a rhinoceros hide and an excellent digestion. The man of the world is the human hog of civilization.

The intermittent controversy about the nude in art concerns public thought more deeply than those good folks who believe in art for art's sake would care to admit. This is a question of climate, association, and religious training as well as of art. Since the advent of the Mayflower, the majority of dwellers and sojourners on the North American continent have taken kindly to the wearing of clothes. It is quite comfortable to feel one's self warmly clad from September to May, and it is even customary to wear a blazer or a Mother Hubbard during the dog days. In our climate clothes have become as necessary to man as his skin, and the sight of a marble Apollo naked on a February morning, in Boston, is quite enough to produce rheumatism, neuralgia, or apoplexy in any well-constituted human body. Naked Kaffirs and Hottentots get along well enough as servants to the white people in South Africa. They "go" without saying. Though naked, they are unshamed themselves and cause no shame to others.

White children at the Cape of Good Hope who are accustomed to see naked servants, would be very much shocked if they saw their own parents move around in the state of nature. Ameri-

can children, fortunately or unfortunately as it may be, have no naked slaves from whose daily movements may be learned the beauty of the human form and the general theory of curves. By the way, there is an inconceivable amount of rubbish talked about the beauty of the human form, except from the point of view of an anatomist. Boys and girls in this country cannot separate people from their clothes, and by an "exceedingly vast" majority remain unversed in the beauty of the nude. Greek statuary, like Greek poetry, is a cultivated taste, and is not yet part of the American school system. It is quite probable that the first man was born without a full suit of clothes. But what would become of the real original first Adam himself if he were to appear on Boston Common in all the naive simplicity of Eden?

If Adam could not be permitted to run naked about the Common, — whether the sumptuary legislation which insists upon trousers be based upon custom, propriety, morality, or protection for the tailor industry, — it is hard to see why a picture of Adam in Eden should with impunity be stamped on a medal or printed in a book for circulation among the good people of America. The people of this country are not artists as yet to any great extent. They profess to be Christians and not pagans. If art and paganism have done more for the welfare of the human race than Christianity has accomplished, then let art for art's sake follow its own sweet will.

But it would be as well for the very æsthetic people to remember that art is long and time is fleeting. Life is but a span; while art, like the echoes in the Bugle Song, "rolls from soul to soul, forever and forever." Life has to deal with what is true, useful, and good, — with or without capital letters, — as well as with the cult of the beautiful, the studio, and of Oscar Wilde. Man has a soul to be saved, and the leaders of the Christian church do not seem to have discovered that nude statues or pictures in cold climates are particularly effective as a means of grace. Man has a soul and conscience, as well as an intellect and sense of beauty; and men of the Christian faith, in North America, would do well to ask themselves plainly how much the soul and conscience, or indeed any true appreciation of beauty that is not merely sensual or voluptuous, are likely to benefit by the sight of nude figures in books or theatres, on medals or pillars. It is well, also, to bear in mind this principle of life, that there is nothing so nasty, atrocious, or thoroughly abominable, but if some one in authority calls it "ART," it becomes at once not only respectable, but splendid — an object of worship for the cultured.

There ought, however, to be some consistency in the art notions of such a versatile impressionist as the average man. If the youth on the medal and the two little boys on the Boston public library must wear garments in future, it would be well to fix the limits for ballroom costumes and stage dresses; while some of the most popular of the theatrical lithographs in store windows might justly suffer the penalty of a cumulative sentence, as violating all laws of the Christian religion and of pagan art.

Look at the little tag on the wrapper of this Magazine. If it does not show that your subscription is paid to 1895, send remittance at once.

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

A COLLEGE ON WHICH THE SICK AND FEEBLE HEAP THEIR BLESSINGS.

YALE has good reason to be proud that America's greatest physician was one of her first graduates in medicine.

Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., to whom, it has been well said, the world owes longer life and more freedom from sickness than to any other man or school of men, had studied with Prof. Nathan Smith of New Haven and graduated in medicine at Yale only a few years before he began to be known as one of the most remarkable men in his profession.

In maturer years, after his researches abroad, his brilliant professorship at Dartmouth and his wonderful discovery of what has come to be known as Paine's celery compound, the remedy that makes people well, the remedy that in this spring season is in greater demand than any other medicine in the world — in his maturer years Professor Phelps often expressed his high estimate of the value of the school-day training he had received. His early instructors were men of even temper, healthy, strong clear brained, hard working.

Our school teachers to-day are every now and then accused by parents of being irritable and even unjust towards their pupils.

"If this were so, is it at all wonderful," asked Prof. F. W. Draper in his lecture before the school teachers, "when we consider the fearful strain on body and brain to which they are subjected with hardly a let-up during the day?"

The ordinary conditions of the unrenewed air, 40 or 50 children crowded into the average public school room, are enough to astonish one. The sudden opening of windows and the violent changes in temperature, the hard work of modern discipline, the worry of constant examinations, visits of parents, the scanty pay, and the disheartening efforts to urge the slow and careless along the tedious road to knowledge — is it strange that teachers seem at times petulant, nervous, even unreasonable?

It is roughly estimated by a careful physician that in fully four-fifths of the schools of this country, including village, district, and city high schools, Paine's celery compound is doing a world of good, enabling a vast number of teachers and scholars to stand the strain and stress of their hard work.

Professor Phelps was for years himself a hardworking instructor at Dartmouth College. His experience showed him the peculiar dangers that menace a teacher's health. His whole life was devoted to this very question of the nerves and their relation to diseases of the body, until he discovered Paine's celery compound, the greatest nerve regulator and blood purifier the medical world has yet known and recognized.

The small beginnings of nervousness, pale, thin blood, growing irritability and depression are speedily checked by Paine's celery compound.

As woman is normally less full-blooded than man she is relatively in more danger of becoming thin-blooded than he. Paine's celery compound is prescribed by medical men throughout the country as peculiarly capable of

giving new, rich blood, increased weight, and a feeling of returning health to just such pale, thin-blooded, discouraged women and young girls whose rapid growth is making too great demands upon their vitality and store of nervous energy.

Paine's celery compound purifies the blood of every taint and poisonous humor, and quickly cures diseases of the kidneys, biliousness and more serious liver diseases, as well as all trouble due to disordered nerves, as dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, inability to sleep, and all forms of nervous weakness. It cures where everything else fails.

From the first the formula of Paine's celery compound was furnished to all reputable physicians. They found the wonderful remedy to be exactly what was claimed for it, a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that Paine's celery compound would cure nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases.

It was as harmless as it was good, and it was the universal advice of the medical profession that the compound be placed where the general public could secure it, and thousands of people have again this year proven the wisdom of this good advice.

The recent advice of Commodore Howell to use this compound, which the commodore publicly said had saved his own life, and the published testimonials of Mayor McShane of Montreal, the poet-author Hardy, George Wright, Marie Tempest, Councillor Morse, Mabel Jenness, ex-minister to Austria John M. Francis, and other men and women of national reputation, has brought the compound into special notice. As a well-known physician says: "Paine's celery compound is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a mere tonic; it is not an ordinary nervine — it s as far beyond them all as the diamond is superior to cheap glass."

WORKING GIRLS IN DANGER.

Rush for Spring Goods Doubles the Strain on Tired Shop Girls — Vacations a Long Way off — How Many Keep Well and Strong.

"O women with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

If Thomas Hood could have looked into one of the big retail stores in any city with the endless streams of eager buyers and the pale-faced shop girls behind the counters, he would have included women as well as men in his appeal for more humanity.

In order that some may go finely clad and have leisure, thousands of tired working girls must wear out health, good looks, and strength by long, close hours in offices, behind monotonous store counters, and in factories.

"Women," as Dr. Weir Mitchell says, "are by physiological nature more liable to be nervous and thin-blooded than are men." It is a sad drawback in the face of the duties of life that a very little emotional disturbance, anxiety, or nervous strain suffices to overcome the woman as it does not the man, and that the same excesses which make him irritable make her nervous.

The greatest friend tired, feeble women have to-day is Paine's celery compound, the remarkable discovery of Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College. This greatest nerve regulator and blood purifier yet known is the mainstay of a great proportion of the homes throughout the country where nervous weakness and feebleness have entered. Paine's celery compound begins at once to rebuild the shattered nerves and nerve centres all over the body. It is the one great spring medicine, because it quickly removes impurities from the blood, giving new life and vigor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EXPLANATION OF DEHARBE'S SMALL CATECHISM. By James Schmitt, D. D. Translated from the seventh German edition. (St. Louis, B. Herder.) This is an excellent manual for Sunday-school teachers, and we earnestly recommend it. The author is successful in an extraordinary degree in his explanations of abstruse subjects. The language is simple, the illustrations are striking, and the stories are worth repeating. We regret that no explanation of Confession and Holy Communion are given, and we hope the translator, whose work is so uniformly excellent, will give us a translation of Dr. Schmitt's separate work on these all-important topics.

LET US GO TO THE HOLY TABLE. Translated from the French by Rev. W. Whitty. (Dublin, Browne & Nolan.) This book is an invitation to all Catholics to communicate frequently. Timid and scrupulous souls will find comfort in its pages; tepid and indifferent hearts will be roused to renewed devotion by its sweet reasonableness. The Jansenistic objections are completely refuted, and we hope the volume will be widely read.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE NATION. Edited, with an introduction, by Martin MacDermott. (London, T. Fisher Unwin.) This is a collection of poems which originally appeared in the Irish Nation from '48 to '55. In the introduction the editor gives a concise account of the part taken by "Young Ireland" in the great work, still to be completed, of building up a national literature. Among the well-known authors whose verses are included in the volume, we notice Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, James Clarence Mangan, and Lady Wilde. Irish readers everywhere will welcome these relics of Ireland's ancient confederacy of song.

THE SUNDAY PROBLEM AND ITS PRESENT DAY ASPECTS. Papers presented at the International Congress on Sunday Rest, Chicago, Sept. 28–30, 1893. (Boston, James H. Earle.) The physiological, industrial, social, political, and religious aspects of Sunday are treated in details by well-known writers of every creed. Catholics will be deeply interested in the papers of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. The latter sums up the spirit of the various essays in these words: —

"Time must be given to men to know their religion, to practise it, and to prove themselves children of God. One day in the week is an absolute necessity for this. When society is so constituted and industry so organized that only the well-to-do are permitted to serve their Maker, that toilers must toil Sunday as well as Monday, and have no time for their spiritual and religious life, a crime is committed calling to Heaven for vengeance. Let the requirements of industry be thoroughly considered; let us recognize the importance of the employer's interests; but let us remember that nothing must be allowed to interfere with the moral and religious progress of human souls. Our industries are too often organized as if religion were the duty only of the rich; as if the poor toilers, condemned to so much suffering here on earth, are to be excluded from heaven hereafter, — no happiness on earth or in heaven for them, nothing but constant, continuous toil!"

THE SHOW AT WASHINGTON. By Louis Arthur Coolidge and James Burton Reynolds. (Washington Pub. Co. Washington, D. C.) These are pen-pictures of famous men at the Capitol, written by two newspaper correspondents, and rescued from oblivion in this volume. They are delightful and instructive pastels. In the overture to the book we read: "The characters are men you all know; you hear of them, read of them, think of them every day. In this word-comedy they will appear before you as they actually exist; you will see them as they really look; can hear their talk and watch their movements." Every one who takes an interest in our national representatives should read those piquant sketches.

GREEN GRAVES IN IRELAND. Walter Lecky. (Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.) This volume describes a few of the graves of Ireland's noblest dead. It is a well-written and pathetic tribute to the heroes who suffered in the holy cause of freedom. Only two cemeteries are mentioned — Glasnevin and Mount Jerome — and interwoven with their description are short biographies of the eminent dead.

DEMITRIOS AND IRENE; OR, THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE. By Charles Warren Currier. (Baltimore, Gallery & McCann.) The author of this book is well known to the Catholic world by his "History of Mount Carmel." His pen now touches a lighter theme, but he seems as much at home in the province of romance as of history. The scene of the story is the same as that of Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," and is of equal interest. The story, which is fascinating from beginning to end, is evidently the fruit of deep study. The style is brilliant and the characters well drawn. We congratulate the young author on his first venture in the realms of fiction, and we feel assured he will do noble work in his new field.

CLARENCE BELMONT. Rev. Walter T. Leahy. (Philadelphia, Kilner & Co.) This is an interesting story of college life. It is published in the Catholic library series, and will be an excellent gift book for Sunday schools.

We wish also to acknowledge the receipt of these novels: Under the Red Robe, by Stanley J. Weyman, A Romance of the Days of Cardinal Richelieu, from Longmans, Green & Co.; A Modern Love Story, by Harriet E. Orcutt, from Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; '96: A Romance of Utopia, by Frank Rosewater, from the Utopia Co., Omaha, Neb.; The Belle of Wyandotte, and the Story of a Life, both by James B. Goode, from the Kansas City Publishing Co.; and a drama, entitled "The Upstart," adapted from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by A. J. Hall, A. M., from the "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Ind.

THE MEANS OF GRACE: A Complete Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, is one of those exhaustive encyclopedic works for which the German mind is famous. Rev. Herman Rolfus, D.D. and Rev. F. J. Braendle are the authors, and the translation has been admirably done by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., late pastor of the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York. The work treats of the institution, meaning, requirements, ceremonies, and efficacy of the sacramentals of the Church, of holy water, oils, exorcisms, blessings, consecrations, etc., and of prayer, with a comprehensive explanation of the Our Father and the Hail Mary. It is illustrated by numerous parables, examples, and interesting anecdotes, drawn from Holy Scripture, the lives of the saints, the fathers of the Church, and other sources. The work, which is most handsomely gotten up, is published by Benziger Bros., New York, printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

Furniture for Parochial Schools.

WITH the rapid development of parochial schools throughout the country, education has made great strides. Our schools to-day are not what they were 50 years ago, for we have learned that very much more than a mere knowledge of elementary studies is necessary for the development of the young. In order that the mental and moral growth of the child may be facilitated as much as possible, physical comfort and physical health are required. If a child sits all day long at an uncomfortable desk in a cramped and unnatural attitude, both his mental and spiritual growth is stunted. For this reason the Chandler Adjustable Chair and Desk Co., of Boston, Mass., is entitled to the gratitude of parents and children. The invention of articles of school furniture should be conducive both to comfort and health. In too many cases children attending public and private schools

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ought to be fat and show their dimples when they laugh. Thin babies are rarely interesting simply because they don't look well.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a natural, palatable, easy food for babies and all growing children. It gives them materials for growth. *Physicians,* **the world over, endorse it.**

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Why should you go contrary to your physician's advice by allowing some inferior preparation to be substituted for SCOTT'S EMULSION?

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have been made to sit upon chairs and do their work at desks not at all suited to their height, and have thus been subjected to physical discomfort, and in many cases have contracted incurable spinal diseases. This company has found a remedy for this injustice to children.

As the name of the company indicates, it makes adjustable school furniture, consisting of various grades of desks and chairs, and these articles can easily be made to conform to the height of the scholar who is to occupy them. Both chair and desk are adjustable, so that the scholar, if short in stature, is not compelled to sit and dangle his legs all day, but can rest them upon the floor, thus securing easy and comfortable positions and freedom from that restricted circulation which is not only so uncomfortable and annoying to a pupil, but the cause of much ill health in our schools. The extra large pupil can also be fitted, as this furniture can be adjusted to greater height than any stationary furniture. As this adjustable school furniture costs no more than the old style of seats and desks, is much handsomer and more durable, buyers of such articles should investigate its merits before consigning pupils to the tortures of the old-time sort.

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Are We a Nation?

THE American people of to-day are certainly not a nation, in the proper sense of the term. They are, as a matter of fact, nothing more than a vast conglomeration of many different elements. Decades, centuries mayhap, must elapse ere these various heterogeneous elements will be so thoroughly united with and assimilated to each other, as to constitute a real nation, i. e., a people of common descent and language as well as of common government.

To the American national character, which will be thus evolved, and which is slowly shaping itself under our eyes, it is the right, aye the duty of each separate nationality entering into its composition, to contribute the best part of its essence. The more vigorously each makes use of this right, the more conscientiously each performs this duty, the grander will be the ultimate result.

We believe in the Americanization of all foreign elements in our population. But the process must be natural and spontaneous. Let each nationality discard what is mean and inferior in its make-up, and zealously strive to perpetuate and infuse into the common body what good and noble qualities it may possess. — [Chicago Catholic Review.

Four Piles of Potatoes.

HELLO, Mr. Workingman! What are you doing?

Digging potatoes.

Have you any to sell?

No, sir.

What are you doing with them?

I sort them into four piles.

What do you do with them?

The big pile of fine potatoes I give to the landlord, as land rent for the privilege of living on the earth; next to the biggest pile I give to the money lord as interest for the privilege of using the tools that some other man made; the third pile I give to the politicians as tax, and the little one I give to the hogs, and what the hogs don't eat, I eat myself. So you see, between the landlords, the money lords, the politicians, and the hogs I get my living.

But what do you do with the hogs?

I give them to the railroad company for hauling the big potatoes to the landlords and money lords. — [Tacoma Sun.

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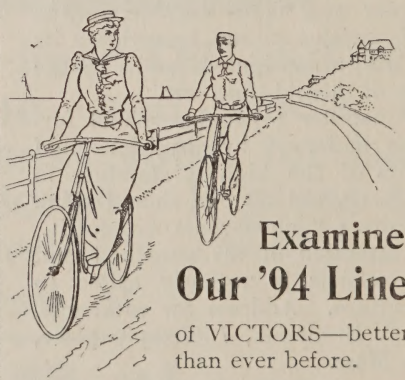

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Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second class mail matter.

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THE first annual meeting of the stockholders of the DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE Co. was held at the American House, Boston, April 4, 1894. After the satisfactory disposal of routine business, means for giving still greater impetus to the remarkable growth of DONAHOE'S were discussed. Among other decisions reached was the determination on the part of the stockholders to do all in their power to promote the interests of advertisers in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The generous advertising patronage secured during the past year was recognized as a great factor in the success of the Magazine. DONAHOE'S was already recognized as among the great advertising mediums of the country. The object now was to make it the GREATEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM in proportion to circulation in America. To accomplish this, the stockholders, representing various parts of the country, will work together, each one buying not only his own goods, but also using his influence to induce all subscribers in his district to buy theirs, from patrons of the advertising columns of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Results are what advertisers seek. That DONAHOE'S brought results was proved by its growing patronage. That it might bring even greater results and advertisers was the purpose of the work laid out for themselves by the stockholders. They regard every advertiser in DONAHOE'S as an aid in their work of making a great American Catholic Magazine, true to the Church and to the country, and fair to all men. Other things being equal, such advertisers deserved their business support in return, and they will, each in his own way, impress upon personal friends and magazine readers the duty of patronizing patrons of DONAHOE'S. The meeting was enthusiastic, and full of the energy of success.

As every laborer for his fellow-man knows, the work of interesting the masses in efforts for their own upliftment is difficult, and, at times, discouraging. Very many of us are perverse or careless in the development of our abilities, and the embracement of our highest opportunities. It is easy enough to get people to attend a circus; it is hard to interest them in a lecture. They usually accept an invitation to dance; they heed not a suggestion to read. Our people need constant spurring if spiritual and intellectual progress is to be made.

Our Catholic youth is the hope of the future of the country. Moral stamina, brain force, native talent, and physical power to sustain work, are their inheritance. They are coming to the front in greater numbers than formerly. Their success, as yet is but a a faint indication of their great achievements in the future. In the professions, in the sciences, in literature, they must do creditable work. In the last named field of effort, there is probably less encouragement than in any other.

Our Catholic writers are few and far between. Why? Because Catholic writing has not been profitable. Men cannot write and starve, — not all of the time. Occasionally, a writer can get a Catholic story used, by giving it away. But where can you sell one at a paying price?

If our people, clerical and lay, who have the ambition and ability to write are to be given a chance, the market must be developed. Those inexorable laws of supply and demand cannot be ignored. Publishers cannot pay money for stories, unless they can make money by selling them. In various parts of the country Catholic men are bravely doing pioneer work in developing a taste for reading among our people. We sincerely hope they will meet with practical encouragement.

But we speak specially for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, which you will agree is the best effort yet made in the production of a Catholic periodical. It is popular, but is never silly; it is religious, but it will be read. The men who are producing DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE could make more money in another kind of publication, if their motives were wholly selfish. But money is not the chief object. The need of the hour is a popular Catholic publication, strong, true, and attractive. DONAHOE'S has shown its power in supplying this need. It is making a market for Catholic writers. It is selling; it can afford to buy. The better it sells, the better it can buy. Is the effort it is making worth your help? Surely it is worth a kindly word. Your kindly word means a great deal for it.

The following words published since our last issue in that great exponent of Catholicity in Europe, the Catholic Times of London, Eng., will be read with pleasure by all the readers of DONAHOE'S, even if they have but a passing or accidental interest in our work. Of DONAHOE'S it says: —

"This beautiful magazine is rapidly taking its place in the very foremost ranks of American literature. From cover to cover it is admirable. Amongst its contributors we notice men of a high literary status, and the illustrations, which are numerous, are turned out in a way superior to the style in these countries."

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE ought to be in every Catholic home in this country. No intelligent, earnest Catholic can fail to take pride in it," writes one of the greatest pastors in the New York diocese; and he adds that he will appoint an agent to canvass every house in his parish for this Magazine. This is the spirit, expressed so frequently, that is giving inspiration for the vast work undertaken by DONAHOE'S. Its field is practically limitless; its work infinitely valuable, if well done.

Increase your income $500 a year. You can do it. You can do it without sacrificing any work you are now doing. Surely you have one or two hours a day that you could give to representing DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Write to our Subscription Department, and secure credentials for your locality. You will have a free field. You will do good and make money.

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A Hint to Housekeepers.

HAVE you yet used Parlor Pride? The next time your "store-man" comes ask him about it.

A STORMY SEA.

MORNING PRAYER.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XXXI. BOSTON, JUNE, 1894. No. 6

IS POPULAR GOVERNMENT TO FAIL IN AMERICA?—II.

MR. BAYARD, the American ambassador to the Court of St. James, made a speech at the Guild Hall Library Committee banquet, London, on May 8, and the only passage cabled verbatim to this country was the following: "It is impossible to make men equal, because God has put the stamp of inequality upon them; but try to give every man a fair chance, — a fair field and no favor. This is good English and also good American."

Mr. Bayard's utterance is peculiarly expressive of the aristocratic tendencies of contemporary American life, which were pointed out in the May number of this magazine. To those who may have thought our warning last month was unnecessary, we beg to submit these words of Mr. Bayard, speaking as the representative of the American nation. How far we have strayed from the principles of the nation's founders, will be seen by contrasting the ambassador's words with the first sentence of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. It reads: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. . . ." It is well to remember, when contrasting these contradictory sentiments, that both were addressed to the English nation. Mr. Bayard's thought, as here expressed, is superficial as well as unpatriotic.

God has put the stamp not of inequality but of diversity upon men. The countenance may take on individual expressions, man from man, but the imprint is that of common kinship of the race created "in His image."

This nation has been reared upon the qualities in which men are equal. The Declaration of Independence was not buncombe, and it is a sorry spectacle to us, — this widespread attempt, which we have before observed, to throw the very cornerstone of our institutions into solution, as the chemists would say. But the attempt will fail. The quality of manhood resists the solvent of aristocratic doctrines, as the mountains resist the rain.

He would be blind indeed, who would refuse to see danger in the many signs of aristocratic sentiment among educated men, and those in

authority. But the hour of both our peril and our hope is at hand. We have drifted from the first principles of democratic government, and the hope is that the public is beginning to realize it.

"And this is Massachusetts liberty!" exclaimed Sims, the fugitive slave, when a Boston mayor surrendered him to his pursuers 40 years ago.

"And this is American democracy!" exclaims the poorly paid wage-worker, and the debt-burdened producer, who hear college professors and editors discussing a limited elective franchise.

The issue of 40 years ago was met and settled right. So will the issue of to-day be settled!

While we say this, we do not disguise our apprehensions as to fierce political contentions in the near future. Vast personal fortunes and aggregations of wealth, with tory political economists enlisted as sappers and miners, is no light matter. While we realize the drag and vexations of individual and class greed that lower the tone of parties and legislatures, we are not of those who erect our vexations and fears into a creed. Complete democratic rule is our manifest destiny.

Universal suffrage does not eradicate selfishness, but is abundantly able to handle it. Lincoln once observed that statesmanship consisted in an ability to combine the meannesses of small men for the public good. Democratic government is the resultant of individual desires, both selfish and patriotic, expressed in the grand equation of the social order. The common quality of manhood, often buried, to be sure, but never extinguished, will appear in this national equation, so as to produce a political development higher than the brain or genius of any ruling aristocracy could possibly give.

The workings of free institutions are very disturbing at times, especially when seen at short range as Lincoln saw them. Washington had not been in command of the Continental army a month before he wrote to a friend: "Such dearth of public spirit and want of virtue, such stock jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantage on one hand or another in this great change of military arrangement, I never saw before, and, pray God, I never may be witness to again. . . . Could I have foreseen what I have experienced, and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command."

Similar gloomy views were repeated by Washington at the time of Arnold's treachery and in his famous farewell address. Washington, a hero in an heroic age, certainly over-classed the civic spirit of many well conditioned and well educated men, even if he did not underrate the stalwart and enduring quality of the average American during this the world's trial hour of freedom.

There is a certain groundwork of rugged sense brought into play by democratic government, which continually commands the deepest respect and admiration. "Man is perhaps not the wisest of animals," wrote James Russell Lowell during reconstruction times; "but he has at least as keen a sense of his own advantage in a hovel as in a palace, and what is for the interest of the masses of the people is not very far from being for that of the country. It is said, to be sure, that we are inadequately represented in Congress; but a representative is apt to be a tolerably exact exponent of the merits of his constituency, and

we must look for relief to the general improvement of our people in morals, manners, and culture. We doubt if the freedmen would send worse members to Congress than some in whose election merchants and bankers and even doctors of divinity have been accomplices."

Universal suffrage is not only founded on a sound sentiment, but, practically, it is the best known means of educating the masses. It is good statesmanship. In response to a letter, asking his views as to a growing distrust of universal suffrage on the part of educated men, Edward Atkinson writes as follows:

I think as a rule educated men concur with the judgment that I hold, namely: In proportion to the extension of manhood suffrage in this country and elsewhere, class privileges have abated and the progress of mankind has been promoted [this progress, of course, has been subject to many variations and to many errors]. The fundamental error in this country in the reconstruction acts was not in my judgment granting the suffrage to the negro, but it consisted in depriving those who had taken part in the rebellion of their responsibility by keeping them disfranchised.

If any one desires to study this question and to infer what might have been the probable condition of the negroes of the South had suffrage not been extended to them, he has but to read the history of emancipation in the Island of Jamaica, especially Underhill's work. The suffrage in Jamaica was limited wholly to those who had been the planting class under the previous system. They turned the force of taxation against the negroes in order to compel them to continue on the sugar plantations, and they ruined the island for the time being. The negroes had betaken themselves to small branches of industry, gathering allspice, etc., and a great many other arts requiring little capital. By the perversion of the power of taxation this work was broken up, and the sugar product, which was exotic, was not sustained. This misgovernment by a class for the time being ruled the island and made emancipation appear to be a failure. What would have been and what would be the condition of the negroes in the South to day, if they had not been endowed with the right of suffrage or were now deprived of it?

The business depression and economic disturbances, of the past few years, have been directly due to a drifting away from the strict principles of equality. We have invited class distinctions by legislation, that pits one line of activities against another. All classes are not permitted to keep step in the march of progress. It is bad statesmanship to set thousands at toiling in the ditches, in order that one man may live in ease on the mountain tops. To grow an acre of corn to abnormal proportions, and permit 50 acres to run to nubbins, is not good agriculture; to put two sisters behind a shop counter, in order to keep one brother in college, is not good policy. A common step upward in education or business is better for a thousand people, than many steps up for one person only. Statesmen keep their eye on the great average of men, made substantially homogeneous in character through the educating stimulus of a civic pride and spirit. If our educated men cannot see this, as many of them cannot, they must go to the wayfaring man for wisdom. It will not be the first time that the many have taught the few in political affairs.

Among the many hearty responses to our article of last month on the question: "Is popular government to fail in America?" we quote from a letter that demands a special word: —

You have a "Catholic Question Box," which is very interesting and instructive.

I wish you would open also an "American Citizen's Box" to give us instruction on points that come up for discussion occasionally in our talks with each other, and which remain unsettled from want of an authoritative decision. Your article in the May number on "Popular Government in America," has set our young men thinking and talking. They want to know whether suffrage is a right or a mere privilege.

A gentleman, of the highest standing in this city, made a positive and public declaration a short time ago, that no citizen could claim the power to vote as a right; that it was merely a privilege, a favor, a gratuitous gift from the governing power.

Freedom is a natural right, and the ballot is a function of free citizenship. The qualifications for voting were left with the states by the Philadelphia convention which formulated the United States constitution. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are natural rights, as they are functions of a state of political freedom; the ballot is the natural guaranty of these rights. Otherwise democracy is a mocker. The theory of the ballot as a privilege is a passing incident in constitutional history. America undertook to do in 1776 what the Athenians set Solon at work to do before the Christian era — the establishment of a commonwealth with a sentiment of human equality as a basis, and yet with the institution of slavery undisturbed. Not only negro slavery but an Indian and alien population made it rather awkward to define the qualifications for voting in the constitution. This was left with the various states, and the qualifications made by the states thus were so sweeping that constitutional lawyers of the technical order found it very convenient to call the ballot a privilege rather than a natural corollary of freedom. The constitutional amendments after the civil war went a long distance in sweeping away the privilege theory. These amendments declared that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are citizens of both the United States and of the several states. No state shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States. When the "right to vote" at national and state elections is denied to any of the "male inhabitants" of a state, "being 21 years of age and citizens of the United States," the congressional representation of that state shall be reduced proportionately. "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

While we in our constitutional development have not reached the point of defining in our federal constitution the qualifications for voting, the assumption in the constitutional amendments above quoted is that the ballot is the right of all male inhabitants, 21 years of age, born in the United States, or naturalized and subject to its jurisdiction; because the states are made to suffer if they deny the "right to vote" to such persons.

The privilege theory of the ballot is tory or opportunist in spirit, and in any event an incident in the evolution of popular institutions. The principle of equality is the soul of democracy, and this soul was breathed into the body politic by God himself, and not handed over to some as a privilege by an aristocracy or ruling class. "Equality," says Lowell, "cannot be conferred upon any man, be he white or black. If he be capable of it, his title is from God." It was in this spirit that the 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution were adopted. It is our rock and our hope.

ANOTHER YEAR OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

THE magnificent showing made by our Catholic educational institutions at the World's Fair held last year at Chicago, where the completeness and many other remarkable excellencies of their splendid exhibit elicited the highest commendations from all who viewed it, furnished ample evidence that Catholic educators are keen students of all the latest phases of pedagogical progress and improvement, and are, moreover, prompt to adopt every new principle and method calculated to be of advantage to their pupils, or to enhance the efficacy of their own work. The splendid exhibition in New York City the past month, in which the results of the Catholic educational work at the World's Fair were re-impressed and amplified, was a gratifying evidence of further growth. There is nothing in the least surprising to Catholics, of course, in this constant activity, energy, and progressiveness on the part of the zealous instructors who have charge of their educational institutions. They know that it has always and in all lands been the Catholic aim to attain the highest possible standard in educational matters. In the lowest school, as well as in the college and university, the very best methods of instruction are wanted, and the most perfect system is desired. Such excellence is not to be won at once, however, and considering that it is but a little more than a century since the Catholic Church became organized in this country, by the establishment of its own hierarchy, the prelates, priests, and people, with the noble men and women who have been active agents in our educational development, assuredly have abundant reasons to rejoice at the present standing and strength of the Catholic educational institutes, at the grand successes which has already been gained, and to congratulate themselves on the still grander ones which they can confidently count upon in the future. The following article, without entering into any statistical details, aims at presenting, as far as they have come under its writer's observation, the principal intellectual advances made by our Catholic institutes of learning within the past few years; and seeks to point out briefly some of the more salient features of the progress effected thus far in different directions.

Of our theological schools, which for obvious reasons merit first mention, the most prominent seat of learning is the university at the national capital, which, albeit it has been in existence but a very few years, has shown itself possessed of an admirable, progressive spirit, and has already accomplished some very beneficial results by supplying the different dioceses of the land with numbers of clergymen who have had the benefit of the higher ecclesiastical education which it imparts to its students. In order that its course of studies might be made as complete and thorough as possible, the rector and trustees of this institution spared no expense in securing for its different chairs the ablest available exponents of theological lore; and the measure of success which they achieved in that endeavor is attested not alone by the fact that the lectures at the university are admitted by all persons qualified to speak of their merits to be of superlative excellence, but also by the many valuable contributions which the several members of the staff have made to Catholic literature; thus giving the reading public what may be called the benefits of university extension. The scope of this school's usefulness and work will be materially broadened by the inauguration of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy, which will soon open its doors to students; and before many

years the other departments of the university will be duly added and produce ampler results. Albeit the principal characteristic of a theological school is always its conservatism, still its faculty have to take account of special needs of the times and to be observant of other exigencies that may arise; and therein their schools find fields for development and new efforts and higher work, and these fields are never neglected by such institutions as St. John's Seminary, here in Boston; by St. Mary's, Baltimore, by St. Charles', Philadelphia; by Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg; by St. Thomas', St. Paul; by St. Francis', Milwaukee; by St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati; nor by the various theological schools of the religious orders. A notable evidence of progress in the line of Catholic theological education is the increasing number of seminaries that are coming into existence in this country; and especially worthy of mention in this connection is that noble institution which Archbishop Corrigan is pushing to completion at Yonkers, to replace St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, a theological school that ranks with the best in the land, but whose accommodations no longer suffice for the needs of the ecclesiastical province. Then, too, greater attention is being paid in our theological schools to exegetical studies of Holy Writ, a subject of great importance nowadays, in view of that species of higher criticism which variously assails the Scriptures, to archæology, as far as its revelations bear upon religion, and to other scientific studies, all of which may be taken as indications of greater intellectual activity on the part of those institutions.

Our oldest Catholic institution of education, Georgetown University, has kept pace nobly with the advance of Catholic educational thought and development; and its progress has been evidenced in many ways. Especially worthy of praise is the work which its observatory has accomplished under the skilful direction of Father Hagen, who is justly regarded as one of the foremost astronomers of the United States, and who is ably assisted in his labors by Father Fargis, himself a very skilful scientist, and by other members of the faculty. St. Francis Xavier's College of New York has shown itself another very progressive Jesuit college, the ethical lectures of Father Halpin in the post-graduate course forming a striking feature of its advancement of later years, and finding a counterpart in those of Father Doonan at Boston College. Of the Jesuit colleges throughout the land — and such institutions are now to be found in many of our larger cities — there has been a noticeable progressive movement of late years in various directions, not the least beneficial advance being the greater care that is now given to the physical training of the students by the encouragement of out-of-door sports, and the institution of a friendly rivalry therein between the different colleges. In the meantime, however, intellectual progress has not been neglected, as witness, for instance, the signal success attained by the students of St. Francis Xavier's in their presentation of a Latin play during the World's Fair at Chicago; a performance which was imitated last Christmastide by the seniors of Holy Cross, and has probably been enacted also at other Jesuit Colleges. Then, too, there have been additions made to the scientific courses, to keep step with the great advances the world has witnessed in our day, while nothing has been withdrawn from that excellent classical course which has always been a chief characteristic of all Jesuit institutes.

The University of Notre Dame can boast with good reason of the manner in which it has kept abreast of the times, and, in some matters, led the way in advanced educational systems and methods. Having a faculty which counts among its members some of the best-known Catholic instructors in the country, Notre Dame is constantly adding to its successes, and challenging the admiration of the whole Catholic body by its achievements. Father Zahm's

scientific lectures, which attracted so much attention at the last session of the Catholic summer school, may be instanced as one proof of this institution's progressiveness; and the excellent publications which issue from its press constitute others. Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, with Dr. Allen at its head, is adding daily to its laurels, and with an eye to the future, it has sent one member of its staff abroad to become more thoroughly conversant with Semitic subjects and other ancient lore of which he is the professor at the college. The Augustinians are doing superb work down at Villanova, where students have a choice of a classical, scientific, or commercial course, all three of which are maintained at the highest grade of excellence; while of the wonderfully successful institutes managed by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Manhattan College may be taken as an exemplar; and there, in addition to the former excellent and comprehensive course of studies, preparations have been made for the institution of a modern classical one, wherein German, French, or Spanish can be chosen by the pupil; of another in Architecture and for the extension of the course in Civil Engineering. Furthermore the course of lectures, generally illustrated, which are given during the scholastic year, will hereafter be open to the public, in which advance the faculty of Manhattan show their desire to extend the beneficial influence in the university extension movement. The college of these Brothers at Burlington, Vt., has of recent days added to its courses; and, in fact, their institutes throughout the country are constantly improving and enlarging their systems and spheres of activity.

The good work which the Lazarist Fathers are accomplishing in the way of Catholic educational development at Niagara Falls may not be overlooked, neither may the similar efforts of the Franciscans at Alleghany. Then there are the Xaverian Brothers, one of whose latest and best undertakings was the foundation of St. John's Normal College, at Danvers in this state, an institution whose chief aim is to supply other Catholic schools with trained teachers. Other progressive colleges are those of the Franciscan Brothers, like the one at Loretto, Penn., where especial attention is given to the higher mathematical studies and kindred accomplishments, and that of the Fathers of the Resurrection, in Marion county Ky., where shorthand, telegraphy, and typewriting are made specialties.

In the Catholic institutions for the higher education of girls abundant evidences of progressiveness are readily discernible. The courses of studies are being constantly enlarged and bettered; the methods of the academies themselves improved, and the natural results are that higher standards are being attained and better results follow. The Catholic idea of female education does not include some things that other systems embrace. Any co-educational plan is, of course, out of the question; though an annex to the Catholic university for the benefit of girls desirous of profiting by its advantages was once suggested by Bishop Spalding. Such a thing may, perhaps, come in time; but what is most needed in this country, in the estimation of many Catholic educators, is an establishment for higher female education modelled after Gorton College, in England, or Wellesley and Vassar here. Such an institution, however, is out of the question at present; but in its lack it must not be concluded that Catholic girls who are eager to take courses of higher studies have no opportunities of doing so. There are numerous institutions in different parts of the land wherein such aspirants can follow a course of studies that embraces nearly, if not all, the branches that are taught at female colleges. The one exception, perhaps, would be Greek, which, as far as the writer knows, is not included in the programme of any Catholic academy. It may be mentioned, by way of parenthesis, though, that the utility of the study of that language, except for certain classes of

students, is now being questioned by not a few colleges, some of which have already replaced it with a modern tongue, as being certain to prove of more advantage to the student in after-life. Latin, however, is thoroughly taught at many of our Catholic academies; so are the higher mathematics, the physical sciences, English literature, and composition, while the modern languages in great number, music, painting, drawing, etc., form features in the courses of all; and in some the excellence of the manner and methods in which these several branches are taught is so great as to attract students to them for the especial purpose of availing themselves of the superior instruction they give.

The number of excellent academies, of the character here outlined, that exist in the United States at the present time, and wherein, in addition to the regular course, there are post-graduate ones for all desirous of taking them, is so large that it would be useless to attempt any mention of all of them. Without any wish of instituting what might be considered invidious comparisons, it may be permitted DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, though, to refer to the splendid facilities for higher education which Mount St. Joseph's Academy, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, under the direction of the sisterhood whose name it bears; St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., a Dominican institution; St. Mary's Academy Manchester, N. H., one of the many excellent schools of the Mercy Sisters; St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., with the Sisters of Charity in charge; St. Mary's Academy, at Notre Dame; the Loretto Academy, in Marion county, Ky.; St. Ursula's Academy, Bedford Park, New York; Our Lady's Institute, Longwood, Ill., and many more that might be easily named did space permit, offer to Catholic girls who are eager to obtain a finished education. It may be stated, too, that the ladies of the Sacred Heart, who have academies in many sections of the states, the Visitandines, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, the Sisters of St. Benedict, those of St. Francis, together with several other congregations, have admirable schools in various places, wherein the course of studies is comprehensive, the system of teaching excellent, and the methods in vogue of the latest and best character. In not a few of these institutions the regular studies are supplemented with periodical lectures by recognized authorities on literary and scientific topics, who are especially engaged to visit the school for their delivery. Antiquated text-books have long since been discarded for the best modern ones; the students have free access to the well-appointed libraries, and in the reading-rooms, in addition to Catholic publications, the leading non-Catholic publications of the day are to be found. In several of the academies — and the same should have been said of our colleges — the students publish their own journals, weekly or monthly, as the case may be; and quite a number of these publications show abilities of high order on the side of both the editors and contributors. Another noteworthy advance that has been made in some of these schools is that of keeping the pupils fully informed of all important events that occur daily in the world outside by means of bulletin boards, mimeographic leaflets, or in other manners — for the daily paper has not yet found its way into the academy, where it would seriously interfere with the studies. Literary, debating, and other societies receive every encouragement; while the domestic arts are not overlooked, the girls being obliged in most of the institutions to learn plain sewing, then cutting and fitting; and also to acquire a knowledge of cooking that will enable them, after they have left their alma mater, not only to superintend the culinary department of their future homes, but also to take full charge should necessity or taste turn them that way. Then there are the Reading Circles which serve as a means of drawing back to the academy the graduates who reside in the city in which it is located, and

supplement their school course. In fact, the watchword of these Catholic schools is now a command to advance in every commendable direction, to note and avail themselves of everything that is of a nature to increase their efficiency, and to eliminate from their systems and methods all things that show a tendency to retard their progress. When it is taken into consideration that all these academies have to depend on their own individual resources for whatever improvements they contemplate, none of them being endowed, the fact that they have actually advanced as much as the above statements indicate reflects the highest credit on their managements, and shows how zealous their directors are in the cause of higher education for Catholic girls.

Remarkable as has been the progress made of late years in the Catholic institutes of higher education, that which has been effected in the parochial schools and their systems and methods is none the less striking and significant. This fact was abundantly demonstrated at the Catholic Educational Exhibit given at the World's Fair last year, wherein the bulk of the displays came from the parochial schools. In an article descriptive of these exhibits, which appeared in the Chicago Daily Herald of Sept. 23, 1893, it was stated that they represented the results of the schooling of four-fifths of a million of Catholic children in every quarter of the United States, and indicated "the wonderful progress made in the materials of education under the Church in 25 years. . . . Photographs of class rooms, of libraries, appliances, desks, blackboards, gymnasia, kindergartens, music-rooms, studios, military organizations, sewing-rooms, laboratories, and workshops disclose other evidences, both material and ideal, of the prosperity of the Catholic educational system, and refute, in conjunction with examination papers, the antiquated calumny that the teaching is inferior, or the plant inadequate. Exteriors of buildings are, it is true, severe. Money has not been lavished on architectural embellishment; but architecture has been called upon for the real objects in view — sanitation, ventilation, lighting, and economy of space."

It would be a mistake, though, to suppose that the only advance that has been made in this department of Catholic education consists in the erection of better built and better equipped schoolhouses, though that of itself is a matter of no small importance. The system of the schools has undergone great improvements of late years. The classes have been more carefully graded; the discipline has been notably ameliorated, and industrial education has been introduced in a large number of the institutions, thus making the instruction given in them embrace the hands as well as the minds and hearts of the pupils. Among the lessons inculcated at Catholic elementary schools, the virtue of patriotism has never been relegated to a secondary place, and hence it would be erroneous to refer to the frequent patriotic exercises that are held in those institutions now as marks of progressiveness. They may at least be mentioned, however, as proofs that these schools are up to date as far as nationalism is concerned. The real improvements effected in the schools are to be seen in the thoroughness of the work they are at present accomplishing; a thoroughness that has proclaimed itself in many ways, and in not the least striking manner by the uniform successes which attend their pupils when they enter competitive examinations, such as those, for instance, that are periodically held in congressional districts for appointments to West Point or to the United States Naval Academy. It may be stated in this connection that the large attendance of Catholic teachers at the sessions of the Summer School, with the interest in educational matters which such attendance naturally awakened, has, in all probability, contributed in no slight degree to the ameliorations and advances which have of recent days taken place in the system that prevails in these elementary schools; and the same

agency contains promises that whatever future emergencies may call for in the line of improved methods will be promptly and fully met.

What has so far been written applies to the generality of Catholic schools, in all grades of which, from the highest to the lowest, the claim is made that a constant forward movement has been, and is still going on, with the result that these institutions are lacking in nothing, either in systems or methods, that is called for by the advanced educational ideas and theories of our day. There are a few other phases of Catholic educational activity and progress, displayed in schools of a special class, which seem to call for notice, such, for example, as the work which the Church is accomplishing in behalf of the deaf-mutes, and in the interests of the Indians and negroes. Of the first mentioned class of schools, the number has been increased of late years; and where the number of deaf-mutes is not sufficient to warrant the opening of a school, provision for the instruction of persons so afflicted has been made in not a few places, either by having some one teacher acquire usage of their language, in order that regular lessons may be imparted to them, or else by securing the occasional visits of a competent instructor from some Ephpheta school. At Chicago such a school, established a few years ago by the generosity of some Catholic women, who supported and managed it for a time, is now taught by expert deaf-mute instructors, and it had an admirable display at the educational exhibit of the World's Fair, of which the Chicago Herald said, in the article already referred to, that the results of the system followed in that Catholic institution "are not only in the highest degree admirable and inspiring,—they are even charming. The plaster casts from clay models and the carved wood cabinets are testimony of the skill of the teachers, and the gifts and perseverance of the children."

In regard to the other two classes of schools wherein notable progress has been made of recent years, the Catholic Indian and negro educational institutions, the efficiency of the former, as well as their number, has been increased through the generosity of Sister Katharine (Drexel), who has aided them very materially in a financial manner; and the untiring activity of the Josephite Fathers, together with the recent undertaking by the Benedictines, of educational work in certain southern localities, has given stronger impulses to the latter, and invested them with greater possibilities. Thus in every phase and branch of education the Catholic schools are shown to be eminently successful, advanced, and progressive; and not the least of their merits lies in the fact that, instead of burdening the students and pupils with intellectual fads and inutilities, their improving courses of studies are of the practical and useful sort, embracing all, in the advanced schools, that the highest education may legitimately demand, and neglecting nothing in the elementary ones, that thoroughness and effectiveness really require. The hour has not yet come for halting, however, nor have our Catholic educators the slightest idea of arresting their onward steps. Their ideal is ever before them; and many and notable though have been the recent advances made in all grades of our schools, they know that systems are always capable of being bettered, and methods of being improved.

THE BLESSINGS OF MONOPOLY.

BY REV. T. A. HENDRICK.

IF the actions of animals be divided into three general classes, reflex actions, instinctive actions, and intelligent actions, the last being peculiar to rational beings, this division will be found to be insufficient to classify a class of actions which, in men as well as in lower animals, make up a large portion of the sum total of daily conduct. By way of illustration any person who has attempted to corner a flock of sheep in a field may recall the actions of the members in a successful attempt at escape. The leader will make a rush and jump over any temporary barrier which may be used, and though the barrier be dropped, and there is no longer any occasion for jumping, every sheep will follow the example of the leader and jump precisely at the same place and in the same fashion. It seems laughably ridiculous in sheep, but men are governed by a similar impulse to jump at any conclusion toward which they are led by the common impulse of those around them, without stopping to inquire whether there be a warrant in reason for such antics.

It is the fashion to rail at monopolies. Everybody does. It seems to be bold, manly, and independent, and the thought that something may be said in opposition to the common impulse, is never thought of. To-day, more than ever before, socialistic ideas pass current, bearing the stamp of popular approval, Catholics as well as non-Catholics raising their voice to swell the common clamor against capital and its concentration, and to assert the growing idea that in this movement there is something new, anti-christian, and unjust.

It would seem that even a slight inquiry into the past would teach us that the centralization of capital is nothing new; that there is no tendency now which did not exist from the first; that the "Ages of Faith" did not differ from the modern ages in this matter; and that, on the whole, the modern drift of capital is new only in its adaptation to the changed conditions of modern life. It may with the strictest truth be asserted that at no time in the history of the world has the individual man more power to assert his individual ability than at the present time, and to become what it is in him to be, by genius, industry, and thrift.

It may, to go a little farther, be asserted with truth, that no one cause contributes more to sow the seeds of discontent, disorder, and anarchy, than the unreasoning, senseless, and socialistic cry against wealth, as such, and against its possession by a few, as a crime against the many. It is the most popular cry of the demagogue; the lecture platform and the editorial sanctuary resound and quiver with the sheet-iron thunders of the cheap social reformer.

A monopoly is commonly understood to be the exclusive control, by one or a few persons, of something necessary or highly useful to the well-being of many. It may be that the thing controlled be food, or clothing, something tangible, or it may be some service to be rendered, such as the transportation of persons or of things necessary to the many, or it may be labor of any kind; the essential features of the monopoly being that the thing controlled be considered necessary to the many, and that it should be controlled by one or by a few.

To commence at the foundation of all service, we have in the Knights of Labor, in the Federation of Labor, and other organizations of various kinds, controlling the services of many,

which services are absolutely essential to the common good, a modern instance of monopoly, and one absolutely impossible in former centuries. Opposed to such a concentration of power were solidly massed the privileged classes, classes privileged, not because of the individual merits of the members composing these classes, but privileged because of the services, real or imaginary of some remote ancestor.

The French Revolution was the greatest resolvent of the ancient order of things, and, in spite of the awful outrages perpetrated in the name of liberty, this great convulsion must be considered by all just minds, as the logical outcome of centuries of oppression, a sort of oppression in which the burden to be borne increased, pari passu, with the contempt of the privileged, for the class which bore the whole weight. It is a divine maxim that the ox which treads out the grain shall not be muzzled, and herein, if reason did not teach it, we have the approbation of God for a monopoly of labor. In the modern order of things it shall nevermore be considered treason, to be punished by imprisonment, by deprivation of life or of the liberty to earn one's living, that the producer of wealth shall voice his demand for a reasonable share in the things which grow under the ministry of his hands.

The organizations of labor, the monopolies of labor, they may properly be called, are far from perfect, either in their conception or in their methods of procedure. But the theory is correct. They are movements in which the voice of the individual is sounded with the volume of united force, and the voice of the weakest man is now heard with respect, if not with admiration, by classes that heretofore have heard it only with contempt. The organization of labor must grow. The mistakes of the past must point out the safer course to be followed in the future, and the working man will learn daily more and more perfectly the lesson, that to be effective his demands must have right for their bulwark, and that they are weak only when they are wrong. Only he who wishes to be blind will not see that organization, concentration of service and united demand have vastly improved the condition of the laboring man, and assured to him not only protection against individual injury which is undeserved but permanence in such freedom. If, occasionally, the persons not immediately interested be put to some temporary discomfort, it ought to be considered that the good of the whole social fabric must result from a just settlement of such disputes. It is better that such disputes should be settled, if possible without the blood shedding which marked the French Revolution; but society must learn, if it has not already learned, that such extremes are possible, when wrongs go unrighted, and just appeals are disregarded.

To pass from one extreme form of monopoly to the other, from labor to capital, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is as necessary to modern civilization, and as rich in good things for the many, as the monopoly of labor, for the assertion of the right of the laborer. Capital is fecund only when it is alive. The miser, who hoards his money, who buries it in the earth, or who keeps it without investment, is the only capitalist who is to be feared.

That there are more rich men now than ever before, and that the mass of riches in the hands of a few is greater than at any previous time in the history of the world, are facts which ought to be considered as blessings and not as injuries to the many not equally favored in the battle of life. The mere possession of gold is not more satisfying to its owner, when it lies unfruitful in the vault, than when it lay unmined and uncoined in the earth. As soon as a man becomes even a lender, he takes his chances of trusting his bread to the waters in the hope that it may come back after many days. It is altogether probable that his motives may not be of the highest, but motives are things which concern himself: his money in circulation concerns many.

The mass of money in the possession of the rich, the desire for accumulation, the competition for profitable investment, are factors in every enterprise which calls upon the laborer for service, and brings these extremes of monopoly face to face for such an arrangement of profit sharing as shall be mutually profitable and permanent. The time when investment ceases to be profitable in any particular enterprise, when the hour comes when there is no longer promise of return, that time and that hour mark the end of the agreement wherein labor agrees to serve and capital to pay for service.

It would seem a logical and necessary conclusion from such a statement that the interests of the laborer and of the capitalist are identical, to that purpose, that the enterprise undertaken must be continued at a profit to the capitalist, in order that it may be profitable for the laborer.

The tendency of capital in modern commercial operations is toward centralization, and in centralization must we look for the permanence of profit which will secure a reasonable return for capital, and a reasonable permanence of employment for labor.

One of the most common objections urged against monopoly, as it is called, is that it discourages competition. The formation of labor unions has had the direct effect of crushing out competition between laboring men. The only security of the laborer is in preventing such competition. If it be considered desirable and necessary to eliminate competition among laboring men, surely no objection can be urged against capital from their side on that ground.

As a matter of fact, no capitalist is willing to conduct his operations at a loss, and hence whatever sentimental objections may be urged, self-preservation teaches him to abstain from investment unless he is able to see clearly the conditions of success, and is able to control them. It is said that ninety out of every hundred business enterprises fail, and a necessary consequence of every failure is that somebody is injured. Society is not supported by failures but by success. The injured persons in every failure are far more apt to be the ones who do the work, but, as a matter of fact, profit sharing ceases when failure is assured. Success, on the other hand, means a continuance in profit sharing.

The Standard Oil Monopoly is most frequently cited as an exemplary evil, and is a fruitful theme for the demagogue. It is forgotten that the existence of this great corporation has brought about a reduction in the price of illuminating oil, to a point about one fourth of that at which it stood when this company or trust was formed. Is it not a blessing for the poor man that for a day's labor he may purchase thirty gallons of oil instead of ten? Or, to put it differently, is it not better that he should save out of the price of every gallon of oil twelve cents to be applied for food or clothing? It is not necessary that we should give the Standard Oil Company any credit for philanthropic motives: it is only proper that we should not overlook plain facts in our unreasonable imitation of the sheep and their antics.

If the Standard Oil Company was not a monopoly, it could not sell oil at retail for four cents a gallon and make a profit. If it had not extinguished competition in its own line, it could not conduct business at a profit to itself and to its employes. The seller of illuminants must not stop to consider the competition in his own line of goods, but he must keep pace with the efforts of sellers of illuminating gas, and the sellers of electric illumination to supplant him and to get the trade which he now supplies.

Herein, and not in any philanthropic motives, must be found the forces which bring about the reduction in the prices of these commodities which are necessary for the many, and of which the capitalist has a monopoly. The production of oil in millions of gallons under one administration, at a profit of a fraction of a cent on each gallon, means not only the extinction of com-

petition, but it means also that all that the oil costs the consumer, besides the profit, must be distributed to labor in its production. Let this not be forgotten.

The railroads of the country are frequently cited as monopolies, though less truthfully than in the organizations of labor or the Standard Oil Company. Whilst the writer is not at present ready to give the figures as to the success of railroad enterprises, it is safe to say that three-fourths of such enterprises are financial failures. A railroad that fails to conduct its business at a profit, if it controls transportation over a certain territory, is as truly a monopoly as a railroad that is profitable, and is more of a monopoly than a railroad that must meet competition for the same service.

But it is the habit of the bell-wether to cite to the rest of the sheep the successful railroads as monopolies. The successful railroad corporations in the United States are chiefly those that offer transportation between the East and the West. Neither the New York Central, nor the Pennsylvania railroad, for instance, can be truthfully classified as monopolies, as they have to compete with each other, and with less successful roads, for the patronage to all the principal points; but, for the sake of this article, let us assume that they are monopolies. The only reason that they are successful is, that by the consolidation of many small roads, by the purchase of supplies in great quantities for cash, by the running of solid trains over long distances, in a word by conducting their business on a large scale, and thus reducing their expenses for each mile of service rendered, they are enabled to realize a profit where enterprises of lesser magnitude must inevitably fail.

It can readily be seen that the division of income of a road which is conducted on a scale of magnitude such as has been mentioned, must mean a very large proportion to be given for construction, for equipment, and for the daily expenses of service, and a small proportion for the investor. Every railroad that fails, as every other business enterprise that fails, must leave somebody in the lurch. It may be the small investor, very frequently it is the employe, but much more frequently it is the inhabitants of the country through which it passes. Every railway company is dependent on the prosperity of the people who live along its line; the more prosperous the people, the more profitable the railway. It is, therefore, directly to the interest of the railroad not only to encourage settlement along its line, but necessarily also to put its rates of transportation at such figures as will make it profitable for settlers to continue to live where they can compete in the prices realized for their productions with those who live in other sections.

As a consequence, again, the larger the volume of products transported, the cheaper the railroads must carry to discourage competition from other railroads ready at any moment to invade their territory. The result of these necessary conditions has been that a barrel of flour, or a bushel of grain, can be carried in solid train lots from beyond the Mississippi at the same price as it can be carried in smaller lots from some interior town in New York to the seaboard. The proximity of products to the market where they must be sold is no longer measured by miles, but by freight rates.

Without great railroad corporations, such as the New York Central, Chicago would be still a small trading post in the midst of an undeveloped wilderness, and cities like Denver, Kansas City, or Minneapolis would be impossible. There would be no farmers in Iowa, Arkansas, or any of the states remote from the seaboard, whilst as it stands these states have driven the farmer from the hills of the Eastern States, and the raising of cattle for the market, in Massachusetts and other seaboard states of the East, has become a forgotten industry.

On the other hand, in place of agriculture and the slower methods of accumulating wealth, the eastern cities have grown into vast manufacturing centres, under the impulse of cheapened

transportation. Both in the East and the West, the commodities needed in daily life, meat, flour, clothing, nay, even the luxuries of life, have become cheap and abundant, and those things to which the men of a half century ago were unaccustomed, have become a part of the life of the citizen of to-day.

Let the reader of this article take a map of the United States and draw a line along the so-called Mason and Dixon's division of the map. North of that line he will see a country developed by thrift, by immigration, by tillage, by transportation of products to market, and the quick return of payment for these products. He will see a country where cities are frequent and of large population, and where every evidence of civilization shines out, all rendered possible by the very monopolies which are the execration both of the small politician and the pennywise economist. South of that line, however, he will see a country possessing every natural advantage over the North, where the soil can raise three crops whilst the North raises one, a country richer in mineral resources, in waterpower running waste, in climatic advantages compared to which the North is poorly equipped, and yet a country where there is little development, where agriculture is neglected, and where the people are poor, and hoping against hope for the coming of a day that shows no promise of a dawn.

What the South needs most is such railroads, monopolies if you will, as the New York Central Railroad, or the Pennsylvania railroad. It needs to run trains through under one management from Florida to Montreal, so that the early produce of the South may be put into the Northern market at such a price, as it will pay the Northern man to consume it, the Southern man to produce it, and the railroad to carry it. Then towns and villages such as are common in the North will grow up, fields will produce to their utmost limit, schools, academies, and every comfort of civilization will abound. There will be no negro question, for the South will find employment for every hand, no matter what its color. Wealth, now so scarce, will flow in. Past differences will be forgotten. The producer of the South will become, by commerce, the brother of the consumer of the North, and with better knowledge of each other, with increasing travel, there will be a welcome in Georgia for the son of New England and in New York for the planter of the Carolinas.

It is not here contended that monopolies have grown into existence by lawful methods. It is now not claimed that their operations have been marked by justice and charity in all cases. But it is contended that to them we owe countless blessings that are not recognized by the mischief-making politician, and that with more consideration for what we owe them, with a juster treatment of them by the people, these necessary factors in civilization might and should be considered as benefactors and not oppressors of the people.

A BROKEN DREAM.

BY M. F. NIXON.

Within the tasselled hammock, gay
With threads of color bright,
A dainty, white-robed form, she lay,
While o'er her, soft and light,
Floated the clouds; a summer day
Was waning into night.

The paths were fringed with holly-hocks
Pure white, deep red, and pink,
The garden trim was full of phlox;
The lingering perfumes sink
Into her soul; she slowly rocks
And lists a bobolink.

A world of lovely dreams is there,
The hammock gently sways,
A locust stirs the lifeless air,
The western sky's ablaze;
Life seems to her without a care,
O'er all, a misty haze.

She seems to live in days of old,
Herself a princess tall:
To her there comes a knight most bold,
Who loves her above all.

. . . . . .

Just then, her brother toward her strolled:
"Tom Green has come to call!"

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

GOD made the flowers to beautify
The earth and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest, who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.

Romeo. AT EIGHTY. Juliet.

HARPER'S FERRY, AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT FAMOUS.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

IT was a faded rose covered book, containing stories for children, and when any one of us children wanted to be downright miserable, we took that old book off into some corner and read the sad lives of some great people. It told in pathetic lines of the harsh and hard father of the Bronté sisters, and of the equally miserable and lonely time they spent at the schoolhouse among uncongenial and taunting schoolmates; but the cup overflowed when we read of how their father in a fit of anger, one day, burned a pair of little red shoes belonging to the youngest of the Bronté children. We also read of Walter Scott and pitied him on account of his lame leg. We shared the hopes and the fears of John Stephenson in his youthful efforts to invent the steam-engine, but the story best loved and most wept over, in that book, was the story of John Brown.

That story had a perfectly miserable fascination to me; and many the time I read of how John lived away out on the prairies with his father who traded in cattle. John's mother was dead, and he would often be left alone for days and days at a time, and of course was pretty lonesome and often longed for a companion of some sort. One day he caught a pretty young squirrel, but in trying to capture it, he pulled off part of its tail. John felt very bad about this, but took Bobtail home and made a pet of him, and grew to love him very much. One day Bobtail got lost. Poor John was almost inconsolable and fretted himself sick. At another time an Indian boy presented him with a Mexican marble: it was like a god-send to the boy who had never known what toys were, and many happy hours were spent on the floor of the cabin, rolling the marble about and admiring it. Alas! One day it rolled down in the crack of the floor and was lost to him forever. John said he grieved as much over the loss of those two playthings as he did the loss of his mother; for they meant something to love, and

company to him. When John grew large enough his father used to send him to drive cattle across the plains, and often on these long marches he grew very hungry — so hungry, he said, at times he believed he could smell doughnuts frying a mile off. On one of these hungry occasions he stopped at a farm and asked for something to eat. The woman of the house gave him a generous allowance of bread and butter, but before he had a chance to eat it, he saw a young slave that belonged to the woman get a cruel beating for some task he had omitted. At the sight of this, John threw his bread and butter on the floor and ran out of the house as fast as he could. He vowed that day, when he grew to be a man he would fight for, and free the slaves.

How often he dreamed that wild dream, as he drove the cattle over the great plains — how often he schemed and planned since that day he saw the slave beaten, we shall never know. But the dream of the boy out on the prairie ripened into one of the most daring exploits the world has ever known. It was this John Brown that we knew as children — it was this John Brown we cried over; a man kind, impulsive, daring — the patron saint of a slaved race.

The Potomac and Island Park, from Bolivar Heights.

And as pilgrims go to Holy Rome to visit the scenes so dear to their saint's memory, we went to Harper's Ferry, in the summer of 1893, to spend our vacation in the town made famous forever by the man who struck that blind, wild blow for Freedom.

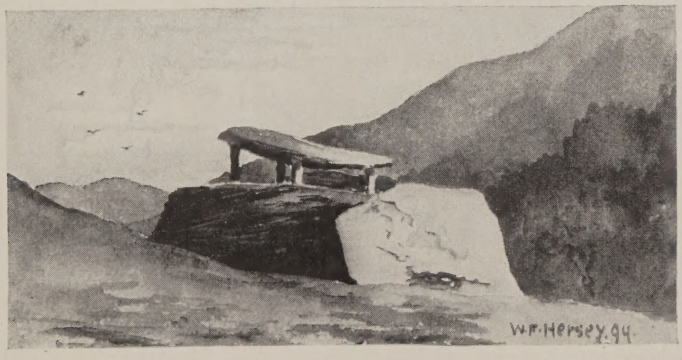
The first impression we had when we arrived at the station — situated near the point where the rivers Shenandoah and Potomac meet — was, "What a dirty, dusty old town!" It boasted of two thoroughfares that might bear the name of street — one called Shenandoah street, because it ran parallel with the beautiful river whose name in Indian language signifies "Daughter of the Stars;" the other ran up the steep hill along the line of the Potomac, and was known as Camp Hill Road,

because it led to the place of that name, far back from the dark, lower part of the town. The promiscuous way in which the old time-worn houses are perched upon the hills do not admit of anything like a street. You may enter one of the lanes that run, you think, out into the highway, but before you realize it, you run plumb against somebody's back-yard, or, perchance, you are arrested by the squealing of disturbed pigs, who resent your entrance into their family residence.

It was up Shenandoah street that the public conveyance we hired at the station rattled ; suddenly it gave a sharp turn and brought us in between some more dark and tall houses that lined the entrance to Camp Hill Road. We had time to notice that the houses had great iron knockers on the doors, and signs over the doors, stating in what company they were insured. We kept hoping against hope that the driver would not stop in this dusty and gloomy part of the town, and tell us our hostess lived there. We breathed freely when he still kept up the hill, and brought us into a clearer atmosphere, with neater houses, surrounded by little gardens and old shade trees, and at last brought us to our destination opposite a church.

We were met at the door of the quaint red brick house by our hostess, who let us rest awhile before showing us to our room. My chair happened to be opposite a pier-glass; involuntarily I glanced therein — just as I expected — hat very much on one side. I was not surprised at this, as I had almost flown across from my seat in the conveyance to the opposite side, and came near landing in the lap of an old gentleman with a very red nose. After this episode, we clung to the side of the conveyance, and then my portfolio, and my companion's shawl strap and contents landed on the floor. After these antics, and many future runs up and down that rocky road, we christened it "The Rocky Road to Double in."

From the front of the house we could see the Loudon Mountains which guard the Shenandoah, and from the back of the house we could look on historic Maryland Heights, but a short distance away, walling in the Potomac. After a hearty supper, we started out to "see what we could see," and went down towards

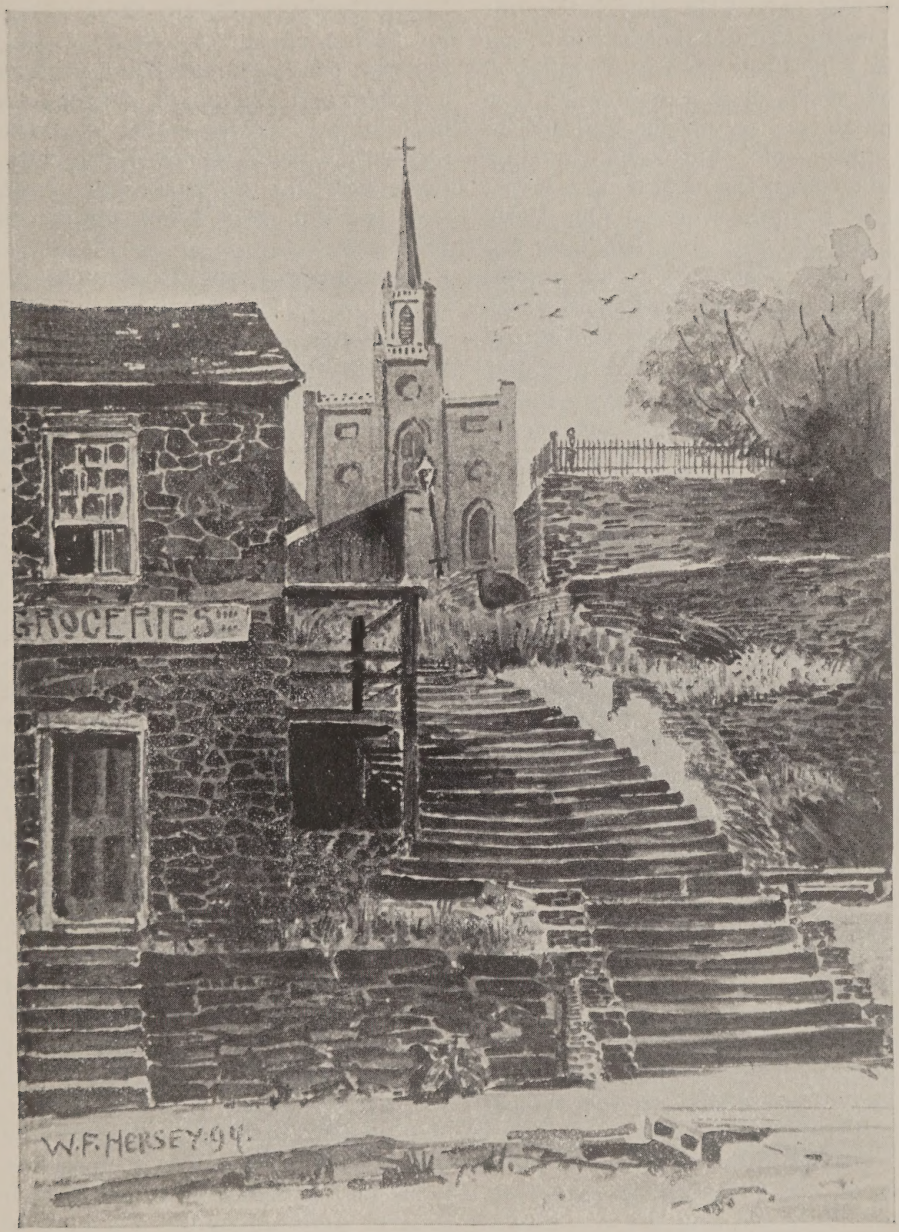


Jefferson's Rock.

Bolivar, that twin sister of ancient Harper's Ferry, whose streets are more like streets and more level, and whose houses are as old, but more neat than those in the lower town. But the sun is down, and twilight coming in among the purple hills, and it is too late for strangers, as we are, to go to little Bolivar, so we cut in between the hills, making frantic efforts all the while to stand up like soldiers, for the hills were in a green coasting condition, as such hills will be in August. It is with a feeling of relief that we reach the edge of the hills, and, sitting down, gaze down where the Potomac flows over hundreds of little baby islands. We see a canal boat glide slowly by, under the shadow of the mountains opposite us, and watch the sparks that fly in the gathering gloom from a fast express that shrieks as it winds along the river bank, like some huge serpent. Just at this point on the Potomac is an island known as "Park Island," where all the excursions to Harper's Ferry land. But from what I observed on excursion days, very few of the excursionists have little interest in anything beyond the contents of the big dinner baskets they bring, or the flying horses, the wooden swings, and the dancing pavilions. At this time none of the great relics of John Brown's raid remain; Chicago has taken possession of John Brown's fort, and if one wants to find out anything about historical places at the Ferry, he must turn walking catechism, and seek them, and inquire diligently after them.

Such was the course we pursued. The first week we were there, one young lady lost four pounds, which was not consoling to one that came within a few pounds of "witches' weight," 99. The loss of weight was not attributed to her meals, as they were excellent — but to the extremely rocky roads, the slippery hills, and the undying energy with which these roads and hills were scrambled over and scaled — because, forsooth, they were historic.

Long before John Brown came to the Ferry, pilgrimages were made to Jefferson's Rock, from which one of the most charming scenes in the world is viewed. It was here that man who loved simplicity, used to wander to be enthused with the beauty of the living picture before him. It was here he wrote the greater part of his book, "Notes on Virginia;" it was this spot he loved so well he said he would cross the Atlantic any time to view it. The rock still stands, facing the Loudon Mountains, looking down on the Shenandoah, and turning its back to an old burying ground enclosed by a high stone wall, — a ruined City of the Dead, so overgrown by briers and weeds that ghosts forbear to walk at night. If you are not content with standing near the base of the rock and taking in all the beauty of the place, scramble up, and take your seat where once the Sage of Monticello sat. You look down, first, to see where the two rivers, in ages gone, met, and, uniting their mighty forces, burst the gigantic walls of the Blue Ridge, and left jutting out into their shining waters the points, which in after years were claimed by three states, — Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia, — and as one looks from that rock to-day, he sees clearly a part of each one of these states. Resting the eye nearer to the rock you will see the parsonage, the bell tower, and the Catholic church, which start the line down hill to the village street.



St. Peter's Church, from Camp Hill Road.

Of all places in Harper's Ferry this church has charmed me the most. The view from its front steps is only surpassed by that from Jefferson's Rock, and from its side windows one can look and see the mountains on one side, and the remains of a picturesque old garden on the other. The church is that of St. Peter. I do not know whether

those who named the church thought it so fitting as I did that first morning I saw it perched upon its foundation of big rocks, upon the hillside, towering above every other building in the place, old, but solid looking. Coming down the narrow path at the side we read the words, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism," on the wall; and when we went around front and gazed at its face, we read on a marble tablet above the old doors: —

"Come, let us adore and fall down,
And weep before the Lord that made us;
For he is the Lord our God, and we are
The people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand."

It is the canticle in the Venite Exultemus of King David. Read it, give one glance down to the sun-flooded waters, up to the towering blue mountains, open the door and enter the echo of that canticle in your heart. While you are kneeling there, you may read that admonition above the simple little altar: —

"Reverence my Sanctuary, I am the Lord."

This admonition was observed by the contending armies all through the war, for, with but one exception, the church was never desecrated. That was the occasion when a company of Massachusetts soldiers, opposed to "papistry," made an attempt to use the church for purposes not religious by any means. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher was at that time in the vicinity, and came down on the blasphemous company before they did any harm. Other churches at the Ferry and in Bolivar (and there are about ten of them) did not fare so well, some being used as hospitals, store-houses, and even stables. The old Presbyterian church which stands down on Shenandoah street, next to the box-like little stone jail, was the quarters for both men and horses all during the war, the basement being used as a stable, and the upper church as a hospital. It seems never to have recovered from its shiftless state, for every time we passed it by, we saw two fat pigs lying under its front steps.

One golden August evening, as we swung in the hammock beneath the meagre shadow of a cedar tree, we were told the beginning of the story of Harper's Ferry.

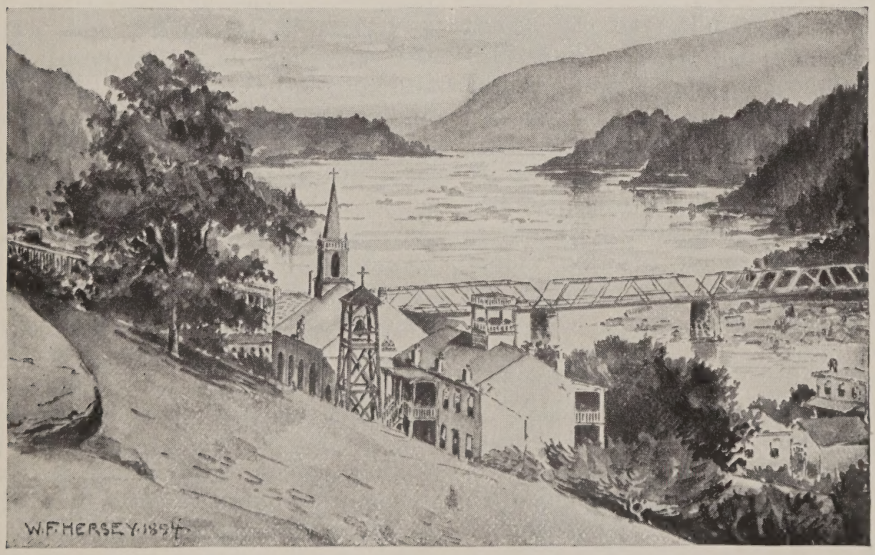
Nearly three half centuries ago Robert Harper was sent to establish an Episcopal church in the South. On his way he stopped at this place, which was then known as "The Hole." It was at that time in possession of a surly old Scotchman, who gave the proprietors of the land no little trouble, and when Robert Harper, charmed with the place, offered to buy it, the proprietors gladly allowed him to purchase the lease from the old Scotchman, who had made matters so unpleasant for them, and eventually the land came into the possession of Robert Harper, who, being a man of energy and brains, soon formed the foundation of that famous town. We did not hear that Robert was censured for not pursuing his way farther south to establish that church, instead of establishing a ferry across the meeting waters. That part of the history remains dark. We only know that he thought it better to ferry the living across the certain waters, than to ferry souls across the misty sea of eternity.

But time has worked wonders since those days. The ferry boats glide no more from mountain base to mountain base. Two bridges meet at this point, and trains rush up and come and go, the canal boats

glide slowly by in the shadow of the heights, man and beast pay toll, and are paid toll for, as they wend their way across the strong iron bridges, and so the once despised "hole" turned out to be the entrance to a gold mine.

Such was the rise of Harper's Ferry, as related in brief to us; and another evening after we had come in from a tramp down on the Island of Virginius, where we saw houses standing tenantless, and ruins of mills making a weird but beautiful picture in the middle of the Shenandoah, we called on our hostess for the story of the downfall of Harper's Ferry, and, before she finished, the John Brown I had cried over as a child faded from my sight, and as far off as Orion Cross, now shining brightly over Loudon Heights, and reflecting in the waters of the "Daughters of the Stars," seemed the man we clothed in the mantle of a hero.

"It was a thriving and busy place, with its factories, its mills, and arsenal, armory and rifle works, as I knew it in my girlhood. You know where the arsenal was, down along the Potomac, where the railroad now runs — well, all that place was then like a park. Near the arsenal was a school house which I attended, and I remember how at recess we used to go out and watch the gold-fish, or wash our slates in the big fountain in the arsenal yard. The armory was down farther, along the Shenandoah, and just opposite this armory we lived at the time of John Brown's Raid — the house is standing yet. All along the main street, Shenandoah, were the houses of employees of the Government works. The big red brick house, where the sheriff lives now, was then the newly erected house of the Master Armorer, — he was just moving into it at the time of the Raid. Farther up on the Island of Virginius, which you



Junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, from Jefferson's Rock.

have seen to-day, at that time buzzed and whirred cotton factories and flour mills, on one half of the island;

Herr House — "The House with a Romance."

on the other half were the Government Rifle Works, and the homes of the mill hands. The Pulp Mill now stands where the Rifle Works were."

"About how old are those three big houses on the island?" I interrupted. "You know we climbed through the windows down there and went through the big empty rooms. I think they are just as quaint and even more charming than Mount Vernon. Isn't there even the touch of a romance around them?"

"I cannot say how old the houses are; they were there before my time, and I was a matron when John Brown came here in 1859. Romance — I do not know whether you call it romantic to know that the Herr House was owned at one time by an old and wealthy bachelor who was very hard to catch, but who repented in the latter end of his days and married a girl of 16."

"Foolish, I should say; but then most romantic things are foolish. How about house Number 13?"

"We lived there at the time of the great flood in the spring of 1889, when the house was flooded to the second story, and we had to spend the greater part of a cold spring night in the vicinity of Jefferson's Rock. Do you call that romantic? I didn't."

"So it was an unlucky house; but, nevertheless, we were perfectly charmed with it, especially the little steps leading to the garret, where one almost bumps their head off, and then that funny little room with no doors or windows, only a little peep-hole near the stairs — I suppose it was a sky-dungeon; now I think it would make a good dark room for photographic purposes; you see one can be practical, even about romantic matters."

"That is so. Well, you know that old ruin you saw standing near the railroad: that was a flour mill and was burned by the Confederates; and now all that you see on that beautiful island are empty houses, ruins, and a pulp mill that only employs a handful of people. We may thank John Brown for this desolation. We were a prosperous people before he came; you will realize how prosperous when you are told that the houses of the employees of the mills, factories, and the arsenal stretched back as far as Bolivar. The Storer College, which is one of the highest schools for the education of the negro in the South, and which is used as a hotel and known as the Summit House in vacation time, was then the beautiful home of the superintendent of the arsenal."

"Tell me," I said, "what you know of John Brown's Raid, and how did you feel about the matter?"

"Frightened — when we realized — but it was some time before we realized. John Brown used to keep

his arms over in an abandoned school-house way back of the mountains. He had a confederate in the Ferry, in the person of the schoolmaster of Bolivar, and this man helped Brown by keeping him well informed as to the condition of affairs at the Government Works. It was on a Sunday evening that Brown came down and took possession of the works. His men very quietly captured the three guards on duty and the watchman at the bridge. He then divided his meagre force between the arsenal, the armory, and the rifle works, — you remember I told you they were some little distance from each other. Every one that appeared on the streets early the next morning was arrested; if they refused to join the raiders, they were promptly imprisoned in the engine house, which was in the corner of the armory yard. At that time we kept a big boarding-house opposite the armory, and the first we knew of the affair was when our colored man, whom we had sent up the street for some water, came back under arrest. He was allowed to leave us the water and was then taken over and put in the armory. Every man that reported for work at the different buildings that morning was called on to surrender, and some who did not do so very readily were shot in cold blood. Of course, in a short time, the whole town was in a blaze of excitement — the women almost wild, the men dumfounded. Some of the men of the town came into our house and fired from the windows down into the armory yard at the raiders. You see no one knew how small a force the raiders really had, it was such a daring deed. I was in one of the upper rooms of the house, with my baby in my arms, and for some purpose or another I went over to the window, but got out of the way and the room very quickly, for one of the raiders shot straight up at me. The ball went up through the ceiling directly over my head. The action was uncalled for; no one but myself and the baby was in the room, and there was no firing from that room."

"Then —" questioned a voice — "John Brown had a cowardly set of men? Then John Brown was a coward to allow a woman with a baby in her arms to be fired at?"

"Do you wonder that we hate his memory? Our men were imprisoned or shot down like dogs, when they were going to their daily labor, our town was utterly worthless after his coming, for all during the war that followed, it was riddled and fired by friend and foe, from the adjoining heights. The place was really untenable. As soon as one force came, the other fired on them from the heights that surround the town, until they had to leave. After the arsenal was destroyed, in the early part of the war, the place was not worth fighting for; but still it was fought over until the place grew so hot we moved to Winchester, and did not come back until after the war."

Ruin of Flour Mill; burnt by the Confederates.

"Did you see John Brown?"

"Yes, I saw him pacing up and down the armory yard. A great, lanky, ugly old man he was — and I

St. Peter's Church.

remember as well as if it were to-day I saw him. He wore a long overcoat, of a dirty, buff-colored linsey wool, with a big cape to it.

"About noon of the day following the evening he came upon the town, a force of men arrived from Charlestown, the county seat, and after severe fighting forced Brown and his few surviving men into the engine house, which he barricaded, until later the marines arrived from Washington and carried the place by assault. I saw them when they did it. They had a big ladder, with which they made one grand rush, all in a body, and battered in the door of the place and captured Brown and his few men. Brown fought to the last, only surrendering when struck with a sabre, and bayonetted twice while lying there. The prisoners were immediately taken to Charlestown, and after a short trial Brown was hanged about a month and a half after the Raid."

I remembered then how the faded rose-covered book said he kissed a slave woman and her baby, as he went on his road to the scaffold, that crisp December day. I think of the story we read and shed tears over— the story that read like the life of a martyr: to-day, the other side is told; it seems like the freak of an every-day fanatic, or, in less polite terms, "a crank."

There is a very narrow line between the saint and the crank in this world: it only depends how the story is told, and how we look at it.

And now, while I own that it is a very romantic and beautiful little town, swept by two rivers and hedged in by blue walls of mountains, I own that I could not bear to live there; it is no place either for the young or the energetic. There are no industries there of any account, except that of pulp making, and that is limited to a small number of hands. The problem of how the people manage to exist might be a good one to puzzle out as one lies dreaming on the pine bluffs that overlook the Shenandoah — for with such a mighty flow of water what might this town not be? You realize that the people have not even progressed beyond pumps and wells, and oil lamps in the streets at night. You know that the people are mainly supported by the summer boarders; there are no farms very near the town, the soil is too rocky; there are no manufactures, for want of capital. You do not like to think of the hard winter that is before the people, when sum-

mer boarders have flown and pilgrims no longer call for carriages to drive them over the rocky roads. The pulp mill is but a small and feeble heart-beat of labor, just enough to show that the town is not quite dead, and what it might be capable of being.

No better prince can come to wake this Sleeping Beauty of the South, than a man with money and energy; or, perhaps, a composite prince, in the form of a syndicate, can make a slave of the beautiful waters to turn their mills, and raise Harper's Ferry to at least some of its former industry and prosperity.

There are faded rose-covered books and faded rose-colored dreams — was the dream of that boy out on the prairie numbered among the latter? Ask those who were freed by the natural events which followed his mad attempt to free them at one blow. Ask those who believe when they sing: —

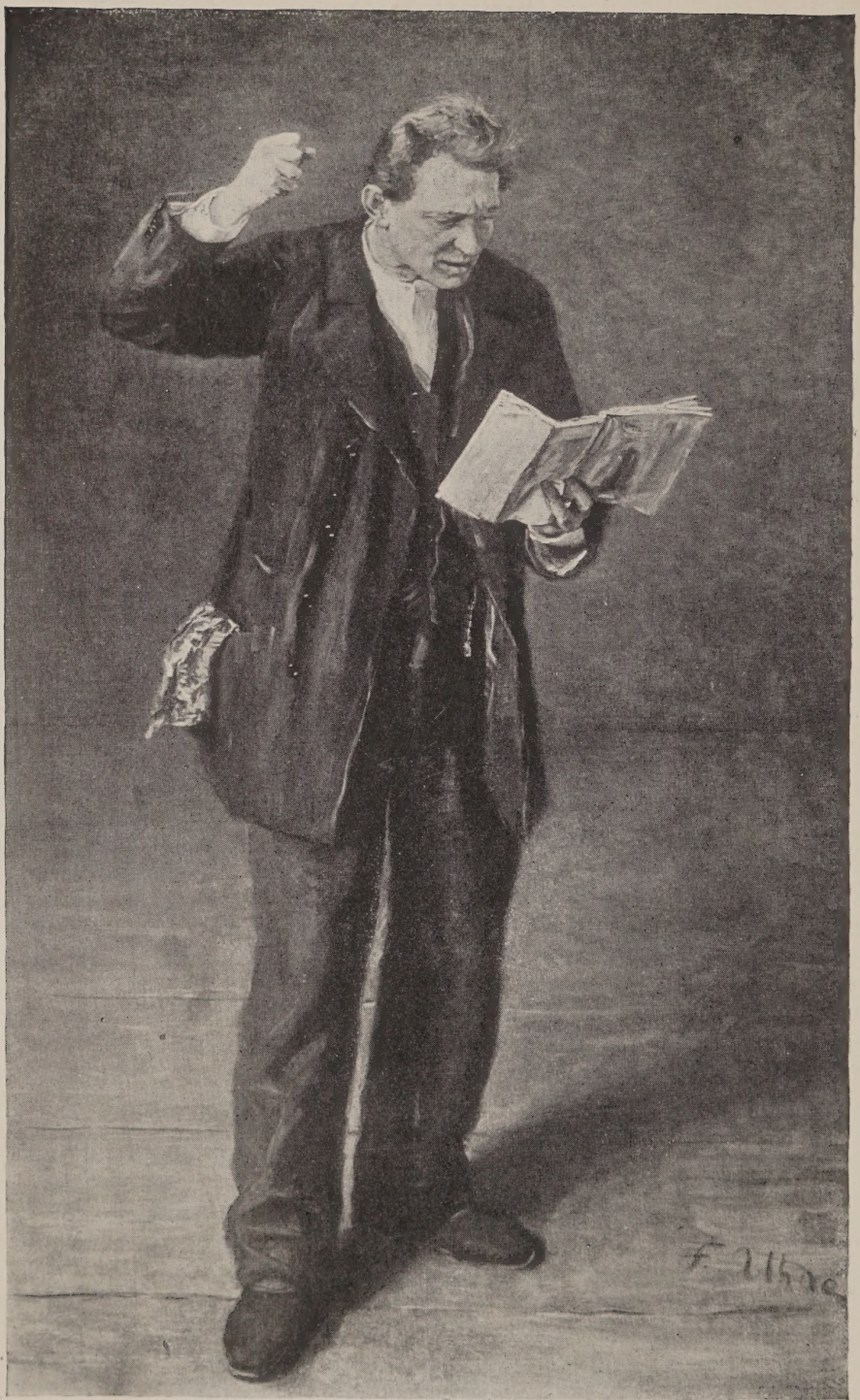
"His soul is marching on!"

AN OLD STORY.

BY W. D. KELLY.

As Beauty sat at Wisdom's feet
And listened to his spoken lore,
Love chanced to stray by their retreat,
And, unperceived, stole in the door.

Brief was his stay; but when he turned
And hied him thence on other quest
From Beauty's eyes had Wisdom learned
The sweetest knowledge and the best.



THE ACTOR ON HIS SUMMER VACATION.

A SUNDAY IN JUNE.

FINALE.

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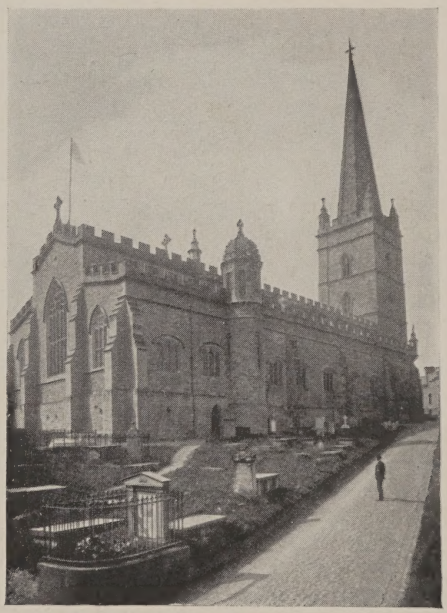
THE ANCIENT SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.—II.

BY REV. DR. T. J. SHAHAN.

THE conversion of pagan nations begins frequently with the poorest and the humblest classes, and the work is carried on with slowness, sacrifices, and often with much bloodshed. The contrary was the case with the conversion of the Irish race. Almost at once the kings, the chiefs, the poets, the noble matrons, and the learned men accepted the Christian religion at the hands of the new teachers. The influence of the nobles was always paramount in the nation, and their zeal for spreading the teachings of Christianity has never been surpassed. Before Patrick died, he left the Church of Ireland organized with the help of her own sons. He worked in harmony with the political institutions of the land. He must have felt indeed that they were weak and imperfect, but such as they were, the Irish had a passionate fondness for them. The perfect organization of the Church would, he hoped, be the model for the Irish state of the future. The ancient Irish polity was based on the clan, a sort of enlarged family. Ties of blood, a common education, common peril and enterprise, and a common interest in large tracts of land were the cement that held this society together. It was a simple, patriarchial state which got on well enough when left alone, but was utterly incapable of resisting the impact of a ruthless, organized enemy.

Patrick and the Christian missionaries directed their efforts to gain the good-will of the chiefs of the clans. The latter gave them lands, built churches, assured protection and immunity, sent their children to the priests to learn Latin, Greek, Gælic, and the other strange lore, of which hitherto the Druids alone had any knowledge. So the Church in Ireland grew into the inmost marrow of the Irish state. It



Derry Cathedral.

The cathedral of Derry was built in 1164, and was one of the most famous ecclesiastical structures erected in Ireland previous to the Anglo-Norman period. It was partly destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in 1568, and finally overthrown by Docwra in 1600. It was rebuilt in 1633, at the expense of the corporation of the city of London, and in 1788 the Bishop of Derry contributed a new spire with open ornamented windows, and the old tower was raised 21 feet. It was subsequently removed but again rebuilt. Within the walls are preserved a number of relics of the "Siege of Derry."

furnished the loose tribal system with a greater solidity, and some notions of political harmony in which it had hitherto been sadly deficient. Patrick did not bring his helpers from abroad. After the first planting he made the Celtic Church self-supporting. The churches, abbeys, and schools were everywhere in the hands of the clans

who put bishops and priests of their own kith and kin over them, and at their suggestion reformed their laws, and began to encourage the development of the arts and sciences. Many of the great nobles abandoned all to govern the churches they had founded.

Ambitious and ardent, receptive and daring, they quickly dotted the land with monastic schools, little and great, and overflowed into the multitude of islands scattered through those stormy northern seas. Then their thoughts wandered to the continent, whence they heard mysterious voices, "Come over and help us," and from the abbey-schools in every valley and on every hillside of Ireland, from the thousand rocky islets of the channels and the seas they went over in multitudes to France, Germany, and Italy, to build up the Christian faith, or to restore it where it had fallen from its ancient fervor.

The type of these old Celtic missionary nobles is St. Columba, surely the greatest of all native Irishmen, and the purest type of that ancient race. Columba came of a fierce and warlike line, the Hy-Niall of the north, and was himself a man of ardent temperament and strong passions. A very ancient chronicler, no less a person than his successor, the learned Adamnan, has left us a portrait of this beneficent promoter of learning and refinement. "He was a man of well-formed and powerful frame, his skin was white, his face was broad and fair and radiant, lit up with large, gray, luminous eyes;

Innishannon Bridge.

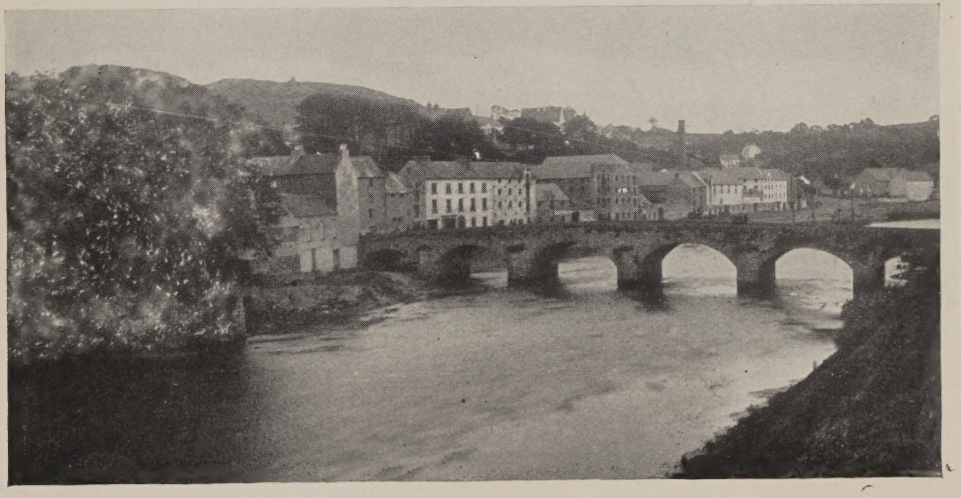
A few miles to the northeast of Timoleague, county Cork, one of the earliest settlements of the monks in Ireland, stands Innishannon, on the Bandon river. The town was granted by Henry V. to Philip De Barry, in 1412. It was formerly a renowned stronghold. The river scenery is amongst the most picturesque and beautiful in Ireland. On the northern side is the Castle of Shippool, or Poulnalonge, built by the Roches in the reign of "good King Hal." A short distance farther on is the stronghold of the McCarthy-Reaghs, the castle of Kilgobbin, now in ruins, and the walls of Kilbegge Castle, formerly the abode of Spenser's eldest daughter.

his large and well-shaped head was crowned with close and curling hair. His voice was clear and resonant, so that he could be heard at the distance of more than 1,500 paces, yet sweet with more than the sweetness of bards." From his youth Columba was trained to the service of the Church, first at Kells, and then in the schools of Moville and Clonard. He was a model of the monastic scholar, to whom idleness is a special abomination. When not occupied with his religious duties, Columba was ever found reading, writing, teaching; when he could not study, he was wont to take a hand in the manual labors of the monastery, and carry on his broad, bare shoulders the great sacks of meal from the mill to the kitchen. He was about 24 when he founded the monastery and schools of Derry, among his own tribesmen of Tir-Connell, on the banks of the Foyle, not far from the spot where stand yet the ruined walls of the great fortress of the Northern Clans. It was perhaps the site of a school of the ancient Druids, for even then there stood on the site a beautiful grove of oak trees, which Columba spared, and carefully tended as a shelter for his students. A pretty legend has floated down the ages, telling how the angels were wont to descend from heaven and crowd every leaf on the oaks of Derry to hear the monks of Columba chant the sacred strains of the psalms. In the after years of his exile, Columba's heart often turned with wistful eagerness to his beloved Derry, and we have yet some very ancient verses on this school attributed to the saint: —

"The reason I love Derry is
For its peace, for its purity,
And for its crowds of white angels
From one end to the other.

"My Derry! mine own little grove!
My dwelling, my dear little cell!
O Eternal God, in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it."

The ancient Irish were passionately addicted to the chase, and so it is no wonder that a man like Columba was an ardent lover of great forests; while yet in Ireland he built another monastic school at Durrow in the King's County, in a spot called the Plain of the Oaks.



Enniscorthy Bridge.

Wherever the story of the gallant resistance of the Irish insurgents of '98 is told, there the name of Wexford will be hailed with joy. And among the "Boys of Wexford" there are no more enthusiastic or whole-souled patriots than the residents of fair Enniscorthy. The town itself is famed in song and story, while its bridge, as may be imagined, is a source of justifiable pride to the inhabitants.

There is an ancient poem attributed to Columba in which he pours out his affection for his charming retreat of Durrow. There the wind sweeps through the elms and the oaks. There the blackbird's joyous note is heard at early dawn, and the Saint hears yet the echoes of its soft toned bells, and sees the autumn glories of its many-colored woods.

"O Cormac! beautiful is that church of thine
With its books, with its learning;
A city devout with a hundred crosses,
Without blemish, and without transgression."

Before leaving Ireland, Columba sorbing passion for books, was himself one of the most elegant scribes of the old Irish Church, and his hand-writing is thought by good critics to be yet extant in such splendid manuscripts as the Cathach, or Battle-Book of the Clan O'Donnell, and the Book of Kells. The latter is undoubtedly the most splendid illuminated book in the world. Professor Westwood of Oxford, an expert judge in paleography, says: "It is unquestionably the most elaborately executed MSS. of so early a date now in existence, far excelling in the gigantic size of the letters at the

Moville.

Moville, within easy driving distance of Londonderry, is situated in one of the most romantic portions of the whole island. There the American steamers sailing from Glasgow call on their outward and homeward passages. A short distance from the town is Innishowen Head, from the hill behind which the eye can sweep along the coast to the Giant's Causeway, and the entire country as far as Bengore Head.

built another monastic school at Kells, which rose to great importance in the ninth and tenth centuries, after Iona had been plundered so often by the Danes that it became uninhabitable. The monastic schools of St. Columba, Derry, Durrow, and Kells were the great centres of the Christian ascetic life of the Irish in the mediæval times. But they were also busy hives of learning. Columba, who had an ab-

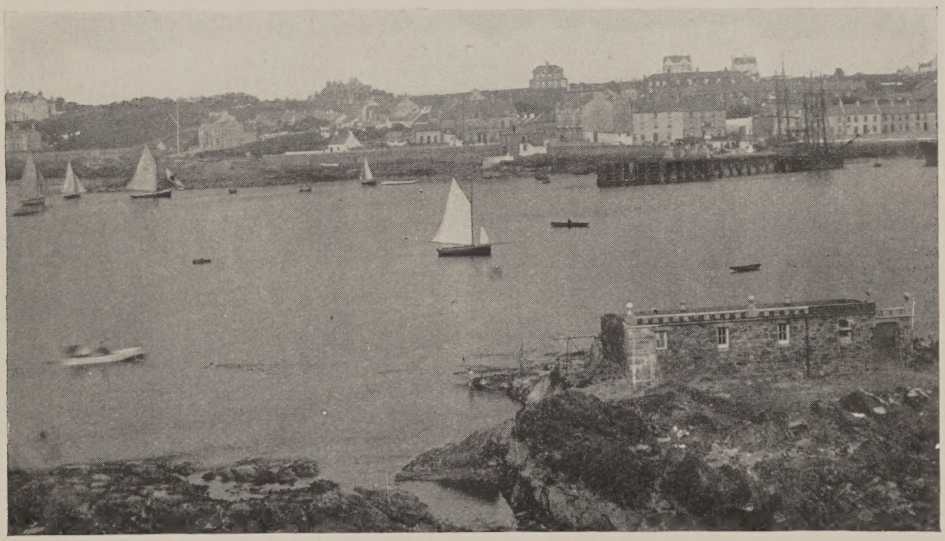
beginning of each gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of its very peculiar decorations, the fineness and endless variety of its initial capitals, the famous gospels of Lindisfarne," which was also the work of Irish artists, as the English Lindisfarne was founded and long governed by Irish monks from Iona.

In the schools of Columba the fine arts

too were cultivated with much success. To-day the church ornaments, the bells, the chalices and wrought vestments are gone. But the old graveyards are there, — melancholy monuments, — and they show what cunning hands the old Irish artists had. At Durrow and Kells the traveller may yet see ancient Celtic crosses, with incised spirals, and knots and frets, that would honor any modern sculptor, and betray the finest poetic feeling, a delicate mysticism of fancy, in their endless interlacings and labyrinthine designs.

But a day came when Columba had to leave Ireland. His very love of books caused his exile. While visiting his old teacher, St. Finnian, he discovered a splendid copy of the Scriptures, a fine new edition, which the latter had brought from Rome to serve as the prototype for future transcriptions of the sacred text. Finnian was very proud of his book, the most perfect in Erin, and he guarded it jealously in the little church beside his cell, close by the tossing billows of Moville Bay. But Columba stayed up at night to copy it. He was discovered as soon as he had finished the transcription. Finnian claimed the book. The two saints went before the Brehon judges, who, having no precedents for judging such a case, in their perplexity invoked an old Brehon maxim, — to every cow her calf, — and so adjudged the copy to the owner of the book. The Ard-Righ, or over-king of Ireland, may have influenced the decision. He was, moreover, guilty of other offences against Columba, whose hot blood could ill stand unjust treatment. He roused his clan, — something unique in the history of war, — there was a desperate conflict for the ownership of the book.

Columba's people won, but the churchmen of Ireland were very severe on the Saint for having caused the slaughter of so many thousands. One of the strictest of these old Irish churchmen,



Wexford.

Wexford is a town of Danish origin, and a considerable portion of its ancient walls and flanking towers remain. Near the position of the old west gate are to be seen the ruins of Selskar Abbey, founded by the Roches shortly after the Norman invasion. Close beside it stands the modern Protestant church, said to occupy the site where the first treaty between the Irish and their Anglo Norman invaders was signed. The town is perhaps as quaint as any in the Island, and must always from its history be one of the most celebrated in the land.

Londonderry City.

Derry of Columbkille ranked high in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland from the sixth to the fourteenth century. About 445 the monastery was established, and a Dominican friary was erected in the year 1274 by O'Donnell the Younger, prince of Tyrconnell, at the request of St. Dominic.

The siege of Derry is familiar to every student of Irish history, as is the fact that at the present time the city is one of the strongholds, though no longer an impregnable one, of the ascendancy party. Derry Cathedral and the Walker monument are the principal objects of interest in the town, besides its famous walls.

Molaise of Innismurray, to whom Columba went to confession, put a proportionate penance on him. He bade him leave Ireland forever, to never set eyes on it again, and to win as many souls to Christ, as he had caused lives to be lost in the battle of Cuil-Dreimhue, now Cooladrummon in Sligo (A. D. 561). It cost Columba no small struggle to quit the oak woods of Derry and the little cells of his fellow monks; but he consoled himself by pouring out upon the strings of his harp one of the most plaintive of our ancient melodies. The reader will recall at once the farewell of Childe Harold, and note how much more exquisite and delicate is the sentiment of this charming little lyric. The following rendering of a few of its stanzas is from the pen of Bishop Healy of Clonfert, the author of "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," a work to which I am very much indebted for the matter of these pages: —

"Ah! my heart will never find rest!
There's a tear in my soft gray eye;
Give Eri once more to my breast,
And then I am ready to die.

"I stand on the deck of my bark,
And gaze o'er the southern sea;
But alas! and alas! my Eri
Forever is hidden from me.

"How bright are the eyes of my Eri;
Like the gleam of an angel's wing;
And sweet is the breath of my Eri,—
Her voice is the music of Spring.

"Oh, deep is my burden of sorrow;
I pine like the mateless dove,
Will this heart from the years never borrow
A balm for the loss of my love?"

Columba was 42 years of age when, in 563, he set sail for the western shores of Scotland, and he landed in Iona, since called Icolmkill. It is a lonely island of the Hebrides, about a mile from the Scottish mainland, some three

miles long by one broad, and containing about 2,000 acres. A wild, ungrateful, craggy spot it is, anchored amid tempestuous seas, cold and lonely and barren; but it suited the resolute, sorrowful Columba. The king of the neighboring territory made him a present of the islet, and soon he had built a little village of oaken huts for himself and his companions. This was the origin of the famous school of Iona, to which for centuries the nobility of all the northern kingdoms were wont to send their children. From this little rocky isle all the monastic schools of northern Ireland and many in England were governed. This was the centre of the Catholic propaganda of the Celts from the end of the sixth century to the arrival of the cruel Danes. The abbots of Iona were the greatest ecclesiastics among the Celts. The monks of Iona were regarded throughout the Christian world much as we to-day look upon the Trappists or the Carthusians, — as the models of the virtues of humility, abnegation, and industry. Iona is the Holy Land of the Celtic race. Every inch of its soil is sacred by contact with generations of saints and scholars. On that rocky patch of soil, amid the boiling tides, only God and the soul, only the things of the intellect, can occupy the attention. The school of Iona was soon famous for the industry and the splendid penmanship of its writers and transcribers. Columba himself was the choicest scribe in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of the continent as teachers of writing. The

Donegal Abbey.

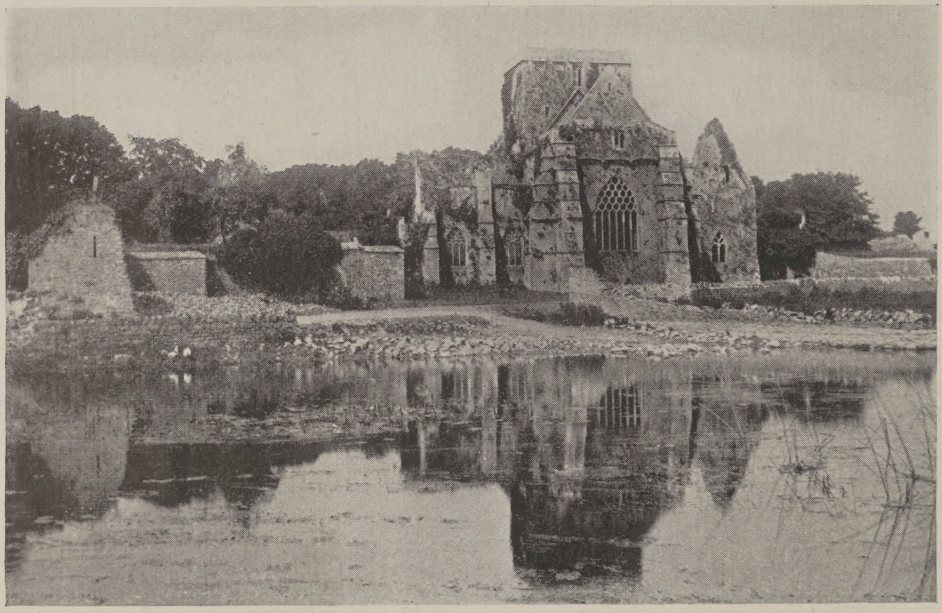
Donegal, in the heart of Red Hugh O'Donnell's country, is one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most ancient towns in Ireland. Within its walls may yet be seen, in an excellent state of preservation, the ancient castle of the princes of Tyrconnell, from whose ramparts so often rang out the "dread war cry, 'O'Donnell Abu.'" The ruins of the ancient abbey of Donegal are also to be seen.

books written by them were eagerly sought after, just as in our day men pay great sums of money for some small printed book from the early presses of Venice or Amsterdam.

For two centuries Iona was the nursery of bishops, the centre of education, the asylum of religious knowledge, the point of union among the British Isles, the capital and necropolis of the Celtic race, — the sacred Elis of the North.

From Iona Columba and his monks travelled afoot over the wild wastes, the pathless mountains, and the lonely, gloomy lakes of the Scotch country, and brought the faith to the wild pagan clansmen of Scotland, while other Irish monks were restoring it to the southern Scots in Britain, and planting it along the Rhine, in the valleys of the Alps, and on the smiling plains of Lombardy.

Columba preserved and restored the order of the bards or poets in Ireland. He inaugurated regular schools for their training and regular provision for their support. In this way he provided for the transmission of the ancient pagan literature of Ireland, the hoary annals of Celtic wandering from the far Orient, the splendid tales of romance and chivalry, the records of the former culture and refinement of his people, — for up to the eleventh century all the annals of the Irish were written in poetry, and committed to memory by a course of the strictest training. Columba was himself, we have seen, a poet of no mean order. We have some Latin poems currently attributed to him, and a few poems in the Irish tongue, which are said to be marvels of tender grace and exquisite sentiment by those who can understand the Celtic, as it was

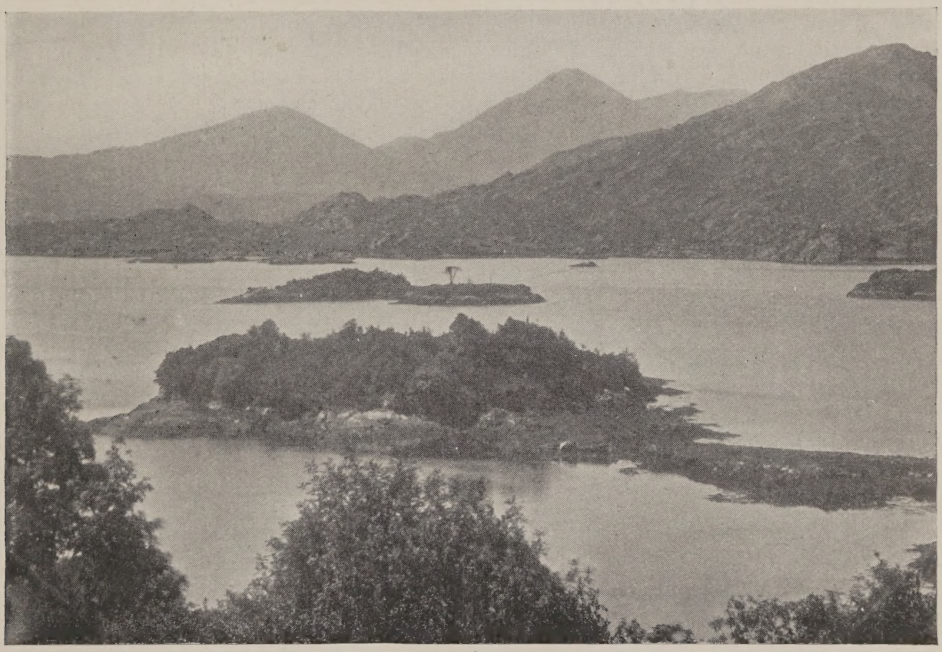


Holycross Abbey.

The Abbey of Holycross, in the northern part of the county Tipperary, at the present time forms the abode of a brotherhood of monks, whose kindly labors and religious zeal are well worthy of the reputation of the founders of the abbey.

It is situated in the heart of a splendid country, on the line of the great Southern and Western Railway, and is always an object of particular interest to visitors to the Green Isle.

spoken 13 centuries ago. The Irish annals record occasionally the death of the excellent scribes, the learned doctors, the professors of Iona. One of them, the abbot Adamnan, is very famous in mediæval literature, for his life of Saint Columba, the founder of Iona, — a book which is justly called "the most complete piece of such biography that of the last thousand years for elegant simplicity of narration, intensity of feeling, definite and picturesque description, and those sudden touches of genius which reveal at once the hand of a Master, and reflect a vivid light upon the schools which could produce such men, when the night of ignorance was brooding over France and Italy.



Sugarloaf Mountain, Glengarriffe.

Around the wildly beautiful scenery of Glengarriffe there is no more romantic or picturesque spot than the "Sugarloaf Mountain," Slieve-na-Goil, or the "mountain of the wild people." To the south stretches the broad Atlantic, rushing in against the crags and rocks which line the coast, while away in the distance peers forth Hungry Hill, with its naked and barren gray lichen-clad sides, which give little promise of the lake to be found at its crater-like summit. Glengarriffe is famous the world over, and words would fail to do justice to the rugged grandeur of its scenery.

all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period, but even through the whole middle ages."

Though not a very large book, it offers the most complete picture of the monastic and missionary life of the ancient Celtic fathers. It is replete with surprising and charming details of the simple yet sublime life of these men, and its culminating point is the narrative of Columba's death, — unequalled in the continental literature

After the year 800, the ravages of the Danes, the insecurity of the times, national and religious jealousies, conspired to prevent Iona from maintaining its once glorious prëeminence. There it stands, on the rim of the western world, the most striking relic of the old Celtic glories. The huts of the villagers are interspersed with the ruins of ancient churches, monasteries, schools, and grave-yards. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, eight of

Norway, and one of France, are buried in its holy soil, fit resting place for warlike men amid the ceaseless warfare of those dark and stormy seas. There have been grander architectural piles than those of Iona, monastic seats of greater wealth and pomp, but very few which have exercised a greater influence on the world at large. There is a sad lament by an Irish bard of the seventeenth century which applies with especial grace to these venerable ruins. It was written on the Abbey of Timoleague by John O'Cullinane, and the translation is from the pen of one of the most gifted of the modern Irish poets, Thomas Furlong: —

"Sadly and slowly on my path of pain
I wandered, idly brooding o'er my woes;
Till, full before me on the far stretched plain,
The ruined abbey's mouldering walls arose;
Where, far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,
The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

"I paused, — I stood beneath the lofty door
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed;
That hallowed entrance, that in days of yore
Still opened wide to shield the wanderer's head, —
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book learned sage,
The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

. . . . . .

There in soft strains the solemn mass was sung;
Through the long aisles the brethren bent their way;
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray;
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the raised censer flung rich fragrance far around.

How changed the scene! — how lonely now appears
The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall;
The sculptured shape, — the pride of other years,
Now darkened, shaded, sunk, and broken all:
The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done
Their worst to crown the wreck by impious hands begun.

BANGOR.

From the earliest days of their conversion, the impulse of the Irish people has been to spread the gospel of Christ. They are a nation of apostles. Their history is a dark enigma unless we take into account their inborn passion of wandering abroad. What nation has been as they, the trumpet voice of Christ, the Christopher of the ages. Who has clung like them to His teachings as the one Supreme Good, content to abandon the most charming of fatherlands, to forget their most glorious chivalric past, to become the pariahs of the world, if only they might hold on to the message of salvation that Patrick delivered to them from Jesus Christ? How striking are the annals of their long and checkered pilgrimage! Joy and sorrow, glory and martyrdom, prosperity and tragic adversity are interwoven, like the lines of their splendid ancient manuscripts. They are the most mysterious of Christian peoples. The awful shadow of the cross has fallen heavier and darker upon them than upon any other. For the first four hundred years they went by multitudes into voluntary exile, soldiers of Christ, as they called themselves, to convert central and northern Europe. Then for a thousand years they were driven into exile, or beggary, by the heathen Dane, the more cruel Christian Norman, and the relentless, unspeakable hate of a sister island, which had received its Christian culture, together with the arts and sciences, from a multitude of Irish monks, and gratefully paid them back one day by putting the same price on the head of the wolf and the Irish schoolmaster.

The great missionary college of the early Irish monks was at Bangor, on the southern shore of Belfast Lough, in the county Down (about the year 559). Its founder was Saint Comgall, the intimate friend of Columba. This holy man built his cell on the sea-shore, in face of the bold cliffs of Black-Head and the bleak bluffs of Galloway. Like many other Irish monks, Comgall was passionately fond of the open sea. The sea was to these ancient missionaries the image of the power of God. In its anger, its beauty, its power, its majesty, they felt the presence, and they saw, though dimly, the glory of the Divine Majesty. Their little coracles were ever dancing across its waters. The waves were their ministers, as they had been for Christ. But it was not the

sea alone which these grand old saints held dear and lovable. The lives of the ancient Irish saints are filled with details that show their tender and passionate love of nature, in its grandest as in its gentlest features, the smiling valley, the rich pastures, the shady dells, and then again the great mountains and the proud rivers, but, above all, the mighty mystic ocean, which was ever tempting the Irish to sail away to the West, to the Islands of the Blessed, the happy land of Hy-Brazil, the place of eternal youth and sunshine, where the apple orchards were ever blooming, and there was neither thirst nor hunger, neither pain nor death, but everlasting life and joy.

In the last half of the sixth century, the university of Bangor, for such it was, was crowded with monks and students. Even kings gave up their crowns to come and live under Comgall. In later times, it was especially exposed to the Danes, who frequented yearly the narrow water-way, between Scotland and Ireland, and sang the bloody "Mass of Lances," in the cloister of many an Irish school. At one time they slew nine hundred monks at Bangor. Yet it flourished, and in the eleventh century it was a noble institution, inhabited by many thousands of monks. A writer of the twelfth century tells us that "Bangor was a fruitful vine, breathing the odor of salvation

Ruins of Cashel.

On the famous "Rock of Cashel" are grouped perhaps the most interesting assemblage of architectural ruins in the British Isles. They consist of a round tower, of magnificent design; a small stone roofed church, built in the twelfth century by Cormac McCarthy, King of Munster; a cathedral, or larger church, in the style of the thirteenth century; a square guard tower, and several other objects of interest.

At the base of the rock are the ruins of Hoar Abbey and castle, a monastery of Benedictine, and afterwards of Cistercian monks.

and that its off-shoots extended not only over all Ireland, but far beyond the seas into foreign countries, and filled many lands with its abounding fruitfulness." St. Bernard, speaking of its ancient glory, tells us that it had many thousands of monks under Comgall, that its branch houses were numerous in Ireland and Scotland, and that it was noted for the sanctity of its inmates, who had gone abroad like swarms of bees from a hive, like a mighty flood, to convert foreign regions to Christianity. As the foreign missionary activity began with St. Columban, so was he the greatest of its scholars, and the most renowned of its students. The annals of Bangor were once rich in accounts of the glories of the old school. But they perished in the same cataclysm that swallowed up the records of the Irish Church and nation. Nevertheless, we know quite well the character and acquisitions of one man, who left Bangor at the age of fifty, while the school was yet in its prime, and from him we may judge of its former standing, even as the architect rebuilds in fancy a noble pile, from the one great monolith or cornice which has escaped the tooth of envious time.

The life of Columbanus fills many pages in the history of France, Switzerland, and Italy, — to whom he brought the blessings of the true faith and pure Christian life. He left Bangor for Gaul in the latter half of the sixth century. He founded monasteries, opened schools, reclaimed the forests and swamps, the regions afterwards known as France, but which even then retained the old Celtic name of Gaul. He reformed the manners of the clergy and the people, and preached the faith to the heathen in Switzerland and Suabia. He converted the heretic Arians of Lombardy, and built before his death the famous monastery of Bobbio, in the foot-hills of the Apennines near Piacenza.

Columbanus was one of the most refined scholars of his age. His Latin writings in prose and verse are superior to most of what we possess of that period. In Spain, Italy, and France, the wildest barbarism was spreading; the story of European life at that period is one of the most repulsive chapters in history. Columbanus introduced a more severe morality; he encouraged the study of the Scriptures, the observance of the laws of the Church. He copied the ancient classics, and left it as a legacy to his monks at Bobbio to transcribe with care the documents of past ages. When we read his works, we see that he was nourished on the best Christian and classical literature, and that he was skilled in rhetoric, music, astronomy, geometry, and the other liberal sciences. We have several beautiful and touching Latin hymns of his. Now Columbanus was advanced in years when he came to the continent from Bangor. Hence it was in that school that he became so learned, and he is, by himself, a striking evidence of the superiority of the ancient Irish school over anything which the continent could produce. However, scholarship is not the highest aim of schools. Virtue, — noble manly virtue, — is above all learning, being in itself the true end of learning. In this the Irish schools were without an equal. In fact for over 200 years, they alone kept up the union of profound science and perfect virtue. If the ancient books and annals of the Irish gave as many details about the former as they do about the latter, we would not be obliged at this hour to grope so carefully for the evidences of the ancient Irish learning, or to bring such matters forward as novelties.

Columban was a man of indomitable will and tireless energy. His self-denial was something marvellous. Often he buried himself in the depths of the forest, heedless of hunger and the wild beasts, trusting altogether to the goodness of God. The wild animals were drawn to him by a secret sympathy; the squirrels hid under his cowl; the hungry wolves left him untouched; he slept in the same cave with a bear. Thus for weeks and months he lived alone, — having for his only solace the

Holy Scriptures which he had copied out at Bangor with his own hand. It was a rough and brutal age. Columban spoke bluntly to every one, — to the whom Bangor could train, splendid specimens of manhood, upright and dauntless, filled with all the love of antiquity, men of the most delicate

Downpatrick Cathedral.

The foundation of Downpatrick Cathedral is ascribed to St. Patrick. At the invasion of Ulster by De Courcy, the Cathedral was occupied by monks of the order of St. Augustine, and was called the Church of the Holy Trinity. During the middle ages it suffered the vicissitudes common to such structures in Ireland, and after the Reformation was allowed to go into almost absolute decay. This is the church in which the remains of Ireland's patron saint are said to rest; as described by the ancient poet:

"Three saints one urn in Down Cathedral fill,
Patrick, Bridget, too, with Columbkille."

French nobles and Prelates, even to the Pope, the great and holy Gregory. He was extremely severe with his own Irish monks, — almost pitiless. And yet, he was the first to submit to his own hard rule. One day the monks were busy drawing great fir logs to the new monastery at Bobbio. One log, in particular, was so heavy that the monks were unable to handle it. Columban left his writing, — it was a pretty piece of Latin verse, in the Sapphic metre, to a dear friend, — uplifted the log on his own broad shoulders, and drew it to the monastery. Such were the men culture, in whom there yet lived on some spark of the old Hellenic refinement, when the barbarians had about extinguished that sacred fire throughout the continent.

And yet the annals of Christian sanctity know no more pure and tender souls, no more austere models of mortification, no more devoted servants of the Cross than these holy men, whose holiness was not selfish and repulsive, but combined with an ardent love of nature, poetry, music, the arts, with a chivalrous gentleness for the animal world, and an admirable devotion to

the temporal and spiritual interests of suffering humanity. These men were brought up from youth in the monastic schools, and their lives shed a reflex of glory over these ancient institutions of learning, now no more than venerable souvenirs, but once the well-spring of civilization for the greater part of Europe.

There is a very old and sweet Latin poem on the rule of Bangor, — a real curio of feeling and devotion, — in which a monk of Bangor praises the holy constitution of that great monastic school, — its holy and just severity, its perfect untroubled charity, its rock-like tenacity. The constitution of the school, he says, is like a city seated upon a hill, like the ark guarded by the Cherubim, like the spouse of Christ all clothed in light, like the Fold of Christ, beneath the Father's fostering care.

After 400 years of success, this great school suffered much in the tenth and eleventh centuries, but was never closed. Its doctors, scribes, and professors are mentioned regularly in the Four Masters. St. Malachy revived for a while its ancient lustre. But, like the other ancient Celtic schools, it went down in the late Middle Ages before the new foundations of the Cistercians and the Augustinians, better suited to the times, and less tenacious of the early severe Christian discipline.

LISMORE.

The founders of the old Irish monastic schools often chose rather remote and unviting spots. Some schools, however, were built in most charming localities, and among these Lismore is preëminent. The buildings of this renowned school stood once on the picturesque, wooded eminence where the proud castle of the Duke of Devonshire now lifts its head. Nothing can surpass the exquisite variety of the surrounding landscape, the thick woods, the sweet and placid river, the verdant valley, and the gently swelling hills. It was here that nearly 1,300 years ago (635) St. Carthage founded his little monastery and school. The men of Meath had expelled him from his beloved house of Rahan where he had prayed and taught for 40 years. So in the evening of his life he retired to this abode, followed by many of his pupils. In a short while the unpretending monastery grew into a large scholastic city, — one half of which was set aside for the monks alone, and into this no female was allowed to enter. Students came from England and Scotland, from France and Germany, and other European countries, to study at Lismore the sacred and profane sciences. There were at one time no less than 4,000 scholars at this school, and its fame was widespread when over the rest of Europe the night of ignorance and disorder was rapidly settling. The famous English King Alfred of Northumbria imbibed there a portion of his learning, — the rest he obtained in the other Irish schools of Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Mayo, and the like. Not unfrequently Irish kings and princes retired to Lismore. The professors and students of the school were sought for as bishops by foreign peoples; we find them in southern Italy, at Tarento and Lecce before the year 700.

The school and monastery of Lismore were especially exposed to the ravages of the Danes, being situated on a river, yet they survived those cruel days, and flourished until the arrival of the Norman. Students and hermits, monks, princes, and kings lived together in peace and studious employments, the writing and copying and binding of books, the execution of works of art, until with the beginning of the thirteenth century the ancient school passes out of sight.

A very old mediæval life of St. Flannan, published lately by the Bollandists at the expense of the Marquis of Bute, tells us that in the seventh century Lismore was a place to which foreign nobles, rulers of cities, came in multitudes, abandoning all for the love of Christ, and hastening to that school of piety and learning which then stood

foremost among all the institutions of Ireland. There is an ancient life of St. Cathaldus of Tarento in southern Italy, according to which this seventh century saint and founder of Lismore was the first bishop of that ancient see. Early in this century a valuable ancient book was discovered in the castle that now stands on the site of the old school, and is now known as the Book of Lismore, a sad relic of the long literary activity of the scholars who once dwelt on the wooded and picturesque heights of the Blackwater.

KILDARE.

In the early Christian history of Ireland, there is scarcely any more striking trait than the influence of woman. It reveals at once a people by nature refined and chivalrous. Wherever Patrick preached nunneries sprang up, which were peopled by the daughters of the great chiefs and the nobles. They became centres of religious and other instruction for women, refuges for the defenceless and homeless in an age of perpetual local warfare. The great Irish saints of the earliest period, appear frequently under the direction and spiritual influence of women. Thus, St. Enda was sent to the Isle of Man by his sister, St. Fanchea. St. Brendan, of Clonfert, was long the disciple of St. Ita, and it was she who sent him on his famous journey to the western world. The life of Ita tells us that she was prudent in word and deed, sweet, and winning in her address, constant of mind, and firm of purpose. St. Columbanus was sent to France and Italy by a holy female recluse whose advice he went to seek.

The Sturrell.

In all of Donegal there is perhaps no more weird or romantic object of interest to the traveller than "The Sturrell," a picture of which is shown herewith. It is one of the picturesque and natural curiosities in which the mountainous districts of Ireland abound, and which are always sure to arouse the interest of the tourist.

The type of these holy women, so full of counsel and resolution, so far-seeing and self-denying, was Bridget, the Fiery Dart, the Mary of the Gael. She was for years the counsellor, the ear and eye, of St. Patrick, the head of all the religious women of Ireland. The greatest ecclesiastics came to seek her counsel. To her preaching and example, more than to any human cause, is owing the peculiar type of the Irish female character, in which modesty and decision, gentleness and prudence, a dove-like simplicity and a natural shrewdness are most happily blended. After many journeys and labors, Bridget founded her chief monastery at Kildare, beneath the shade of a venerable oak which lasted for over 500 years. In those lawless days, in a land devoid of cities, it was perilous for females to live alone and unprotected; so she built two monasteries, one for women, the other for men.

At once there grew up a school about these houses of piety. Bridget herself was a woman of strong mind, great natural talents, and had received an excellent education. She had constantly with her a bishop whose business it was to teach, and to preach to her communities. It is told of her that she never took food until she had first heard a sermon. During her life, Kildare was a potent factor in the Irish Church. Bishops and priests were directed and governed by St. Bridget. Her influence was felt in the whole island, and so there grew up about her monasteries a body of monks and students known as the School of Kildare. It is preëminent in Irish history for its encouragement of the fine arts. Its first director, St. Conlaeth, was not only a scholar and a bishop, but a cunning artificer in metal work, and made all kinds of chalices, patens, bells, and reliquaries for the use of churches and monasteries. He even founded a school of metal work and decorative art, which was conducted with much renown under his successors. In the eighth century the ancient church of Kildare could compare with any in France or Germany for interior decoration, rich paintings, hangings of precious cloth, for gold and silver ornaments and jewels. The churches and schools are gone, — of all that his fathers have done, the modern Celt has only the precious memory, — but the Round Tower is there yet, a marvel of grace and elegance. Its sculptured doorway tells of the delicate skill and the exquisite taste, of the richness of fancy and the sureness of execution, which marked the ancient students of this school.

The arts of caligraphy and miniature painting, were also carried to a high degree of perfection at Kildare. In the twelfth century Gerald Barry (Cambrensis) saw there a concordance of the four gospels which was attributed to the angels and St. Bridget. The old annalist, who did not love the Irish, tells us, nevertheless, that "every page was illuminated with various figures, delineated with the utmost distinctness. The symbolical figures of the Evangelists were wrought with extraordinary subtlety and grace, and all the other drawings and figures likewise were so delicate and subtile, so close and so narrow, so knotted and intertwined together, yet every most intricate line and point and knot so vivid, as if with quite recent colors, that one would think it was the work of angelic and not of mere human skill."

One of the most important of the ancient Irish manuscripts is known as the "Book of Leinster." It was copied in the twelfth century by Finn MacGorman, a bishop of Kildare, from a much older book belonging to the school, and is a proof of the variety of studies which had been carried on there. It contains many ancient heroic tales and poems, — the history of Irish chivalry, genealogies of royal families, calendars of saints, various poems on genealogy, chronology, and history, and tracts used in the Irish schools, dealing with profane and sacred learning. "I

think I may say with sorrow," says Professor O'Curry, "that there is not in all Europe any nation but this of ours that would not long since have made a national fortune out of such a volume, had any other country in Europe been fortunate enough to possess such an heirloom of history."

I pass over other monastic schools founded by the companions and disciples of St. Patrick. The old historians of the Irish saints speak of the island schools of Noendrum, in Strangford Lough in the north, of Beg-Erin in Wexford Bay, of St. Mochta in the flowery fields of Louth, of Emly founded by St. Ailbe, of Kilbannon in South Connaught, founded by St. Benignus. They were humble enough in their origin, yet they flourished in the seventh and eighth centuries, and their scribes and professors are mentioned in the ancient annals with praise. One of them especially — the school of Elphin — was a nursery of art, since we find its director, St. Asicus, praised for his skill in metal-work, for the elegant binding of his books, for the altars, chalices, and patens made by him. Indeed, the good St. Asicus is described as the chief goldsmith of Saint Patrick, and as such deserves to be called the patron of the ancient Celtic art which to-day excites the admiration of scholars and critics.

Few names shine with more splendor in the early annals of Ireland than that of Finnian of Clonard, and the school of Clonard, in Meath, which he founded and directed, was for many centuries one of the chief centres of learning in Ireland. Early in the sixth century this great Saint built himself a little cell by the Boyne Water, almost on the dividing line between northern and southern Ireland. The fame of his sanctity was great, and soon he had drawn about him three thousand students, to whom he explained the Scriptures. Finnian had studied many years with the West-British monks, and had a rare gift of eloquence and acumen in expounding the word of God. He was the master of Columba, the founder of Iona. Saint Brendan of Clonfert, whose marvellous voyage kept alive in the minds of sailors the belief in a great land in the far-distant West, Saint Canice of Aghaboe, Saint Kieran of Clonmacnoise, and many others obtained their ecclesiastical and profane knowledge from Finnian, who is known as the "Tutor of the Saints of Erin," a second Saint Patrick. To us who are saturated with the Christian spirit, and to whom the principles of Christianity are like the common-places of logic, these scriptural studies seem dry, elementary, uninteresting. But those ancient Celts were but freshly converted; the learned Druids had yet great influence. The Scriptures were a new book to this unsophisticated people, as yet unspoiled by contact with a vicious and degenerate culture. They were wonderful revelations of love, of pure and sublime hope.

The early Celts were a romantic and poetic people, ardent and enthusiastic, and in the Scriptures they found an inexhaustible delight for their simple, affectionate hearts. Their sublime and ardent fancy found new fields in the poetical books of the Old Testament. The mystic, seer-like souls of their poets found kindred spirits in Isaias and Ezechiel. The civil polity of the Jews was not unlike their own, — a patriarchal kind of state in which the head of the family and a privileged body of priests or scribes preserved order and enforced law. On the other hand the understanding of the Scriptures demands much human knowledge, and so, such men as Finnian led their students on from the word of God, the eternal message of life and hope, and light and love, to other fields, to the study of the history of Greece and Rome and the Orient, of the profane arts and sciences, and to the desire of imitating what was noble and praiseworthy in the achievements of other peoples.

The school of Clonard was the great seminary of Irish learning in the early half of the sixth century. A

hundred bishops are said to have come out from it, and almost countless priests and monks. Ancient writers say, "it was in quality a holy city, full of wisdom and virtue." Like the schools of Armagh and Kildare, its labors have long been scattered to the winds, — there is not a stone upon a stone of the buildings, — only the baptismal font of the church remains, — so thorough was the work of the Danes and the renegade Irish chiefs of the twelfth century. Between them it was plundered or burned 12 times, and in 1206 the See of Meath was transferred from Clonard to Trim; the work of Clonard was done after 700 years of activity. Scriptural scholars are aware that there exists yet a fragment of one of the books of Clonard, written by St. Aileran the Wise. It is called a "Mystical Interpretation of the Ancestry of Our Lord Jesus Christ." The fragment was found in the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, and the learned editors of it say that "it unfolds the meaning of Scripture with so much learning and ingenuity, that every student of the sacred volume, and especially preachers of the Divine Word, must be delighted with its perusal."

Another Finnian established an abbey-school at Moville, in Down, at the head of Strangford Lough. This corner of Ireland was famous in every age for its schools and abbeys. Newtownards, Comber, Abbey Grey, the Abbey of Inch, the schools of Mahee Island, of Noendrum, of Bangor, were all in the neighborhood, and across the sea, on the Welsh coast, arose other monastic schools in Wigtonshire, about the famous stone abbey of Candida Casa or Whithern. This Finnian had even gone to Rome, and brought back the ancient collection of canons by which the Roman authorities governed the Western Church. He brought back, too, a precious copy of the Scriptures, a complete copy of the corrected edition of St. Jerome, the very book which caused the exile of Saint Columba, and which, after 1,300 years of the strangest vicissitudes, is yet the property of the royal and ancient clan to which Columba belonged.

CLONFERT.

The west of Ireland possessed two schools which were renowned as early as the sixth century, — Clonfert and Clonmacnoise. Clonfert was a foundation of St. Brendan of Kerry, — perhaps the most interesting figure amongst the saints of ancient Erin, the beloved patron of sailors, famous in the song and story of the middle ages as the happy mortal who had discovered the Island of the Blessed, — the Western Paradise. In the latter years of his checkered wandering existence, Brendan settled at Clonfert on the Shannon, in a fertile meadow between the river and a great forest. The experience, sanctity, and learning of the man drew a multitude of students to his humble cell, — we are told that as many as 3,000 monks and scholars lived under his obedience. Clonfert was celebrated at an early date as a school of missionaries. The wandering spirit of the founder seems to have been deeply impressed on his school,— and many parts of France and Belgium owe the faith to monks and students of that house. In the seventh century Clonfert contributed to heal an old dissension in the Irish Church concerning the date of the celebration of Easter. We have yet an excellent book on the subject written by St. Cummian, the director of the school, in which he displays an enviable knowledge of Church history, astronomy, mathematics, Sacred Scripture, and the Fathers of the Church. Even in our own day Cummian need not be ashamed of his Latin nor his science. His style is somewhat rough, but pointed and vigorous, and even at that early date — 1,200 years ago, — he defined the necessity of Church unity and harmony in language never yet surpassed for clearness and pithiness.

CLONMACNOISE.

In the middle of the sixth century St. Kieran (Ciaran) called the son of the Carpenter, built a humble little cell on the eastern bank of the Shannon, about 10 miles from Athlone, in the midst of an impassable morass. In time monks and students gathered about him, for Kieran was a disciple of Finnian of Clonard, the greatest of the Irish teachers. His little school was happily situated in the centre of the land. The kings of the country favored him. He was young and energetic, and though he died at the age of 35, and had scarcely begun his teaching career, he left the school and abbey of Clonmacnoise in a condition to begin a glorious career. Two centuries after his death the great Alcuin called him the glory of the Irish race. The fame of his sanctity drew multitudes to the grassy meadow by the curving Shannon in which the school was built. To-day the dilapidated stones of the church, the libraries, and the houses of study peep through the moss and the ivy. "The gates of the learned city are broken and her streets are silent," says Bishop Healy of Clonfert, "yet in olden time she was a queen, and the children of many lands came to do her homage. She was the nursing mother of our saints, and the teacher of our highest learning for a long 600 years. The most ancient and the most accurate of the Annals of Erin were written in her halls; the most learned doctors of the Scots (Irish) lectured in her class-rooms; the sweetest of our old Gaelic poems were composed by her professors; the noblest youth of France and England crowded her halls, and bore the renown of her holiness and learning to foreign lands. Even still her churches, her crosses, and her tombstones furnish the best and most characteristic specimens of our ancient Celtic art in sculpture and in architecture."

Clonmacnoise belonged to no tribe; it was a kind of national college in the heart of Ireland. Its abbots were chosen from no clan: its monks and students came from all parts. A broader, more liberal and intelligent spirit prevailed in it than in the more remote and local schools. The nobility of Ireland was educated there; they loved to be buried in its cemetery, close by the holy dust of Kieran. You may yet see the ancient Celtic crosses, with their mystic circles, the grassy mounds of their sepulchral plats, the roofless walls of the churches, the solitary tower pointing heavenwards,—lone monument of the ancient splendor and the lamentable decline of this royal establishment. Clonmacnoise was the Oxford of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. Whatever of theology and philosophy the Irish knew, and we will see it was no small amount, since they were then the teachers of Europe, —was taught at Clonmacnoise in a superior way. Here were the best schools of music, the mystic, plaintive, heart-melting song of the Celts. Here were their great scribes, and their illuminators of manuscripts. Here were to be found the most skilful artists, especially the painters of intricate miniatures, the sculptors of the most delicate incised designs on stone, the best architects of the Irish-Romanesque, the cunning carvers of the native marble. It was from schools like Clonmacnoise, that Charlemagne got his Irish teachers for the schools of France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy a thousand years ago. We have the proof of it in the letter of Alcuin, the English head-master of the imperial schools of Charlemagne to Colgan the Wise, Director and Abbot of Clonmacnoise. He calls himself a humble levite, and Colgan his blessed master and pious father. He complains that Colgan does not send him any more his precious letters. He sends him a large alms from Charlemagne and himself, pure Italian olive oil for the sacraments, to be distributed among the Irish bishops. He begs the prayers of the venerable Colgan. Out of the wreck of Irish literature, there have come down to us some devotional works of this Colgan, which breathe a spirit of pure and tender piety, and show that the old Ferlegind or pro-

fessor had an ardent soul and an elevated mind.

The chief historical books of the Celtic race come from the school of Clonmacnoise. The Annals of Tighernach (composed in the eleventh century) were written there, and the writer must have disposed of a large and choice library, for the Annals show Tighernach to have been a man of great and varied learning. He was truly one of the greatest Doctors of the Gael, and one of the first of the Irish chroniclers who wrote history in prose, since previously the Celtic writers were wont to rhyme their chronicles.

The "Chronicles of the Irish people" was also written at Clonmacnoise, and the famous Leabar-na-h'Uidhre or Book of the Dun Cow, one of the oldest monuments of the Irish language in existence, and highly prized by the Celtic scholars of Germany, France, and Italy. The Geography of Dicuil, an Irish teacher at the court of Charlemagne, was very probably written at Clonmacnoise, at least Dicuil who belonged to Clonmacnoise, obtained his knowledge of the world from the books of Irish libraries and from the reports of Irish travellers. I mention this fact because, whatever its shortcomings, this is almost the only original attempt of the middle ages at writing a description of the world.

Between the pagan Danes and the sacrilegious Irish chieftains of the same period Clonmacnoise was pillaged at least twenty-five times. The monks were often butchered like sheep, the scribes slain on the altar-steps, the books burned or carried away, like captives, for ransom. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Norman Henry FitzMeiler sacked the abbey. Since then its history is one of plunder and violence. It has fallen into utter decay. Only tottering tombstones and roofless churches remain to tell the chance visitor that the "retreat of the sons of nobles" was once a famous seat of learning and sanctity. When we move about among the shattered ruins, the words of the poet come back unbidden, and we feel with him that: —

"There breathes from its lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral; such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half-burned in the desert sand."
— De Vere.

DORA'S IDEA.

BY F. S.

I.

It's always spring in heaven, the little maiden said,
And if we are good children, we'll go there when we're dead.
There the flowers are at their best,
No one is tired, all are at rest,
It's always spring in heaven, the little maiden said.

II.

Ah, gentle little maiden, it's spring where'er thou art,
The flowers are always at their best, that bloom within thy heart;
Thy radiant smile is rest for me,
Thy presence all I ask to see,
I lose both spring and heaven, if from thee I should part.

THE LITTLE GIRL FROM THE EAST.

BY O. H. LEWIS.

T is sunset at the HT ranch.

Four or five cowboys sit gloomily about, outside the ranch house, awaiting supper.

The Mexican cook has just begun his fragrant task, so a half-hour must elapse before these Arabs are fed.

Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles repose astride the low pale fence which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them can tell. One is from Princeton, too. They have been partners and companeros and "worked" the HT cattle together for months, and nothing ever came in misunderstanding or cloud. The ranch house is their home, and theirs has been the unity of brothers.

A week ago a pretty girl, the daughter of one of the owners, came to the ranch from the East. She was protected in this venture by an old and gnarled aunt, watchful as a ferret; sour as a lime. Not that the pretty girl needs watching; she is indeed in every move propriety's climax. No soft or dulcet reason woos her to the West; she comes on no love errand. She is elegantly and profoundly tired of the East, that is all, and longs for western air and western sights. She has been at the HT ranch a week and the boys have met her, every one. The meeting or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, utter indifference as to the pretty girl. She met them as she met the ponies, cows, horned toads, and other animals, domestic and indigenous to Eastern New Mexico. While every cowboy was blushingly conscious of her, she was purely and serenely guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before this pretty girl came the boys were friends and the calm tenor of their relations with each other had never a ripple. She was not there a day before each drew himself insensibly from the others, and a vague hostility shone dimly in their eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal aroused by the presence of the pretty girl. She, however, proceeded on her daily way, sweetly unconscious of the sentiments she awakened.

Men are mere animals; women are, too, for that matter, but they are very different animals from men. Culture is the veriest veneer and famously thin. A year on the plains cracks the shell and leaves the animal exposed. This is by the expanding growth of all that is animal in a man; these attributes of the physical being fed and pampered by a plains existence.

The dark, vague, impalpable differences which cut off each of these creatures from his fellows and inspired him with an unreasoning and

unmeasurable hate had grown with the brief week of their existence. A philosopher would look for trouble soon on the HT.

"What did you go take my saddle for, yesterday, Bill?" said Jack Moore to a boy by the name of Bill Watkins.

"'Cause I allows I'll ride it some," said Watkins. "Thought it might like to carry a high-grade cow-puncher, once."

"Well, don't take it no more," said Moore, moodily, ignoring the gay insolence in the reply. "Least-wise, don't come a-takin' of it an' sayin' nothin'. You can palaver Americano, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle agin' ask for it; if you can't talk, make signs, an' if you can't make signs, shake a bush, but don't go to Injunin' off no saddle of mine no more."

"Whatever do you allow is liable to happen if I takes it agin to-morry?" inquired Bill in high scorn.

Bill was of a more vivacious temper than Moore.

"You takes it agin an' I mingles with you a whole lot, mighty prompt," replied Moore in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers in affection before that pretty girl came, and either would have gone afoot all day to lend his saddle to the other. Going afoot, too, is the last thing, let me assure you, a cowboy will do.

"Well, don't you fail to mingle none," said Bill, with cheerful ferocity, "on account of its being me. I crosses the trail of the short-horn like you, over on the Panhandle onct, an' puts him in the fire an' has plenty of fun with him."

"Stop the play now, right yere," said Tom Rawlins, the HT range boss, who was sitting close at hand. "You all spring trouble 'round yere an' I'll be in it. Whatever's the matter with all you people, anyway? You're like a passel of sore-'head' dogs for more'n a week now. You're shorely too many for me to sabe, an' I cl'ar gives you up."

The boys started some grumbling reply; but the cook called them to supper just then, and, one animalism becoming overshadowed by another, they forgot their rancor and vague animosities in thoughts of supplying their hunger. Toward the last of the repast Rawlins arose, and going to another room began overlooking some entries in the ranch books.

The pretty girl did not eat at the ranch table. She had little banquets in her own room. Just then she was in her room, and began singing in a low tone some tender little love song that seemed born of a sigh and a tear. The boys at supper heard her, and their resentment of each other's existence began again to flame in their breasts and burn deeply in their eyes. None of these savages was in the least degree in love with the pretty girl, either. They might have become so, all or any of them.

The singing went on in a cooing, soft way that did not bring you the words — only the music.

"What I says about my saddle awhile back, I means," said Moore, finally, turning a dark look on Watkins.

"See yere!" said Watkins in an exasperated tone — he was as vicious as Moore — "if you're p'intin' out for a war jig with me, don't fool 'round none for reasons, but jest let 'er roll. Come a-runnin', an' don't bother none with ceremony."

"A man don't have to have no reasons for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game, you are. Any one's licensed to chase you 'round jest for fun an' exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins, confidently, "any man as chases me 'round much will regard it as a thrillin' pastime. He won't get fat at it, none whatever."

"As you all seems to feel that a-way," said Moore, "I'll step out an' shoot with you right now."

"Well, I'll shore go you," said Watkins.

They arose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but it was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one said a word in comment or interference. They were grave and serious, but passive. It is not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the Southwest. The pretty girl was still singing, and the strains fell softly on the ears of the cowboys. Every one, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a licking pleased anticipation of the blood to be soon set flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated to about 40 paces and turned to face each other. Each wore his "Colt's 45," the loosely-buckled belt letting it rest low down on the right hip. Each threw down his big hat and stood at apparent ease, with his thumbs caught in the pistol belt.

"Shall you give the word, or me?" said Moore.

"You give it," said Watkins. "It'll be a funny passage in American history if you get your artillery to the front any sooner than I do, then."

"Be you ready?" asked Jack.

"Shore."

"Then — go!"

"Bang! bang! bang! bang!" went both pistols together, and with a rapidity not to be counted. Moore got a crease in his left shoulder — a mere wound to the flesh — and Watkins fell with a bullet in his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running out. He understood all at a look. Hastily examining Moore, he discovered that his hurt was nothing serious. The others carried Watkins into the house.

"Take my pony, saddled at the fence, Jack," said Rawlins, "and pull your freight. This yere man's goin' to die."

"Which I shorely hopes he does," said Jack, bitterly. "I'll go, though. I ain't got no use for none of these yere he-shorthorns around the HT."

So he took Rawlins' pony, and when he stopped riding in the morning it was no marvel that the poor pony hung his head dejectedly, while his flanks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100 miles from his last corn, and cooled his nervous muzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Pecos, a stream far to the west of the HT.

. . . . . .

"Some shooting scrape about their saddles, miss; that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty girl.

"Isn't it horrible!" shuddered the pretty girl in reply.

The next morning the pretty girl and her gnarled and twisted aunt paid the injured Watkins a visit. This sight so affected the other three cowboys that they at once saddled and rode away to the northwest to work some cattle over on the Ocate Mesa. They intended to be gone three months. They looked black and forbidding as they galloped away.

"It's a pity Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot," said one as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the wounded Watkins arose in his mind.

"That's whatever," assented the others.

The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the stricken Watkins. It occurred to her, too, that his profile

was clear and handsome. He was certainly very pale, and this stirred the depths of her feminine nature. She and her aunt came to see the invalid every day. Once the pretty girl said she would bring him a book to read and while away the hours, which seemed shod with lead.

"I can't read," said Watkins, in a tone of deepest shame. "I never learned. I should like to read, too, but there's no one to teach me. So that settles that," and the rascal expressed a deep sigh.

Watkins lied. It was he who was the Princeton man. He said afterward that this lie was the only real good work he ever did in his life.

So the pretty girl came every day and gave Watkins a reading lesson, while the gnarled aunt read a book and watched them through the open door.

"By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's Moore?"

"Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the question was put.

"You tell him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning to gather rage, "that when I get out I'll be lookin' for him with something besides a field glass."

"Oh, no!" said the pretty girl, rising and coming toward his couch. Her tone showed great disturbance and fear at the thought.

As he gazed at her, the look changed in his eyes. Hate for Moore gave place to something else.

"No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins."

The pretty girl thought him very noble.

Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple passed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The caitiff's arm was around her.

A SUNSET-CLOUD.

BY JULIEN E. JOHNSTONE.

A FLEECY cloud, e'en like a ship of pearl,
  Or shining silver splendid in the sun,
  Sailed in a sea of gold ere day was done,
Light as the lintie or the merry merle:
With scarlet sheets and banners that unfurl
  Their shining splendors out of silver spun,
  The pearly ship sails on, and seems to run
Where amber waves on shores of sapphire swirl.

And such an argosy! O! never yet
  Sailed ship so splendid over sunny seas;
Not e'en the gorgeous galleon, inset
  With rubies, opals, and chalcedonies,
That bore the queen, whose witching eyes of jet
  Had well nigh changed the old world's destinies.

THE OASIS OF SIWAH.

BY BERNHARD EULENSTEIN.

THE dreaded desert robber Ali Suleiman had grown old. For a whole generation he had been the terror of all caravans. The least resistance he invariably punished with death. Troops upon troops had been sent out against his band, higher and higher prices had been set on his head, but all in vain. He was undefeated. Neither force nor cunning could capture him.

But Ali Suleiman had grown old. His courage and his spirit of enterprise began to flag. He longed for rest.

However, he did not wish to abandon his profitable raids, and for a long time he was thinking how he might continue his robberies with less trouble and without risk. It was to be an enterprise which should secure him an income without work.

His artful spirit finally hit upon a plan which he at once undertook to realize.

He sent two messengers to Morocco with an exceedingly courteous letter to the Sultan. He assured him of his loyalty, and requested him to accept two camels laden with precious things, which the messengers brought with them, as a sign of his subjection. In return he begged for a gracious pardon of his past misdeeds, and expressed the hope that the Sultan would allow him to atone for them in some way. He offered to protect the caravans against the perils of the desert in future himself. But to assist him in this work of atonement he trusted the Sultan would have the grace, and present him with a favorably located oasis, so that he might always hold in readiness his men and his camels for any emergency. The oasis of Siwah seemed to him to be especially suited to the purpose.

The Sultan of Morocco was delighted with the subjection of so dangerous a knight of the desert, and as the value of the offered goods far exceeded the value of the land of Siwah, the messengers were soon sent back with a gracious letter in the Sultan's own handwriting allowing the request. And what was of especial importance to the old desert pirate, the letter was accompanied by an imperial grant, according to which the land of the oasis of Siwah was given in fee-simple to Ali Suleiman and his heirs and assigns forever.

Siwah is situated in the centre of the desert, at a distance of a four-days' journey from every other oasis. It has an area of five hundred acres, a couple of springs which never run dry, a pasture of luxuriant growth, and fine shade trees. All caravans must stop there and fill their jugs with water.

When the old desert knight took possession of the oasis, he at once ordered earthworks to be thrown up and strengthened with palisades. The gates were supplied with strong locks and a watch was stationed there.

* * *

Rejoicing at the thought of at last

reaching the thirst quenching springs of Siwah, and in the hope of a refreshing rest, the next caravan appeared before the gates.

But the astonished travellers found the oasis fortified and closed to them. All entreaties to open the gates were in vain. Ali Suleiman ordered the grant of the Sultan to be shown them, and firmly and finally declared that he could and would do with his private property whatever he pleased; but he now wished to keep his water and his pasture for himself and his cattle. However he would offer them a safe escort to the next oasis.

The merchants understood very well that this was pure mockery, for they and their camels would have died on the way long before they reached the next oasis.

To soften the robber's heart they first offered him one, then two, and finally three camel loads of their goods. Ali Suleiman was inexorable. Only after they offered him the fourth part of their goods did he condescend to open the gates.

The same fate overtook caravan upon caravan. Each was plundered of the fourth part of its possessions for the permission to use the water, the pasture, and the cool shade. They were compelled to pay for these gifts of nature — which Allah had created also for them, — for had not Ali Suleiman, the old rascal, "acquired" them "honestly" as his "property"?

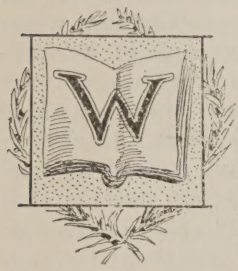
In the course of time, however, the merchants got used to this sort of spoliation, and as all were equally affected by it they made good their loss on their purchasers. And when Ali Suleiman one fine day was gathered unto his fathers, his former career of robbery was gradually forgotten. People henceforth spoke of the "landlord" of Siwah only as a "pillar" of the state and society, as the "defender" of "law" and "order" and the faith of Islam.

His oldest son quietly inherited his rights as the "proprietor" of the oasis of Siwah. He was elevated to the rank of nobility and became a hereditary member of the house of lords of Morocco, for with such a feudal income his love of his fatherland was beyond all doubt. His descendants levy tribute on the caravans to this day, and, to simplify matters, collect it in pure gold. That is, they themselves no longer do it. Oh, no; they rent the oasis. One of the grandsons has even taken for his portion a first mortgage, in order to be entirely without care. The landlords of Siwah now live in more beautiful regions, or in Paris. In the society of only highly aristocratic landlords of Ireland and England, of Russia and Germany — who are, of course, of "equally" "noble" descent — and in friendly intercourse with plutocratic bondholders, who for the most part have acquired their property in "equally" "honorable" ways, — they pass their "precious" time on the boulevards, or on the shores of the Riviera, and foster science and art.

Nor do they any longer call their income "robbery" and "plunder" or "tribute." They have honest and respectable sounding names for it. They call it rent and interest.

THE CAT'S REVENGE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.



E had been discussing the Darwinian hypothesis and the Colonel had maintained a profound silence, which was sufficient evidence that he did not believe in the development of man from the lower animals. Some one, however, asked him plumply his opinion of Darwinianism, and he sententiously replied, "Darned nonsense."

Feeling that this view of the matter possibly merited expansion, the Colonel caused his chair to assume its customary oratorical attitude on its two rear legs, and began to discourse.

"There are some things," he remarked, "which do look as if there might be a grain of truth in this monkey theory. For instance, when I was in France I was pretty nearly convinced that the monkey is the connecting link between man and the Frenchmen; but, after all, there is no proof of it. That's what's the matter with Darwinianism. When you produce a man who can remember that his grandfather was a monkey, or when you show me a monkey that can produce papers to prove that he is my second cousin, I'll believe all Darwin said on the subject, but as the thing stands I've nothing but Darwin's word to prove that men and monkeys are near relations. So far as I can learn, Darwin didn't know as much about animals as a man ought to know who undertakes to invent a theory about them. He never was intimate with dogs, and he never drove an army mule. He had a sort of bowing acquaintance with monkeys and a few other animals of no particular standing in the community, but he couldn't even understand a single animal language. Now, if he had gone to work, and learned to read and write, and speak the monkey language, as that American professor that you were just speaking of has done, he might have been able to give us some really valuable information.

"Do I believe that animals talk? I don't simply believe it, I know it. When I was a young man I had a good deal to do with animals, and I learned to understand the cat language just as well as I understood English. It's an easy language when once you get the hang of it, and from what I hear of German the two are considerably alike. You look as if you didn't altogether believe me, though why you should doubt that a man can learn cat language, when the world is full of men that pretend to have learned German, and nobody calls their word in question, I don't precisely see.

"Of course, I don't pretend to understand all the cat dialects. For example, I don't know a word of the Angora dialect, and can only understand a sentence here and there of the tortoiseshell dialect, but so far

as good, pure standard cat language goes, it's as plain as print to me to-day, though I haven't paid any attention to it for 40 years. I don't want you to understand that I ever spoke it. I always spoke English when I was talking with cats. They all understand English as well as you do. They pick it up just as a child picks up a language from hearing it spoken.

"Forty years ago I was a young man, and, like most young men, I fancied that I was in love with a young woman of our town. There isn't the least doubt in my mind that I should have married her if I had not known the cat language. She afterwards married a man whom she took away to Africa with her as a missionary. I knew him well, and he didn't want to go to Africa. Said he had no call to be a missionary, and that all he wanted was to live in a Christian country where he could go and talk with the boys in the bar-room evenings. But his wife carried him off, and it's my belief that if I had married her she would have made me turn missionary, or pirate, or anything else that she thought best. I shall never cease to be grateful to Thomas Aquinas for saving me from that woman.

"This was the way of it. I was living in a little cottage that belonged to my uncle, and that he let me have rent free on condition that I should take care of it, and keep the grounds in an attractive state until he could sell it. I had an old negro housekeeper and two cats. One of them, Martha Washington by name, was young and handsome, and about as bright a cat as I ever knew. She had a strong sense of humor, too, which is unusual with cats, and when something amused her she would throw back her head and open her mouth wide, and laugh a silent laugh that was as hearty and rollicking as a Methodist parson's laugh when he hears a gray-haired joke at a negro minstrel show. Martha was perhaps the most popular cat in the town, and there was scarcely a minute in the day when there wasn't some one of her admirers in the back yard. As for serenades, she had three or four every night that it didn't rain. There was a quartette club formed by four first-class feline voices, and the club used to give Martha and me two or three hours of music three times a week. I used sometimes to find as many as six or seven old boots in the back yard of a morning that had been contributed by enthusiastic neighbors. As for society, Martha Washington was at the top of the heap. There wasn't a more fashionable cat in the whole state of Ohio — I was living in Ohio at the time — and in spite of it all she was as simple and unaffected in her ways as if she had been born and bred in a Quaker meeting house.

"One afternoon Martha was giving a four o'clock milk on the veranda next to my room. I always gave her permission to give that sort of entertainment whenever she wanted to, for the gossip of her friends used to be very amusing to me. Among the guests that afternoon was Susan's — that was the young lady I wanted to marry — Maltese cat. Now this cat had always pretended to be very fond of me, and Susan often said that her cat never made a mistake in reading character, and that the cat's approval of me was equivalent to a first-class Sunday-school certificate of moral character. I didn't care anything about the cat myself, for somehow I didn't place any confi-

dence in her professions. There was an expression about her tail, which, to my mind, meant that she was insincere and treacherous. The Maltese cat had finished her milk when the conversation drifted around to the various mistresses of the cats, and presently some one spoke of Susan. Then the Maltese began to say things about Susan that made my blood boil. It was not only what she said but what she insinuated, and, according to her, Susan was one of the meanest and most contemptible women in the whole United States. I stood it as long as I could, and then I got up and said to Martha Washington, 'I think your Maltese friend is needed at her home, and the sooner she goes the better if she doesn't want to be helped home with a club.' That was enough. The Maltese, who was doing up her back fur when I spoke, stopped, looked at me as if she could tear me into pieces, and then flounced out of the house without saying a word. I understood that there was an end to her pretence of friendship for me, and that henceforth I should have an enemy in Susan's house who might be able to do me a good deal of harm.

"The next time I called to see Susan the Maltese was in the room, and she instantly put up her back and tail and swore at me as if I was a Chinaman on the lookout for material for a stolen dinner. 'What can be the matter with poor pussy?' said Susan. 'She seems to be so terribly afraid of you all of a sudden. I hope it doesn't mean that you have been doing something that she doesn't approve of.' I didn't make any reply to this insinuation, except to say that the cat might perhaps be going mad, but this didn't help me any with Susan, who was really angry at the idea that her cat could be capable of going mad.

"The same sort of thing happened every time I went to the house. The cat was always in the room, and always expressed in the plainest way the opinion that I was a thief and a murderer, and an enemy of the temperance society. When I asked her what she meant to do, she would give me no reply except a fresh oath or other bad language. Threats had no effect on her, for she knew that I could not touch her in Susan's house, and she didn't intend that I should catch her outside of the house. Nothing was clearer than that the Maltese was bound to make a quarrel between me and Susan in revenge for what I had said at Martha's four o'clock milk.

"Meanwhile Susan began to take the thing very seriously, and hinted that the cat's opposition to me might be a providential warning against me. 'I never knew her to take such a prejudice against any one before,' she said, 'except against that converted Jew who afterwards turned out to be a burglar, and nearly murdered poor dear Mr. Higby, the Baptist preacher, the night he broke into Mr. Higby's house and stole all his hams.' Once when I did manage to give the Maltese a surreptitious kick, and she yelled as if she was half-killed, Susan said, 'I am really afraid I shall have to ask you to leave us now. Poor pussy's nerves are so thoroughly upset that I must devote all my energies to soothing her. I do hope she is mistaken in her estimate of you.' This was not very encouraging, and I saw clearly that if the Maltese kept up her opposition the chances that Susan would marry me were not worth a rush.

"Did I tell you that I had a large gray cat by the name of Thomas Aquinas? He was in some respects the most remarkable cat I ever met. Most people considered him rather a dull person, but among cats he was conceded to have a colossal mind. Cats would come from miles away to ask his advice about things. I don't mean such trifling matters as his views on mice-catching — which, by the way, is a thing that has very little interest for most cats — or his opinion of the best way in which to get a canary bird through the bars of a cage. They used to consult him on matters of the highest importance, and the opinions that he used to give would have laid over those of Benjamin Franklin himself. Why Martha Washington told me that Thomas Aquinas knew more about bringing up kittens than the oldest and most experienced feline matron that she had ever known. As for common sense, Thomas Aquinas was just a solid chunk of it, as you might say, and I got into the habit of consulting him whenever I wanted a good, safe, cautious opinion. He would see at a glance where the trouble was, and would give me advice that no lawyer could have beaten, no matter how big a fee he might have charged.

"Well! I went home from Susan's house, and I said to Thomas Aquinas, 'Thomas,' for he was one of those cats that you would no more have called 'Tom' than you would call Mr. Gladstone 'Bill'—'Thomas,' I said, 'I want you to come with me to Miss Susan's and tell that Maltese beast that if she doesn't quit her practice of swearing at me whenever I come into the room it will be the worse for her.'

"'That's easy enough,' said Thomas. 'I know one or two little things about that cat that would not do to be told, and she knows that I know them. Never you fear but that I can shut her up in a moment. I heard that she was going about bragging that she would get square with you for something you said to her one day, but I didn't feel called upon to interfere without your express approval.'

"The next day Thomas and I strolled over to Susan's, and, as luck would have it, we were shown into her reception room before she came down stairs. The Maltese cat was in the room, and began her usual game of being filled with horror at the sight of such a hardened wretch as myself. Of course, Thomas Aquinas took it up at once, and the two had a pretty hot argument. Now Thomas, in spite of his colossal mind, was a quick-tempered cat, and he was remarkably free spoken when he was roused. One word led to another, and presently the Maltese flew at Thomas, and for about two minutes that room was so thick with fur that you could hardly see the fight. Of course, there could have been only one end to the affair. My cat weighed twice what the Maltese weighed, and after a few rounds he had her by the neck, and never let go until he had killed her. I was just saying 'Hooray! Thomas!' when Susan came into the room.

"I pass over what she said. Its general sense was that a man who encouraged dumb animals to fight, and who brought a great savage brute into her house to kill her sweet little pussy in her own parlor, wasn't fit to live. She would listen to no explanations, and when I said that Thomas had called at my request to reason with the Maltese about her unkind conduct towards me, Susan said that my attempt to turn an infamous outrage into a stupid joke made the

matter all the worse, and that she must insist that I and my prize fighting beast should leave her house at once and never enter it again.

"So you see that if it had not been that I understood what the Maltese cat said at Martha Washington's milk party, I should probably never have quarreled with either Susan or her cat, and should now have been a missionary in Central Africa, if I hadn't blown my brains out, or taken to drink. I have often thought that the man Susan did marry might have been saved if he had known the cat language in time, and had made the acquaintance of the Maltese."

The Colonel paused, and presently I asked him if he really expected us to believe his story. "Why not?" he replied. "It isn't any stiffer than Darwin's yarn about our being descended from monkeys. You believe that on the word of a man you never saw, and I expect you to believe my story that I understand the cat language on my unsupported word. Perhaps the story is a little tough; but if you are going in for science you shouldn't let your credulity be backed down by any story."

A DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

COUSIN Ruth was playing waltzes for the young folks. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaus. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face, and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked: —

"Who is that graceful yellow-haired girl?"

"That is Grace Deering, cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly: —

"Tom Deering's daughter! I re-

member him so well!" After a pause he added, "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom himself — do you remember it?"

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since young Jack Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell, and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had merely said, "Good-by," and let him go. Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened spell-bound to the well-remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them. Oh, Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, cousin Ruth went up to her room and locked herself in, giving way to strange emotion. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it, there were a few crisp, shapeless, and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were these words: —

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. I go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I shall not return. J. G."

For a few minutes Ruth stood motionless. Clasping the little missive she went down stairs. One of her nephews, passing her in the hallway, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily at the embers of the fire. Ruth approached and, putting the piece of yellowed paper gently into his hand, said calmly: —

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked, hurriedly. "Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

The merry voices in the next room drowned her answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it.

BABIES.

IT is what a simple young writer once called "a beautiful truism" that baby is one of the oldest subjects in the world — indeed, it is almost as old as man — and yet it has seldom or never been treated with completeness. No doubt one reason for that is the fact that baby has never been able to make itself heard except in inarticulate cries, and no doubt also another reason is that people in general have not been until lately interested in any babies but their own.

The difference between ancient and modern times is remarkable in nothing more than in the treatment of babies. Human life, merely as such, was considered less sacred then than now, and the average view of the baby was simply utilitarian. Was the baby, male or female, a healthy baby? Was it likely to become a sturdy citizen or a stout soldier, or to be the capable mother of strong children? Then let the baby live. Babies that did not satisfy these conditions were disposed of much as we dispose of superfluous puppies or kittens. And not even now, moreover, is baby life considered throughout all the world as something in itself delightful and valuable. Savage people and tribes are not such sinners in this regard as half-civilized nations like those of India and China.

"What is the use of rearing daughters?" asked an intelligent Chinaman not long ago of an inquiring Englishman. "When young they are only an expense, and when grown they marry and go away. Whereas a son —."

What a world of difference there is between that sentiment and this of "A Cradle Song," a recent poem by the young poet W. B. Yeats, where the mother addresses her baby thus: —

"I kiss you and kiss you, my arms round my own;
Ah! how I shall miss you, my dear, when you're grown!"

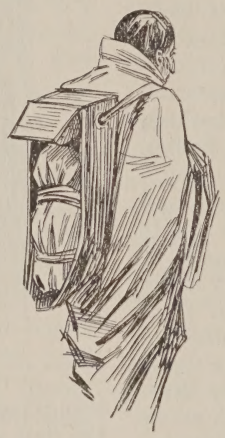
To us, in these later times, and with all the sentiments of Christian civilization fostered in us, it is almost incomprehensible that any grown human

Red Indian "Papooses."

beings could have the heart to extinguish the first struggling life of babies; most of all does it seem incomprehensible that the mother, whose nature is wont to well up and flow out at the first helpless cry of her infant, and the father, whose instinct is to hover over and protect and "fend for" both mother and child in their weakness, could ever surrender, or with their own hands destroy, the creature whom they have brought into the world. But, strong as are the natural instincts, stronger still in many is religious fanaticism, stronger is a national or tribal tradition. And when we consider that it has taken ages of Christian culture and feeling to bring us to our present height of imaginative sympathy with all forms of life, till now we are agreed that no more beautiful, sacred, or divine sight is to be seen under the sun than that of a mother with a child in her arms; then we can understand that,

while it is an outrage, a sin, and a crime to destroy a child among the taught of Christendom, it is but a hideous barbarism among the uninstructed of heathendom.

Turning to consider particularly the treatment of babies in various lands, by various peoples and tongues, we are compelled to note that even where infanticide or "exposure" is not practised, a similar result is worked out through the hardships — sometimes unconscious, sometimes designed — of infant life. The conditions of existence among many savage tribes are so severe that only the "fittest," the sturdiest, and wiriest constitutions can survive. There is, for instance, a very fine and intelligent tribe of blacks in the neighborhood of the Cameroons, named the Duallas, which imposes from the first a very violent test upon the constitutions of their offspring. Like the ancient Germans, the Duallas take a child when only four or five days old and plunge it in the river. This is repeated every day till the child is strong and hardy enough to bathe itself, or till it has succumbed beneath the treatment. Other less intelligent and more savage tribes of Africans train their children to endure torture from a very early age. Even the average nursing of the negro mother is enough to try the toughness of the child's constitution. When the child is being fed he is set astride his mother's hip; and he must hold on how he can and get what nutriment he can, while his mother moves about her ordinary duties. When he is not thus attached to his mother he lies on a little bed of dried grass on the ground, in all the simplicity in which Nature brought him into the world, and crams himself with earth or whatever he can lay his little black hands on.



A Flat-Head Mother.

Akin to the negro's treatment of children — though considerably in advance as regards tenderness and picturesqueness — is that of the Red Indians of North America. The father and mother combine to make a very curious and ornamental close cradle or bed for the "papoose." In shape it is not unlike the long oval shield of the Zulu. The father cuts it out of wood or stout bark with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and covers it with deer or buffalo skin, or, if he has not these, with matting or the softest bark of trees, leaving the upper side loose and open. The mother then adorns and embroiders it with beads and grasses, and lines and pads it with the softest grass or moss or rags she can find. The "papoose" is lightly strapped in with soft thongs fastened to the board and passing under his arms, and then the covering is laced over him as one laces up a shoe, and nothing but the face of the "papoose" is left exposed. Thus done up, baby can be hung (with a thong attached to his cradle) on the branch of a tree, or from the pole of the wigwam, or set in a corner out of the way. It may seem to us that the close confinement and the upright position of these nests cannot be very comfortable, but it is said that after tumbling about a while on the grass or among the dogs of the wigwam the Indian baby frequently cries to go back to his solitary nest. In this wise, too, is he carried, slung over his mother's back, when the tribe is on the march. The oval thing we have described is the prevalent pattern of cradle among American Indians, though in the extreme north or in the extreme south modifications of the style obtain. The Flat-head mother, for instance, makes her papoose into a round bundle, with folds of bark and thongs of deer-skin, and carries it in a wooden receptacle something like a canoe, slung on her

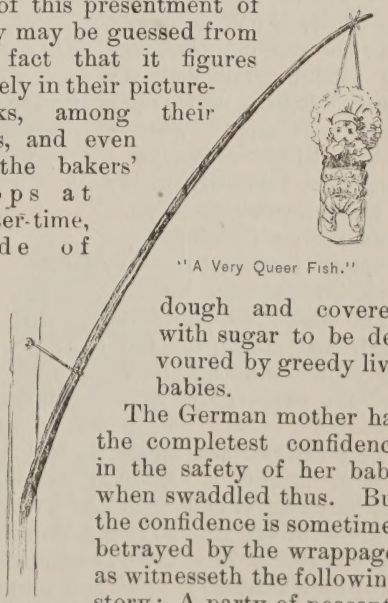
back, with a little pent-house or shade projecting over the baby's face.

It is worth noting that this complete swaddling of infants is almost universal

A German Baby.

among both barbarous and civilized peoples who dwell in sub-tropical or temperate climates. It is done not so much (or not only) to keep the child warm, but to prevent it from scratching itself, from moving about and hurting itself, and from bruising itself or breaking its tender bones if it should chance to fall. A baby, however, that is done up tight and flat as a Red-skin baby is, must be almost as safe on a top-shelf as on the ground. The close swaddling and padding of baby is found, the more we consider it, to be the fashion among both civilized and barbarous kindreds and peoples and tongues where women are very hard-worked. It is easy to understand how that must be. When the mother digs and plants the soil, and grinds the corn, draws the water and cooks the food for her husband and children — as does the savage woman of every clime — when she spins and brews, and makes and mends, and cooks and cleans, as does the housewife of almost every degree in almost every country of Europe; when the mother has thus her hands full of toil or occupation from morning till night, and when the expense or the convenience of a nurse is not available, what can she do, what must she do, with baby, but contrive some means of keeping him from troubling her and at the same time from damaging himself? Therefore the American Indian papoose is bound and laced in the thing we have seen; therefore the Amazon Indian child is slung in a close net-like hammock from tree to tree; therefore the New Guinea child hangs like a bunch of onions in a bag-net either from a jutting bamboo of his father's hut or on his mother's back by a strap passed across the forehead; and therefore the European baby of several countries is wrapped and padded in the ways we are about to describe.

Of all housewives in Europe, probably the German is the hardest worked, and of all European mothers the German practises most completely the art of swathing and padding her baby, and of putting it on the shelf. The German baby is swaddled in a long, narrow pillow, which is made to meet completely round him, being tucked up over his feet and turned under his solemn chin. Three bands of gay blue ribbons are then passed round the whole bundle and tied in large, florid bows about where his chest, his waist, and his ankles may be supposed to be. In this guise he can be deposited as an ornament either on the sumptuous best bed, or on the kitchen dresser, or on the drawing-room table. How fond the Germans are of this presentment of baby may be guessed from the fact that it figures largely in their picture-books, among their dolls, and even in the bakers' shops at Easter-time, made of dough and covered with sugar to be devoured by greedy live babies.



"A Very Queer Fish."

The German mother has the completest confidence in the safety of her baby when swaddled thus. But the confidence is sometimes betrayed by the wrappage, as witnesseth the following story: A party of peasants set out for the christening of a new baby, the baby being swaddled and wrapped in the usual manner. The way was long to the church, and the

weather was cold; indeed, snow lay on the ground. The anxiety of the christening over, the whole party — parents, sponsors, and friends — adjourned to the village inn to warm and cheer themselves with schnaps, or what the Londoner terms "a drop of something short." They then set off on their return home lightly and gaily, and their hearts being merry within them they essayed a snatch or two of song and a step or two of dance. Home at length was reached, and the interesting christened bundle was laid on the table. The whole party — parents, sponsors, and friends — stared agape and in silence; there was the pillow, the ribbons, and the bows all complete, but where was the baby? Some one ventured to raise the bundle; it was quite limp and empty! Baby was gone! Back the whole party hurried on its lonely track, and baby was found asleep in the snow, about midway between the church and the village. He was a sturdy child, and the story runs that he escaped with a violent sneeze or two, which, it is said, the anxious parents strove to allay by popping him into the oven. There can be no doubt that the German child that could survive the pillow and the snow and the oven, must have been sturdy indeed.

A Swedish Cradle.

Like the German mother in her treatmen of infants is the Austrian — the real Austrian, that is, who is of Teutonic origin; for the Austro-Hungarian monarchy includes so many nationalities, so many kindreds and peoples and tongues, that it would need a whole article to write of them all. And like also, with a curious difference, is the Swedish and Norwegian mother. The Swedish child, or barn — (compare the Yorkshire barn and the Scottish bairn) — is swaddled in more complex fashion than the German. It is wound about with six-inch-wide bandages, sometimes with the arms free and sometimes not, sometimes the legs included in the whole bundle, but usually swathed separately. The bandages are traditionally supposed to make the limbs and figure grow straight. The bandaged barn is then wrapped in a pillow and tied about with ribbons and bows like the German child, except that frequently his arms are free and his legs are shortly and stoutly suggested by the tucking in of the pillow. After that he may be fastened flatwise to another pillow, and slung perpendicularly from a supple pole stuck in the wall, so that he looks like a very queer fish indeed, fit to be shown outside the shop of an angling-tackle maker. Like the German, the Swedish child always wears a cap, which is borderless and of special fineness for its first Sunday, when it is christened. Then, also, it wears beads upon its neck, and gorgeous garments with gay bows of ribbon, all which are provided by the godmother. In the remoter parts of both Sweden and Norway it is still the custom every Sunday to carry these swaddled infants to church, which is probably a long way off. They are not taken into church, however, but buried for warmth in the snow, in which a small hole is left for them to breathe through.

In less primitive parts of Sweden and Norway, however, and among the better-off, the pillow-bundle often gives place to a wooden cradle, shaped like a trough or a French baquet, which is usually suspended by a spiral spring

from the roof. The elastic motion can scarcely be of the most delightful kind to baby, we should think, for there is nothing to prevent the cradle from spinning or twisting round at its will, and so producing dizziness. In Russia, too, a similar cradle is used — contrived, however, more rudely as to both structure and motion. It is an oblong box or wicker basket, with a cord from each of its four corners converging to the hook or the rafter from which it is hung, and with a looped cord underneath, in which the mother puts her foot to swing her baby. In winter — which in Russia is long and severe — the cradles or, sometimes, the hammocks in which the youngest children sleep are slung round the great stove upon which the parents and other adult members of the family pass the night, wrapped in their sheepskins.

French Baby — Old Style.

France is the only other country in which the pillow is a necessary complement of the baby. But the attachment of the two is nowadays characteristically French. It is a compromise between the old and the new, between tradition and fashion, and consequently it is not universal. The French baby (especially on gala days) is laid upon the pillow, and his fine frocks and gay ribbons, instead of enveloping his tender body, are spread upon him as he lies, so that he is no more than a kind of bas-relief. In France, however, it must be noted there came earlier than elsewhere in Europe — (one of the results of the Revolution) — the revolt against mere tradition and usage in the treatment of babies. Among well-to-do and aristocratic French folk, in particular, a change in that regard has long been in progress. The French child used to have always its pillow or cradle; now it begins to lie upon a fresh, wholesome bed, neither of wool nor of feathers, but of hair or straw, or among country or sea-faring folk of sweet dried fern or bracken or pungent-smelling sea-weed; and Government bureaux circulate among the peasants such directions as these: "Lay the infant to sleep on its right side; avoid putting it to sleep in the lap before putting it in bed." The French baby used to wear a multiplicity of caps — a small close cap of fine linen, over which was a second of light flannel, and over that a third of some light and ornamental stuff; now the caps are being discarded, and baby goes openly and baldly bareheaded. There is, however, one infantile institution to which well-to-do French folk cling obstinately, and that is the foster-mother or wet-nurse. The institution had its origin ages ago, and was popular with other than fine ladies who feared to spoil their shape with nursing. It was under the early Bourbon kings that the practice first became established of sending infants into the country, to some well-known dependant of the house, to be nursed and fed and brought up. That is why one reads so much in French literature of foster-brothers and foster-sisters, who were the peasant children brought up in the same lap and at the same breast as the young lords and ladies. The wet-nurse who lived in the family was — and is still — commonly a Burgundian, an ample, handsome, and good-natured type of woman, something like our own woman of Devonshire. The fine Burgundian nurse is still a feature of Parisian life, with her black eyes, her rich color, and her opulent form, her red cloak, her full-bordered cap, and her long, floating ribbons. It is evident that this large and productive type is very old, for there is a

A Burgundian Nurse.

curious statute in ancient French law, called the "droit de douze enfants:" it obtained only in Burgundy, and it enacted that all parents of a dozen children should be exempt from the payment of any taxes whatever.

Before we finally turn, whither we have all this while been tending, to the completest and wholesomest treatment of babies, let us note one or two remarkable curiosities in that way. There is, first of all, the well-worn, and now almost out-worn, tradition that Chinese female babies have their feet tortured by tight bandaging to make and keep them small. That practice, let us say at once, was never prevalent, except in very high society — like really tight-lacing in England — and even there it is now gradually becoming obsolete. But, among the sweltering millions of China there is a practice which seems to have a curious result. The mother carries her infant in a kind of bag or pannier on her back, and not — as in other countries where the dorsal carriage is affected — with the face turned outwards, but — as, probably, we ought to expect in China, where everything seems to go and come by the rule of contraries — with the face turned inwards. The result of that is, that the baby's nose is of necessity pressed against its

A Chinese Mother and Child.

mother's back, whence, no doubt, say the learned in these matters, has been evolved, in the course of ages, the peculiarly flattened or blunted nose, characteristic of the Chinaman. Furthermore, Chinese girls, even when allowed to live, are little thought of. In the family generally they bear no names; they are known as Number One

Some Japanese Children.

or Number Two, like convicts, and they are no more reckoned members of the family than the cat or the dog. So when a Chinaman is asked what family he has, he counts only his boys. And a boy is treated with great honor and ceremony by the women. When he is four months old, he is set for the first time in a chair, and his mother's mother sends or brings him many presents, notably among which is sugar-candy. The candy is emblematic of the sweet things of life, and it is stuck to the chair to signify the hope that he may never lack such things. His first birthday is the second great day of rejoicing. He is then set upon a table in front of many things, such as ink, books, tools, etc., and whichever he first lays his hand on decides his future occupation.

It is an odd thing that by no people on earth are children — both girls and boys — treated with more affection and indulgence than by the island neighbors of the Chinese — the Japanese, namely, and no children have a greater abundance of toys and amusements. It must, however, be said that the fondness and patience of Japanese parents are reciprocated by the love and obedience of their children. Both father and mother are equally devoted to their offspring. The mother commonly carries her baby slung in front of her, and when she is tired the father cheerfully accepts the burden; but fathers and mothers, and

elder sisters and brothers, may often be seen in the gay, sunny streets of Tokio or Yokohama giving pick-a-backs to delighted, crowing babies. The Japanese baby, moreover, is not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed; he is regularly bathed either at home or in public bath-houses; and his skin is stimulated and his health hardened by his being frequently plunged in a cold stream, or even in the snow. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well-made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair — one in front, one behind, and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did wear; for children, like their parents, sad to say, are gradually being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; others wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.

To find other children as well, wisely, and wholesomely treated as children are in Japan, we must come to an English home, with a look in by the way at an American home, where, it is said by many, the child is made somewhat too much of, and therefore spoiled. But it must be sorrowfully admitted that it is only the child of well-to-do or cultured parents in Great Britain that is as well and wisely cared for, and that is as happy as the child of Japan: there is no doubt that the average of childish comfort and happiness is very much greater in Japan than in England. Yet a well-ordered English home is baby's paradise. There he is not swathed in bandages and rolled in a pillow and crowned with a nightcap; he is kept always clean and sweet; he is lightly but sufficiently clothed, and he is allowed to kick and crow, and grow strong as much as ever he likes. He is no longer put to bed in a deep wooden cradle set on wooden rockers, but in a light and airy bassinette, which either is stationary or swings lightly upon hooks. That question of stationary or moving bassinette has become somewhat vexed among mothers, many doctors favoring the opinion that it is neither necessary nor desirable that infants should be sent to sleep with rocking or swinging. The old rocking cradle had a much more fearsome motion than the swinging bassinette. Rocked by a careless or energetic person it would often make the baby ill; indeed, there used to be a tradition among humble mothers (a tradition which still obtains in Scotland) that if the cradle was rocked when empty the baby would certainly be ill when next put into it. The rocking cradle with its great wooden hood has had its day (and how magnificent the height of its day was may be guessed from the cradle of James I. that was shown in the Stuart Exhibition) — it has had its day, and is now departing into the limbo of things obsolete and forgotten, and thither probably in the course of years the swinging bassinette will follow it.

We have in this article treated of babies only when they are inarticulate, when none but the mother or the constant nurse can understand them. That is commonly reckoned by the stranger or the mere male person the least interesting age of all, but to the mother — and, indeed, to all women and grown girls — it is the most interesting. Then the baby's clinging helplessness, its wide stare of wonder, and its bright, human smile and crow of response to a kind look or tone, suffuse the female

heart with an unimaginable delight. What pride is felt in the health and beauty and weight of the baby! ("Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says the doctor in Tennyson's "Grandmother.") How his active crawling is admired! — and sometimes his singular taste for buttons, and marbles, and cinders! With what wonder and gratulation is the appearance of his first tooth hailed! With what expressions of joy is attention called to his first attempts at walking, and how "dear" he is when he first goes "pattering over the boards!" But beyond and beneath all these common phenomena the earliest infancy has ravishing mysteries which only the mother can patiently watch, and pore over, and understand. Every day, every hour brings to her a new joy, of which she can speak to no one; for that which no one else sees — the waking attention, the dawning reason — the mother sees, and that which no one else hears the mother hears.

PRESUMPTION.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

A GRAIN of sand that fain would stay
Resistless Ocean's power;
A drop of rain that dares to say,
"I am alone the shower;"
A firefly claiming through the wold
The source of light to be;
A little mind that seeks to hold
And gauge Infinity.

BROWN BETTY.

BY W. S. SNYDER.

Her hands were brown, her cheeks were brown,
But, then, a tinge of red
Came when she cast her dark eyes down,
And shyly bowed her head;
She rowed or sailed her little boat,
The tidy "Wandering Willie,"
And sometimes let it idly float
While, just beneath her dainty throat,
She pinned a water lily.

In lovely spring's delicious days
She sought the hill and dell;
She knew the sweet wildflowers' ways
And they knew hers as well;
When, in a favorite fragrant wood
The air was full of humming,
And while the pheasant spread his hood,
Jack in the Pulpit proudly stood,
And waited for her coming.

And then, sometimes, the whippoorwill,
Near by the moonlit lake,
Would, when she came, his piping still,
And ne'er a rustle make;
And while the whisp'ring willow trees
In light and shade would glisten,
The monarch frog his voice would ease,
Then, waiting, on his bended knees,
Would for her footsteps listen.

The grave old seniors of the town
Shook oft their hoary locks.
And some declared that Betty Brown
A tomboy was in frocks;
Not so the lads; good reason why,—
The little maid was pretty;
Her voice was sweet, her ways were shy;
And some would smile, and some would sigh,
For they all loved "Brown Betty."

Brown Betty loved the hill, the vale,
The grove, the lake, the brook;
Each had for her its fairy tale,
And each for her its nook;
She, to herself, her fortune told
With petals of wild roses,
That could no more their secret hold
Than can the water lily fold
Its fragrance when it closes.

One still midsummer afternoon,
While ran her thoughts away,
She listened to the sweetest tune
A drowsy world can play;
She in an alcove nestled down,
And dreams came softly creeping;
A fleeting flush suffused the brown,
And as a smile pursued a frown,
She something said while sleeping.

It may be that the whippoorwill
Heard what Brown Betty said,
But if he did, he kept it still
As moonbeams lightly spread;
Or Jack the Preacher may have heard
What was by Betty spoken;
But, even so, by ne'er a word
Has he to it aloud referred,
Or made a sign in token.

Nor did the petals of the rose
The dreaming maid betray;
Nor yet the flowers from sweet repose
Awake a word to say;
The loud-voiced frog, charged by the bees
With gossipping with noddies,
Maintained an alibi with ease;
And then the whisp'ring willow trees
Said bees were busybodies.

One autumn eve, when blossoms sweet
Made fragrant all the air,
She chose the shadowy window seat,
And some one else was there;
"Who told you that," she softly plead,
"My heart was in your keeping?"
"One drowsy afternoon," he said,
"You spoke while I"—she bowed her head—
"Was through the window peeping."

And then — and then — but not a word,
But something more replete
With happiness woke Betty's bird,
Which softly answered "sw-e-e-t,"
Then made a pillow of its breast,
And of its wing a fetter,
And laid its little head to rest;
'Twas plain, though it had done its best,
That they could do it better!

MY WIFE'S COUNTRY FRIENDS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

LTHOUGH my wife and I are only relatives by marriage, we have many traits in common. One of these is an unbounded confidence in our ability to overcome obstacles. If we have toast and creamless coffee for breakfast it is not merely because publishers are slack in the matter of small checks, but because we have been taking too many walks across the fields, and down to the brook, and into the "lovely glen" — my wife's expression — where birds and flowers and curious plants have a neighborly habit of congregating. Therefore periods of forced economy rest lightly upon our shoulders; for, as my wife says, we could dispense with them at any time. It would only necessitate an accurate numbering of the hours of each day, and the days of each week. But this is one of the traits we have in common. We positively will not do anything of the kind. Work when we must, and play when we can, is good enough for us; and if we do not have cream to-day we may possibly have some to-morrow. It will depend somewhat on the inducements the woods and fields have to offer us. If it is spring, and the air is melodious with bird notes and vagrant brooks, the chances are very much against the cream. But, still, there is a serene satisfaction in knowing that we can do like other folks whenever we are willing to confine ourselves in the same kinds of harnesses.

One spring morning we received an unusually generous recognition from a publisher in whom we had placed little confidence. It was an epoch in our lives, and we treated it as such. We took fully 10 minutes to mature plans for the disposal of the munificent check. And it was my wife, as usual, who cast the deciding vote. We went into the country.

I had always felt a vague lack of something in my life. Now I discovered that it was a daily sight of green grass and waving trees. And when I mentioned it to my wife she declared that she felt just the same.

Our little place was suburban. On one side, the air was stirred by the low hum of a distant city; and on the other, green meadows and daisy-gemmed pastures stretched away into the deeper shades of thick woods. Cattle lowed across our line fence, and farm boys trudged about with flapping caps and heavy boots. And our place had all the requisites of country life; an old-fashioned flower garden, and an apple tree, and a brook running across the lower side; and there were currant bushes and raspberry vines, and along the fence was a thrifty row of leaf heavy, red legged rhubarb.

I had a profound but unexpressed admiration for my wife's economy and business tact; but a few weeks in the country made sad inroads in the foundations of my belief, and it all came about through the friendliness of a disreputable, bob-tailed robin. One morning he flew through an open window into our dining-room and gave himself a cordial invitation to remain to breakfast. My wife and I were in another room at the time, but we soon heard his low chuckles of satisfaction. When we reached the door he was just in the act of making a critical dive into the sugar bowl. I was about to step forward when my wife caught my arm and drew me back.

"S-s-h!" she whispered. "S-s-h! S-s-s-h!"

And I was obliged to remain there

until Tramp Robin finished his breakfast and made his exit through the open window. The next morning my wife made preparations for his coming, and, of course, he did not disappoint her. Trust a robin to know when he is well off.

That was only the beginning. Presently Mr. Tramp brought a companion with him, and I was often detained in the sitting-room for half an hour before I was allowed to take a place at the second table. Then I began to be dispatched to the country store after various kinds of seeds, which my wife scattered about the yard, and even down by the brook, "for the little darlings who are too shy to come to the house," she explained.

But the shyness disappeared rapidly, and soon the little darlings ventured across the brook, and up to the house, and into the open windows when we happened to be absent. Robins and bluebirds and jay birds, and all the neighboring cousin and kinfolk birds, came swarming around us, hopping and flying and chirping about the paths and steps, and into the open doors and windows. "Just as though we belonged to them," cried my wife, delightedly. I was silent, but I examined my pocket book anxiously and went after more seeds.

Tramp Robin did not seem to like our growing popularity. It was all well enough for himself and a companion, he chirped, reproachfully; but such a rabble of blue jays and all sorts of common birds! Why, it was positively disgraceful! And he shook his bob-tail indignantly and flew over to our solitary apple tree to select a suitable crotch for a summer home.

Much of my wife's time was now spent in scattering seeds. Sometimes I fancied that she looked at the birds uneasily, and that she tried to harden her heart. But a little head cocked on one side, a bobbing tail and a reproachful chirp, were always too much for her, and the reluctant seeds began to flow freely once more. She had given them the invitation; there was nothing for her to do but to provide the feast.

One day she saw a cat moving stealthily along the fence, and I was sent in swift but ineffectual pursuit. In the evening we set out on a journey of inquiry, and in due time discovered that the predatory feline belonged to our one neighbor. My wife promptly made herself a committee of ways and means, and in consideration of some money, and a good deal of persuasion, at length induced the farmer's daughter to part with her cat. I carried it home in a basket, and the next morning boxed it up and expressed it away to a distant friend.

By this time the birds were thoroughly domesticated, and our presence in the room did not seem to seriously inconvenience them. My wife was delighted, and I admitted to her that I felt that way myself. But I had my secret moments of doubt, and one of these was when our strawberries ripened and we could not get enough for the table. And a few weeks later, when I saw our despoiled currant bushes, I again felt a momentary return of the doubt.

But our neighbor offered us a solution to the problem. One day he told me that I had a fine lot of young strawberry plants — enough to set an acre; and that if I would prune my currant bushes "hard" they would bear twice as much, and I could raise a nice lot of young bushes from the cuttings.

That settled it. My wife and I had nearly four acres of land, and we determined to increase our strawberry bed and currant bushes until the birds would be literally forced to leave enough for the table. "For, of course," said my wife, conclusively, "the birds must have all they want."

As the days went by Tramp Robin seemed to be considering some problem. He sang little, and much of his time was passed on our piazza, watching the horde of invading birds. He had discontinued ineffectual protests, but all the time I could see quivering indignation in the motions of his bob tail. Out

in the apple tree his mate was busily at work on their nest, but he seldom visited her. Evidently he feared that something might happen during his absence.

One day my wife heard him utter a quick note of triumph, and saw him fly to the apple tree and hold a hurried consultation with Madam Tramp. Then both came back and made a critical examination of the piazza.

The next morning we were awakened by a rollicking song of exultation. When we went out we found Mr. Tramp in possession of the piazza. His mate was flying back and forth with bits of straw and stick, and on the low rafter above the door we could see the beginning of a new nest. Our disreputable bob-tailed friend twisted his neck so that he could look down at us, and in his low, gurgling notes of satisfaction we could easily read his enjoyment of the joke.

After that he treated the other birds with lofty consideration. Sometimes I even fancied that I could distinguish in his condescending notes an invitation for them to come in and accept his hospitality.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

AN ETCHING.

BY FREDERICK STANSBURY.

Autumn. The trees have taken off their clothes and gone to sleep. In the midst of a deep wood, that might appear sombre but for the filtered rays of the setting sun, a hunter sits upon the lichen-covered trunk of a fallen oak. At his feet is carelessly thrown the day's bag — squirrels and rabbits and other pretty denizens of the forest, now forming a most pathetic picture of still life.

The hunter's bronzed face is tinted with the glory of the dying day. Contentment is written on his attitude and in the expression of his eyes. He has had a good day. Game has been plentiful and the air bracing and delightful.

The stock of his gun leans against the prostrate oak, the barrel at an angle pointing towards him. His thoughts are pleasant and the grim finger of destiny has no meaning for him.

He takes out his pipe, gazing the while amid the

> "Bare ruined choirs
> Where late the sweet bird sang."

Slowly and peacefully he strikes a match on his russet boot, and applies it to the fragrant contents of the mellow briar bowl.

As the clouds of aromatic incense arise, they are shot through with the golden shafts of sunlight and disappear amid the groined arches of the grand old trees.

Motionless, statuesque, the hunter falls into a reverie.

The dead monarch on which the hunter sits is honeycombed with sylvan caverns. It forms a tenement house for strange and diverse little creatures whose home is the forest.

And now, from one of the apertures of its many hollows, a little red squirrel appears. Its movements are quick and nervous, and it throws its little body and brush into pretty waves as it advances. The hunter moves not. The patter of the tiny feet of the little red and brown midget on the leaves is not heard. Halting momentarily to raise itself on its haunches and look about, it approaches the gun stock. In a spirit of frolic it attempts to flash through the steel circle that guards the lock.

Click!

A shot rings out through the forest, and the hunter lies amid his game.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALPHONSUS B. PARKER.

In country-places wherever you see a large, weather-beaten, low-roofed, and generally dingy-looking building, you may be sure that you are in presence of the District School, wherein, with laborious effort and much internal and external disturbance, the future warriors, statesmen, and hopes of the country are being educated at the public expense. It is strange how prosaic and lonely and forsaken are the locations generally chosen as sites for those nurseries of learning! Pieces of land that are evidently beyond all hopes of ever being regenerated, in consequence of the perverse crop of stones and rocks which adorn them; swampy ground where naught but the bull-frog's song is heard from early summer till late fall (although its possibilities as a safe skating-place in the winter days are not to be overlooked); or bleak hill-tops where the wind has undisturbed possession of the whole locality, — these are the favorite locations whereon the hard-headed and close-fisted trustees or members of the school-board delight to see the Temple of Learning raise its humble front. See the absence of trees or shrubs; note the lack very often of the barest conveniences suggested by comfort, not to speak of luxury, and then ponder over the mystery of that affection which makes men and women, in maturer years, look back with delight upon the days of their schooling mid such dismal surroundings!

The bell is ringing, and only 15 minutes will pass before the roll-call will be gone over. So let us hasten to this sheltered nook, and see what the rising generation looks like in its every-day school dress and unconscious of scrutiny.

As in the days of the Bard of Avon, "creeping" is the only word which applies to the schoolward progress of nine out of ten of the urchins, who come for their daily draught from the fountain of Knowledge. With the satchel slung upon one shoulder, and a hand and arm around a companion's waist, the little maidens of the rural community saunter along, gazing with mingled delight and fear at the acrobatic performances of the bolder and more venturesome of the boys, who perform feats of gymnastic daring, which, to the small beholders, appear very brilliant and wonderful indeed. There is the bully of the school swaggering before his little miserable victims, selecting from the carefully "mother-packed" wallets the tit-bits of the collection as his own prey, and beginning here, — what he will continue in after life, — the tyranny of oppression by the strong over the weak. The studious youth is conning once again, before their repetition at the master's desk, his lessons of yesterday's setting, and the little "belle" of the miniature world is seeing that hat and dress are just as they should be to attract the admiration which, like her older sisters, she craves and wishes to enjoy.

In the distance you can see the inevitable "late" children plodding their weary way along the winding road, and from her modest boarding-house the schoolmistress is directing her steps towards the scene of her day's labors and triumphs. Blessings on her, the patient, badly-paid, neglected, ill-fed, worried, and ofttimes disheartened, school teacher, who rises in the morning to face six hours of noise and turmoil, and headache and rebellion, and goes through it all (I

was about to say "manfully" but why not womanly?) in order to begin it all over again the next morning! Take the average of the pay given grudgingly, in too many cases, to our teachers, female and male alike, in the purely country-districts of the United States and Canada, and see how beggarly and small, for the services rendered, it appears. Go into the boarding-houses of those same teachers, and see how poor and ill-fitted, for supporting mental work, is the fare afforded, and then show me greater heroines in their sphere! Where the salary paid is so uniformly wretched, 'tis hard to pay large board bills. So from Monday to Saturday, the patient instructress works, and spends herself for the "rising generation," and Sunday sees her pale and wan from lassitude and headaches, glad to find rest in religious solace, if she be not obliged indeed to spend the holyday, or a great part of it, in calming the passions, and striving to arrange the ceaseless quarrels and jealousies of that most restless and tantalizing of all societies — a country choir!

But we have wandered from our place before the school-room, so let us enter now with the "late" ones, who are killing time as they draw near to the well-worn porch and steps of this home of science. Contracted space, vitiated air, low desks, rough flooring, ceiling and walls ready to give up their plaster envelope at the slightest provocation, a few wall-maps of a past date in map-making, a rickety desk, and an uncomfortable chair for "teacher" and this is all. But stay, 'tis not quite all; there are from forty to sixty pupils, — girls one side, boys on the other, — and forty or sixty pairs of eyes are sparkling with mischief, or demure in repose, or watchful for an opportunity for diversion. The roll-call is done, the endless repetitions begin, and the monotonous, weary drawl of many voices chanting, in a sort of libel on Gregorian music, the exploits of the "Cat who ate the Rat," or of "John and his Dog Tiny," continues, now crescendo, now minuendo, all day long. Sometimes the effect is varied, when from a bench will come the petulant cry of "Teacher, Ned Harkins is pinching me," or, "Teacher, may I go out;" but those interruptions are grateful breaks, and, consequently do not often occur. Thus time wears away until "recess," and then, with the rush of Indians, eager for the war-path, young America precipitates himself or herself out of the door, and, in less time than it takes to tell it the erstwhile busy school-room is bare and empty, and the desert outside yclept a play-ground is a struggling mass of legs and arms engaged in foot-ball, or baseball, as the season or individual tastes may dictate. At the door, surveying her numerous and irrepressible brood, stands or leans the fragile little Queen of all this confused and apparently insubordinate mob. The ticking of the old clock within, and the finer pulsation of the watch tucked inside her girdle, tell her of the time fast speeding. So, faithful in small things, as in great, the warning bell imposes silence upon the noisy throng, and in again upon the well-worn floor troop the children, refreshed if not subdued by the contact with fresh air and light and play. Thus, until the final dismissal at the close of day, does the mingled comedy and tragedy of the school-life go on; comedy, in its youthful humor, but tragedy when viewed in its relation to the future, in its training for the stern battle of life.

Yes, far be it from our thoughts or pen to mock or laugh at the good work that is done in those modest school-houses throughout the length and breadth of our land. The Bench and the Bar, the Pulpit and the Healing Art, have all and each, as well as every other sphere of life, received their best subjects, their noblest members, from those same humble and insignificant school-houses. Honor to the District School, but honor more to the patient school-mistress — to the sacrificing, gentle, yet firm, and respecting maidens who take up the teacher's role, and in the midst of trials unnumbered, of pri-

vations without end, of discouragements of all kinds, stick to their posts, and make our youth of to-day fit subjects for the cares and responsibilities of the future. With few, if any, of the appointments of the modern class-room, they are yet doing grand work, doing it conscientiously and successfully.

A BALLAD OF OLD CASTILE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.]

BY WALTER LECKY.*

THE Moorish king reigns o'er his castle old and gray—
The Moorish king is glad for he is lord to-day:
Upon his royal head, frosted with age, lo! see
There sits a turban red—a gift from Araby.

Upon his breast a star—the dread of old Castile—
His is a scimitar of flashing damask steel.
Loudly the monarch laughs, as rich with ruby wine
The goblet filled, he quaffs to vineyard and to vine,

Abloom in far Bagdad, whose subtle fiery flow
Was that which Omar's had in ages long ago.
Beside his palace wall his Christian captives groan
And drag the chain and ball, gyved to each cornice stone.

But hark! there sounds a drum! The Moorish king doth rise—
"The Spanish soldiers come with vengeance in their eyes!
Oh, get ye ready soon, my valiant knights," he cries,
"Before there comes one moon the Spanish Captain dies!"

His eager snorting bay is prancing at the door;
His knights go to the fray, riding behind the Moor;
When one by one they fall, the monarch kneels to sue
For aid to Allah's spell, but what can Allah do?

The Spanish troops are led by one in robes of white
Who, as he onward sped, puts all the Moors to flight;
The Crescent falls that day, the Moorish King lies dead—
Castilian singers say 'twas good St. James who led!

Crescent and Moorish bey have disappeared fore'er,
The castle old and gray is now a shrine of pray'r;
Like Peter's Rock, to-day, the Cross is floating there.

SATIETY.

BY DELOS E. GOLDSMITH.

In the full flush of a generously endowed youth, he lay upon his couch and tossed restlessly.

"And to think that all this must end," he thought; "to think that one day death must come to me; that all this bright and beautiful world must fade, and that I, who am now accounted a favorite of fortune and fair of face and figure, must, in time, become a thing that even my dearest friends will look upon with dread, abhorrence, even loathing! Oh, it is too hard! Why cannot I live forever?"

Thus far ran his fretful thoughts, and then there appeared a bright and wondrous spirit. It was the gorgeous Spirit of Life, clad in raiments of sunbeams; and the calm, pure Spirit of Death, whom the youth's foolish fancy saw as a dark, forbidding demon, withdrew into the shadows and waited.

"Poor boy," said Life, "mourn not. Am I not beautiful? Behold thou shalt embrace me forever, forever and a day, even as thou hast prayed — for all eternity, for ages without count, aye, even beyond the utmost stretches of thy poor, human conception."

And the youth ceased tossing and smiled.

"For all eternity," he whispered.

"Aye. A hundred years shall be as one day. Thou shalt live and love, and that which is good and beautiful shall be thine. No longer shalt thou know suspense. Know, then, that she whom thou lovest — nay, speak not — I know her well — know thou that she shall be thine. Years shall ye live for each other in peace, and in the time that shall come, she will fade like a withered flower and perish, whilst yet thou art in thy youth. Thy friends, too, shall pass into the afterlife, but thou shalt be greater than they. Thy life shall stay with thee. Anon, a little child shall be born and in the years she shall grow into woman's estate. She, also, will pass into the beyond, whilst yet thou art in the prime of thy early manhood. Children shall have been born unto you, and thou shalt watch tenderly as they grow like the plants, and like the plants cast their seed upon fertile ground and perish. And their children's children — they also shall cross the river, and their issue shall grow into manhood and pass into their heritage; whilst still thou art strong and hale in thy prime, they shall die and their children shall die, but thou mayst look upon their death and smile, for, behold! everlasting life is thine. Thou needst not fear death. And when the years pass into ages and the ages become eternities, thou, like the sturdy young oak of the forest, shalt live on and behold death on every hand, and thou shalt laugh at death. Yet, again, when —"

"Hold!" breathed the youth; "no more. Thou art good to look upon, thou art fair and sweet, but I will have thee not forever."

Life smiled, and Death, calm and pure, came nearer out of the shadows. The youth tossed no more.

CAGED AND FREE.

HER SCARLET SHADE.
Moral. Beware of the Prevailing Rage for Red.

THE ALCALDE OF LAPEZA.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH USURPATION OF SPAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

SOME time or other, I may write of the tragic events which preceded the entrance of the French into the Moorish town of Guadix, in 1810. The world will learn then of the manner in which the infuriated people put to death their chief magistrate, Don Francisco Trujillo, because he had failed to meet the Napoleonic army, with the 300 peasants armed with slings, knives, and old muskets, whom he might have gathered together for the purpose. To-day I shall only speak of a later date, when some months had passed, and the victorious forces had conducted themselves with such tact, that the country — classic land of guerillas and insurgents — was become smooth as oil in their hands. It was only at long intervals now, that one might see the body of some good patriot hanging before the door of the Town Hall, or find one at the bottom of a neglected well. The people were beginning to chatter in bad French, and the children had learned to say "Didon," when they desired to attract the attention of their conquerors.

All this indicated that the reconciliation of French and Spanish was progressing rapidly, and made the foreigners hope for a speedy amalgamation of the two peoples. Already our grandmothers were beginning to dance with our grandfathers (that

is to say the grandmothers of the grandchildrenof French sympathizers which were not mine, thank God!) with the conquerors of Marengo and Austerlitz and Wagram; and there was even to be found a thoughtless beauty here and there, who looked with favor on a grenadier, or hussar, or dragoon born in strange lands. Public documents were being made out in the name of "His Majesty, our King, Joseph the First;" the sons of Voltaire and Rousseau heard mass on Sundays and festivals, with their generals and other officers seated in arm chairs, smoking enormous pipes; the friars and monks of St. Augustine, St. Dominic, and St. Francis had been forced to destroy the consecrated Hosts, and leave their monasteries to be turned into barracks for the soldiers. In fine, all was official contentment, peace, harmony, and enthusiasm under pain of death, at the court of those enemies of Christ, who reigned in Guadix by the grace of Allah, and Mohammed his Prophet.

It was at this period, and under such circumstances, that the butchers of Guadix found themselves forced to close their shops for want of something to slaughter. Cows, oxen, sheep, calves, lambs, goats — all had been devoured by "those people;" so had the tame rabbits and pigeons of the town. Never before had human beings been known who could eat so much meat at all hours. The Spaniards, temperate and semi-African in their appetites, lived upon fruits and vegetables; but the French demanded meat — and much of it! — and often!

In this strait, the French general remembered that the Department of Guadix included many other towns and villages, and that most of those still remained to conquer.

Manuel Atienza, the Alcalde.

"It is necessary," said he to his troops, "that the imperial eagles be carried over all parts of the country. Spread yourselves out among the hamlets and villages that come under my command; carry them the good news of the accession of King Joseph to the throne of St. Ferdinand; and bring me back whatever flocks and herds you find in the pastures and farmyards. Long live the Emperor!"

According to this order of the day, 10 or a dozen columns set out, each made up of 100 or 200 men,

and took their way toward the mountains, or Gor, or Zenet, or the hamlets on the southern slope of the Sierra Nevada. Among these last, amid a people who have remained indifferent to this day to the advances of civilization, situated at the foot of the colossal and eternally snow-crowned peak of Mulhacen, was, and still is, the little village of Lapeza. It was celebrated in the Moorish wars, and its small round castle commemorated the name of a valiant commander, the unfortunate Governor Bernardino de Villalta, who had so often defied the power of Aben-Humeya; but it was still more celebrated, for 20 leagues about, for the almost savage state of its customs, and the indomitable character of its inhabitants.

II.

It was the 15th of April, in the year 1810. The village of Lapeza offered a spectacle as laughable as it was sublime, as grotesque as it was splendid. All its approaches from the outside world had been cut off by walls made of trunks of oaks and other gigantic trees, which the inhabitants had dragged down from the neighboring mountains, and piled in impassable barriers. As the greater part of the population was composed of charcoal-burners, and the remainder of shepherds and woodcutters, this work had been accomplished with amazing quickness and intelligence. Across the high road, on the side facing toward Guadix, the wall ended in a kind of tower; and on top they had placed a sort of cannon, constructed by themselves, of which an imperishable memory remains. It was made of the trunk of an immense oak, hollowed out by fire, and loaded to the mouth with powder, bullets, flint, stones, bits of old iron, and similar ammunition.

Of other arms at the disposition of the mountaineers, there were a dozen muskets; about 20 arquebuses and pistols; a knife, dagger, or cutlass for each person; three or four dozen hatchets; enormous heaps of stones, and slings enough to send them flying. There were, besides, a collection of sticks and clubs of various kinds and sizes, well-seasoned and formidable. The garrison consisted of 200 men who resembled ourang-outangs more than human beings; and foremost among them figured the general of this army, the governor of the place, the Alcalde of Lapeza, — Manuel Atienza, — to whom be eternal glory!

This highest functionary of the village was a man between 45 and 50, tall as a cypress tree, knotty as an ash, and strong as an oak. His occupation as charcoal burner had blackened and grimed him to such an extent that he appeared as if made of coal. His nails were like flint, his teeth like mahogany, his hands bronze, his mass of hair like uncombed flax, and in color and quantity like the mane of a lion. The breast, which was visible from shoulder to shoulder and from neck to waist under his open shirt, was covered with a skin like horsehide, hardened and tanned by the fierce fires he tended; and the bristling hairs that covered it, as well as his bushy eyebrows, were grizzled as if singed. He had passed his life in the midst of fire, — like a soul in purgatory.

As for Manuel Atienza's eyes, — one could not deny that they saw, but no one could say that they ever looked at anything. His Honor's want of education, his prudence, and the shrewdness which years had developed, all counselled him never

The Siege of Lapeza.

to fix his eyes on a questioner; so that the latter might not read his thoughts, or find evidence of his intelligence. If, by chance, his glance rested for an instant on any one, it was in a manner so vague and wandering, that it appeared as if the man must have two other eyes concealed behind his ears, for purposes of sight. He had the mouth of a bull-dog; the forehead receded under his tousled mane; his face shone like polished leather; and his voice, abrupt as a pistol shot, had in it tones sharp and resonant as the stroke of an axe upon a tree trunk.

He wore the dress in common use among the richer people of the country-side; rough sandals of ox-hide, heavy woollen stockings, short breeches of thick, dark homespun, a jacket of the same, a vest of blue satin shot with yellow threads, a leathern girdle in place of a sash, and an immense sombrero, — under whose plush-bordered brim his authority peacefully reposed. The only other visible sign of this authority was the rod of office, which was hung by a cord around his neck; and with its two black tassels, as big as oranges, announced to all that this was a man in power.

Such was the Alcalde of Lapeza, and his subordinates in office were like him. The description can be verified to-day. The inhabitants have neither gone backward nor forward. In the midst of the nineteenth century, they still preserve many of the customs and peculiarities of northern Africa.

III.

The fortifications were finished, and the weapons distributed. Atienza commanded Jacinto, the old constable, to get the drum, which

had served for a generation to marshal processions, flourish at bull-fights, and announce proclamations. Jacinto — who died only in 1859 — beat lustily the call to arms.

"Form ranks!" shouted the Syndic, a veteran in military tactics, who had served under Don Carlos as sergeant of a company of infantry. The 200 recruits took up arms, and formed in martial array before the Town Hall. Atienza seized an old sabre, narrow in the blade and thick in the hilt; took in his left hand the staff of office, as if it were the baton of a marshal of France; and, followed by his brilliant staff, composed of the town crier, the bailiff, and the constable, proudly passed in review his formidable army, which presented arms — when it had them — and tossed hats and caps into the air, when it had nothing else. "Long live our Alcalde!" roared the future heroes. To which the Alcalde gruffly replied: —

"To the devil with your Alcalde!

Return of the French Army to Guadix.

Shout 'Long live the good God,' if you please. Hurrah for Lapeza! Hurrah for the Independence of Spain!"

And having thus changed the warlike salute to his liking, his Honor ordered Jacinto to beat the reveille twice over; called the town-crier to his side, and through his mouth, as he repeated the words of the chief one by one, pronounced his manifesto to the troops, as follows: —

"We have found out by old Uncle Piorno that the enemies of our country are coming to-day to Lapeza,

to conquer us and to rob us of our goods; and we, with the blessing of our priest, and the help of our holy Patron the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, are come to defend ourselves like good Spaniards, and to show the city of Guadix that if she has yielded to the French, we, her neighbors, know how to die as our neighbors of Madrid did, or to conquer as our brothers of Bailen conquered two years ago. And in virtue of his office, the Alcalde declares to his people, that the man who does not die to-day defending his home, will Hurrah for the good God! Hurrah for the Blessed Virgin! Hurrah for Spain! and death to the French! Death to General Godinot! Death to all traitors!"

This mixture of official proclamation and martial law produced the wildest enthusiasm among its hearers. As the shouts died away, Manuel Atienza made a cross with his fingers, and kissed them as his sign and seal. The Bailiff certified by a movement of the head; the Town Crier complimented the Alcalde on his impromptu speech; Jacinto re-

"I Am Lapeza."

be declared a false Spaniard, a traitor to his country, and will be put to death as he ought to be, fastened to a tree in the mountains and left starve. And as his Honor does not know how to write, he seals his order with the cross as usual, which means: doubled his rataplan upon the drum; and amid vivas, hurrahs, and singing of patriotic hymns, the crowd marched on to the opening of a great tragedy.

"Every man to his post!" thundered the Syndic, as they arrived at

the barricade, and some climbed to the top of the wooden fortress; others, furnished with flint and tinder, steadied and aimed the cannon; the most dexterous in using the sling crept down behind the Moorish wall by the high road; musketeers and sharpshooters hurried by cross cuts farther on the way towards Guadix; and the Alcalde stationed himself at a point that dominated the whole, with Jacinto by his side to signal, by a roll on the drum, the order to fire. In the midst of all, the good priest once more blessed and gave absolution to his brave parishioners; and then fell back, with the sacristan, the grave-digger, and the sexton, to prepare bandages for the wounded, and the holy oils for the dying. The women flocked into the little church to pray; the children having been sent before to the highest fastnesses of the Sierras, so that they might run no risk of hurt, and in their turn be ready in after years to serve their country, and drive away the invader.

IV.

It was three in the afternoon when a cloud of dust on the horizon announced the approach of the enemy. Soon a few scattered shots, from the more distant scouts, made the fact of their advance certain. The Lapezanos bounded in their places with excitement; and the Alcalde ordered four or five flags made of black handkerchiefs to be hung above the "Fortress" and along the Moorish wall. The old bell in the church tower sounded an alarm; men began to shout and boys to hiss; a few stones were flung into the air; and the firing of the advanced sentinels came faster and nearer. A moment after, some few of these came hurrying in, reloading their guns as they ran; and soon the foremost line of helmets, bayonets, and cuirasses, came in sight.

"How many do they number?" demanded Atienza of the first comers.

"Two hundred," was the answer.

"Then our forces are equal!" exclaimed the Alcalde; without considering the difference between common peasants, untrained and almost unarmed, and the same number of regular troops, well seasoned to warfare and perfectly accoutred.

"But there are horsemen among them," cried a breathless runner.

"I repeat, we are equal!" retorted Atienza proudly. "Now, Jacinto, the drum! For Spain and at them! Hurrah for the Blessed Virgin!" Jacinto gave the signal furiously, and a sudden cloud of stones and bullets, falling upon the approaching Frenchmen, obliged them to halt in some confusion. A moment after there was an answering volley, and five of the villagers fell.

"Stop firing!" shouted the Alcalde. "They are too far off, and we have no powder to spare! Let them get nearer. Remember! the cannon is to be left for the last! Don't touch it until you see me give the signal with my hat! Watch their movements, and take care of the wounded!"

"They are coming on again!"

"No matter! Keep quiet!"

"They are taking aim!"

"Every one down on the ground — flat!"

A second discharge spent itself in the crevices and knots of the barricade, and the French advanced until they were within twenty paces of its base. There the infantry divided, allowing the cavalry to pass through the centre.

"Fire!" roared Atienza, in a terrible voice, flinging his sombrero into the air, and plunging into the thickest of the fray. Then came a moment of indescribable horror. Both French and Spanish fell, strewing the ground with slain. The dragoons spurred their horses to the front, hoping to force the barrier with their furious momentum; hundred of stones and balls fell alike on horse and rider; the fiery animals reared and plunged; and in the midst of this infernal confusion the tremendous cannon belched forth, strewing the ground with the dead bodies of besieged and besieger. For it had burst in firing; and the oaken sides, blown into splinters, vomited their deadly contents in every direction. Before, behind, at both sides, fragments of timber and metal filled the air. The explosion of so much powder had set fire to the tree trunks on which the cannon was raised, and the burning masses fell alike upon friend and foe. It was a chaos of smoke, of flame, of dust, of groans, of shrieks, of blood; of mutilated bodies, whose members flew into the air among other débris; of wounded horses who fled, neighing shrilly; of furious blows rained alike on comrade and enemy, by the Lapezanos who were yet uninjured; of volleys that flew above, below, around, as if it were indeed the end of the world!

And amid this tempest, in this hell, could be heard at last the French bugles sounding the retreat, and the drum of the villagers still beating the alarm; while the voice of the gigantic charcoal burner, the indomitable Alcalde, the undaunted Atienza, rose high above the infernal din, shouting hoarsely: —

"Hard at them, boys! Don't leave a man alive! There are only a few left now!"

And it was true; but it was, alas! true as well of his own people. The oaken cannon had made even more destruction among them than among the French. But as the latter did not know what means of further defence was still left those devils; as they were ignorant also of their numbers; and as they were panic stricken by the tremendous suddenness of attack, they were only anxious to save themselves at any cost. Scattered in disorder — horsemen and foot hurtling against each other — they beat a retreat that was soon a panic, heightened by the pursuit of the villagers, who had three leagues of well-known road before them, covered with stones to supply their slings as they ran. The musketeers, who had a few rounds of ammunition left, joined their comrades in harrowing the enemy. Bruised, broken, blackened with powder, covered with dust, sweat, and blood, and leaving a hundred dead on the road behind them, the conquerors of Egypt, Italy, and Germany staggered into Guadix after eight o'clock at night, — conquered in their turn, by an inferior force of Spanish charcoal burners and shepherds.

V.

The bloody drama we have described demanded an awful epilogue. The anger and surprise of General Godinot knew no bounds. "I will not leave one stone upon another!" he swore. And four days after, there set out in the direction of the little village, an army of 2,400 men, commanded by a general of division, carrying such quantities of ammunition and supplies, that it appeared as if they were about to lay siege to a fortress. They arrived before Lapeza at nine in the morning. They met no one on the road; neither shot nor shell greeted them. All was silence

and solitude about the hamlet. The barricade of tree trunks had not been repaired; the church bell gave no warning of their coming. Thus the angry warriors made their entrance. Like a prophecy of what was to happen on the Russian steppes, Lapeza was deserted,— just as Moscow was to be when the great Napoleon penetrated to it.

The wolves, tired of slaughter, had flown to hide themselves in the mountains. Only a few poor women who had ventured back to look for food, or watch over their deserted cabins, were found in a corner of the church, whither they had fled, vainly hoping that the sanctuary would be respected. But alas! what happens when evil fortune offers to brutal men avenging an insult, innocence to soil, virtue to cover with shame and indignity? We must turn away from an infamy too often repeated by these conquerors of Europe, during their odious domination in Spain. Curses upon those who thus stain victory with crime!

The work of spoliation was accomplished. Proud and self-satisfied, the army turned again towards Guadix, bearing with them as sole trophy an old man, sick and decrepit, whom they had found in an isolated hovel, and a timid boy who had remained to care for him. But news of what had happened was not long in reaching the villagers in their hiding place. Like mountain torrents, the infuriated fathers, husbands, and lovers hurled themselves on the troops below. An awful struggle ensued; the villagers "leaping to kill," — as the chronicle graphically expresses it, — the 2,400 Frenchmen.

The fierce combat once renewed, the Lapezanos began to fall back gradually, still fighting, drawing their enemies after them according to the tactics of the Moors, in order to entice them into the mountain defiles. The soldiers were careless enough to fall into the trap; and although with superior arms and numbers they annihilated the little band in the end, every life laid down by the mountaineers cost ten of their own. Narrow ledges, steep precipices, dark gorges, were strewn with French corpses. It was one of the unnoted losses experienced in Spain by the Napoleonic forces,— losses not mentioned in the bulletins of the grand army,— but which reached at the end of the war for independence, a total of half a million imperial soldiers dead or lost on our peninsula.

Now to conclude. Atienza, the intrepid charcoal-burner, who fought two battles in four days with the troops of Bonaparte, found himself at last alone, at the foot of the highest mountain peak, surrounded by his enemies; corraled, lost, one last cartridge remaining, and carrying in his belt still his staff of office, — his head split open from a thrust received in the first day's struggle, recently wounded in the chest, and answering the demand to surrender with savage laughter whose echoes rang through the wild precipices of the desolate Sierra! Innumerable balls whistled around him, but he dodged them all; springing from side to side, doubling and twisting, agile, swift, sudden, moving incessantly like a tiger, bounding, leaping, dashing in every direction, — as terrible in defence as in attack.

At last his final charge was sped, aimed in a circle as if he would sow the entire mountain side with balls. Another shot struck him in the body, wrenching from him a frightful groan. He knew now that he must die. With grim scorn for its uselessness, he flung away the gun; drew from

his belt the rod of office, and turned toward the colonel, who in halting Spanish had called on him to surrender.

"I will not give up!" he cried. "I am Lapeza, which dies before it lets itself be taken!" And breaking the staff with his mighty hands, he flung the pieces in the face of the advancing Frenchman. Then flinging himself backward over the edge of the precipice, he fell upon the sharp rocks of the abyss below, where his bones rattled like a tocsin beating to shining deeds. His body never fell into the hands of his enemies.

VI.

And now Lapeza belonged indeed to the French. General Godinot received the sinister account from the mouth of the commanding officer.

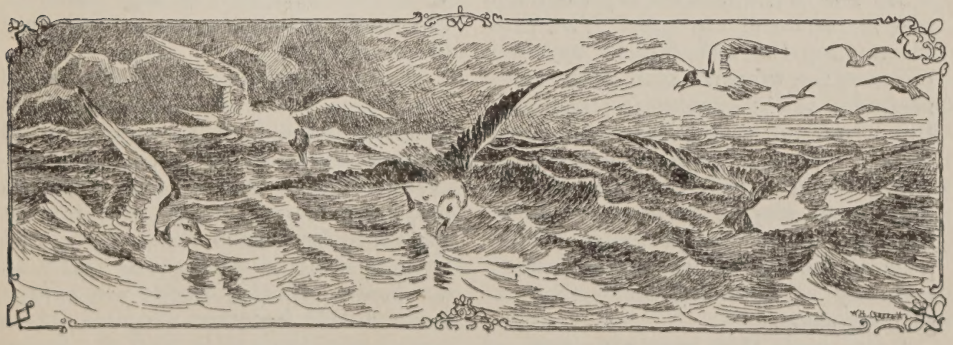
"How many prisoners have you taken?" he demanded. "Let them all be hung as a warning to similar rascals!"

"We have but two — an old man and a boy. There was no one else left in the village."

Even Godinot himself could not but admire the splendid, Spartan courage of those poor mountaineers. Nevertheless he insisted that the two prisoners should go to the gallows. My grandfather often told me the details of that execution. But here we will only narrate its outlines. It was so savage that the pen almost refuses to transcribe it. They fastened a rope around the neck of the boy, and strung him up from a balcony of the Town Hall in the public square. The rope snapped, being old, and the child fell to the pavement. They knotted the broken cord, hauled the poor creature up again, and again it gave way. The boy fell this time without power of motion. He was not yet dead. An officer of dragoons — moved to pity, and afraid that for a third time they might make the attempt — came close, and shot him with a pistol from his holster.

The ferocity of the victors was satiated for that day at least. They pardoned the sick old man, who had witnessed the scene, bound to a pillar in the square, awaiting his turn. They gave him, then, liberty. The poor creature crawled away, trembling in every limb. He was found that same night, dead, upon the ruins of his hut.

The boy who was murdered in Guadix was his son.



For Women by Women.

Little Helps.

Now that we have reached the stage where woman's many capabilities are adjudged fairly proven, there are few subjects of discussion more generally interesting than the mode of culture advisable for these same newly acknowledged capabilities.

The school-girl of our time is not, as heretofore, an object of interest alone to the immediate family circle, where mother and matronly relatives were wont to sit in judgment upon the various schools and various studies of the day, giving equal consideration to the gentility and suitability of each.

As the future representative of the sex under new conditions, she now interests all; her destiny it is to be eventually the woman of "the wide horizon, the extended scope," and naturally the training for such a future becomes a tangible responsibility of the present.

Already the voice of the pessimist is heard deploring our tendency to over-culture, and predicting reaction as its inevitable outcome. This phase of the question I do not feel competent to discuss; it involves many complications and much looking forward. Naturally I am not of those who deprecate the new ambitions of our age. With careful tending the school-girl's ambition becomes the woman's staff often sadly needed in the after years of pilgrimage. But I have felt that in this atmosphere so highly charged with expectancy and effort, our girls, fully cognizant of their importance, may be led to speculate too much thereon, and neglect the commonplace beginnings of usefulness in their certainty of attaining some time its glorious acme.

I was more than ever convinced of this likelihood while listening recently to the confidences of some young friends, regarding their hopes and aspirations. They were all positive that only the ending of school-days was necessary before starting to prove to an admiring world their fitness to share in the glories of this the Woman's Age, invading possibly "fresh fields and pastures new," and, as one phrased what was probably the first thought of all, "beginning really to help mother."

This phrase particularly drew my attention. Given the advantages of natural brightness and acquired opportunity, one can but wonder why it should be necessary to wait before proffering this, the daughter's help? Would it not be wise to impress our girls with the importance of the "little helps" they now seem likely to ignore while they wait the larger possibilities?

Mothers will appreciate the little things, though many mothers hesitate to demand them, because the effort of demand is tiresome, and nullifies the charm of receiving.

It is, without doubt, a proud day for the mother when she is introduced to the studio, the office, or the literary "den" which a talented daughter calls her "very own," the workshop from which has emanated or may emanate, the handiwork or brain-work admired of many!

Most great results have had small beginnings, however. Therefore, while awaiting the day of triumph with all hope and needful effort, let me suggest, dear girls, that you take your own particular room or nook, as a present substitute for studio or sanctum, and try if by using no more subtle skill than a woman's inborn tidiness, you cannot make mother feel that a commonplace room is something to be glad of. Some-

how, Gladness and Pride are not always synonymous, and of the two, the first is preferable.

Many of us know the girl who, hastening to class or lecture, leaves at home an untidied room, open-lidded boxes, bureau drawers suggestive of compressed earthquake, bookcase doors swinging in imminent risk of demolition, — who litters hall-stand and vestibule with discarded gloves and crumpled memoranda, whose belongings are distributed indiscriminately through every room, regardless of ownership. She, evidently, "waits to help," but is she preparing herself meanwhile for the prospective service?

Many of us know the patient mother who moves along in the track of this household hurricane to remove the débris, rearrange the surroundings, close a box, smoothe a glove, clear stand and table of encumbrances, and make fast the door that endangers the precious volumes it is supposed to guard as well as the physical safety of some junior member of the family.

But! — she sighs a little — thinks a little — feels a good deal of helplessness and an infinite weariness of the frequent demand.

Now, a girl's first ambition should be to lessen this weariness and worriment so often the mother's portion. The "little helps" she can lend, the little hindrances she can avoid, are enormous in the aggregate.

I like to tell young people of a simple rule my mother enforced, the helpfulness of which it took me years to realize: "Never leave a room without noticing whether there is not something there which belongs, or is likely to be needed, in another part of the house, and will eventually have to be carried there."

It is astonishing how rarely you find yourself going from room to room empty handed if you observe this rule, and how many steps you save somebody who needs to have steps saved.

Very simple and commonplace this subject of "little helps" which I have tried to indicate only. Yet it admits of study, and if our girls bring their brightness to bear on it, they will find that it admits, too, of much widening and many variations, not least among its recommendations being this, that, while waiting opportunity to render the larger help there is no need to postpone the satisfaction, sweet if selfish, which springs from the consciousness of being "always helpful."

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

A Corner Consultation.

"SHE isn't dressed, she's harnessed," commented the Critic, as the woman of wealth swept by. "She jingled and clanked with jewelry, and sparkled with jet, and fluttered with fringes and feathers."

"Perhaps she was dressed for an afternoon reception," put in the charitable little woman.

"At 10 o'clock in the morning!" scoffed the Critic. "She was dressed to aggrevate every one else, and make people feel warmer. Why, oh why, will women parade their wealth when the mercury is up in the hundreds?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed the Writer, as her gaze rested gratefully on a trim little figure, flitting by like a summer cloud, all bluish-gray, flecked with delicate touches of shell-pink, amber, and soft wood-brown.

"Isn't that delightful?" approved the Critic, regaining her temper, "and it's just muslin delaine. Did you ever see such a charming combination of fluffiness, demureness, and piquancy? and yet so plain as to launder easily. The best dressmakers are making up printed Swisses, organdies, dimities, delaines, and wash challies, all on that plan, with adjustable lace trimmings, cravats, yokes, bibs, and fichus that wash beautifully."

When the Critic was a school-girl, her worst girl foe had taunted her with "liking to hear herself talk." The Writer knew that she did, so she just kept quiet, and the Critic went on.

"You see I know, for I've been doing the stores. Now, that gown was

just on the right kind of girl to set it off, but put it on the colossal style — "

A tragic gesture completed the sentence.

"You wouldn't want massive people to roast, would you?" asked the charitable one, a little reproachfully.

"They can wear ginghams," announced the oracle, firmly. "Nothing loud in stripes or checks, but neutral grounds in soft grays, indefinite blues and browns, with unobtrusive white trimmings to brighten the general effect without emphasizing the idea of size. And then the black toilet is always fashionable, either unrelieved by touches of color or merely suggesting contrasts in the trimming. Black comes in all the filmy stuffs and lends itself gracefully to any desired effect."

The listeners nodded approval, and the Critic resumed: —

"You see there's everything in knowing just what you can wear. A wide, much-befrilled gown would make you look like an apoplectic bolster;" the charitable one looked a trifle disconcerted and the Writer laughed, but her turn came next.

"Some people," very meaningly, "are just built to hang clothes on. You don't think of the individual so much as of the dress; that impresses you favorably or otherwise according as its make reveals or conceals defects in the wearer's figure. You should never err on the side of severity or scantiness."

The Writer bowed her acknowledgments, and the Critic became more general in her remarks; relatives and the absent are supposed to have no sensitive spots.

"Summing up, I should say that only the lightest materials, most summery effects, and suggestive floral designs, should be seen during the heated term, and these should only be worn with scrupulous regard for suitability and style."

This sentence was ambiguous, but it sounded well, so the Writer let it pass; besides, she hadn't secured all the necessary points, and it wouldn't do to offend the Critic.

"Would you banish tailor-made gowns?" she asked, meekly.

"Not at all. The variable nature of our climate renders necessary a reserve gown for certain days less subject to torrid conditions."

Nobody smiled, so the oracle continued. "The light weight cloths and serges supply this need, and the many modifications permitted by fashion make the tailor-made suit the up-to-date costume for all classes and ages of women. The vest is a valuable accessory; it narrows into a strap on the shoulder and widens out over the bust; it may be made of moire, lace, or satin, and may or may not be caught in front with a buckle; these little deviations from conservative styles prove our superiority over man, who knows no change save from cloth to pique. After all, despite their advantages, men are poor creatures, no originality, and very little adaptibility."

"My dear!" demurred the charitable one, in slightly shocked accents.

"It's true," asserted the Critic, sweepingly; "if it wasn't would they still be wearing that everlasting conventional rig?"

"You wouldn't deck them out in tulle and lace jabots?" expostulated the Writer.

"There's an æsthetic medium that they can't rise to; the aborigines approached it more nearly; of course, their blankets must have been greasy and disagreeable, but they were at least picturesque. However," severely, "we were discussing a more important topic. Shall we resume?"

"By all means," agreed the Writer; "let's talk a little about shirt-waists."

"Which are gradually losing the masculine severity that characterized the early models; this summer's waist is a decidedly feminine affair, and an indispensable part of every woman's wardrobe. They can be made as simple or as complex as the wearer's means and ingenuity will permit, and are equally charming in lawn or summer silks."

"And now the bonnet," suggested the Writer.

"It's a dainty affair," smiled the Critic, and the charitable one sat up a little straighter as if balancing one on her fluffy hair.

"The jet dress bonnet is a lattice work of jet balls, with two jet-frosted black tips nodding piquantly from the top. I saw another model the other day — a toque of antique cream satin embroidered with steel leaves; the brim was a vaporous twist of white tulle secured by steel ornaments, a plume of black feathers held by a steel buckle completed the finish."

The charitable one drew a deep breath of sheer delight, and the practical Writer ventured to ask: —

"Did you see anything that an ordinary individual might dare wear, an every-day structure, warranted to stand a gale or even an occasional deluge?"

"Oh, yes; there's the sailor. By the way, I saw a charming one on an ecru canvas suit crossing the common."

"What a phenomenon," murmured the Writer.

"Of course I spoke figuratively," the Critic deigned to explain, reproof in glance and tone. "Then there's the turban and the ubiquitous walking hat, both being bigger and uglier than ever, but nevertheless imparting an air of chic to certain styles. The leghorn flats twisted into every conceivable shape are in again, and there's a limitless array of neutral shapes fit for all except very dress occasions."

"Flowers?"

"Flowers in abundance," graciously admitted the Critic; "in clusters, in wreaths, and scattered in the wildest disorder, hanging over the brim, clinging to one's hair, or standing up stiffly in the wired pompon effect. Oh, yes! this is a decorative season; those who wish may revel in a choice of apple blossoms, cowslips, roses, forget-me-nots, lilies, trailing arbutus, and hundreds of other floral beauties."

"Anything new in shoes?" queried the Writer.

"Modifications of former styles, I should say, the newest being a kid oxford tie, with blucher front, trimmed with patent leather, creased vamp, heel foxing, narrow pointed toe, and broad lacing edges."

The charitable one looked wistfully at her shabby little shoes, and asked with a brave air of indifference, as if money were no object, "There's something daintier than that, isn't there?"

"Yes, there's the soft kid oxford, seamless, and tipped with patent leather; it's a comfortable, dainty shoe, with medium high heel, almost square toe, and kid-lined; just the shoe for the fashionable woman of quiet taste. Then there's the finest grade kid, with silk gores and narrow calf tip reaching up to the instep line, the whole effect rich and quiet. The colored shoes meet with ready favor; they are exquisitely cut, and lace or button to suit the wearer's fancy.

"Gloves and hose?" begged the writer.

"It's absurd to talk about gloves in this weather," censured the Critic; "the open top silk mitten is by far the most sensible thing that could be worn, but some ultra-fashionable folk persist in swathing their hands to the nail tips in kid or silk gloves. If you have a good income, and can keep up a weekly supply, why invest in them by all means; but give me clean, bare hands in preference to soiled, perspiration-soaked finery. I know several who condemn mittens as bad form, and joyously don gloves that look like stove rags.

"I could give you lots of points on hose, linen, and the 101 other adjuncts that go towards dressing the perfect woman, but must leave the subject for another day."

The Critic drew herself up to her very tall height, patted her blond locks to make sure that the hairpins were all in place, adjusted her walking hat a trifle more firmly, and drew her watch from her belt.

"Parasols?" gasped the Writer, with the deep anxiety of one who sees an opportunity vanishing.

"They are indescribable," confessed

the Critic. "You must just see them; words are powerless when you come to the parasols of 1894."

"Must you go, dear?" asked the charitable one, regretfully. "We've had such a nice time; talked a whole hour, and never ran down any one."

"Thus upsetting the popular theory that when women meet a reputation dies," commented the Critic. "Apropos of theories, I am forming one on the suffrage question, and must go to the library to read the subject up."

"What a nice girl she would be," remarked the Writer, as the Critic turned a corner in the shady walk and disappeared from view, "a lovely girl, if she wasn't so aggressively opinionated."

"What a nice girl she is, opinions and all," amended the charitable one, without reservation, and then moved by the same amusing thought, both women settled back in their chairs and laughed.

Feminine Philosophy.

Women should pray for pride rather than for humility. Pride will help them over most of the rough places of life. The woman who can hold up her head and say "I'm all right," while suffering from a disappointment or humiliation that has hurt her cruelly, is better off than the one who cries and asks your sympathy, and she will find more people to help her along also.

There can never be any happiness with a narrow mind. Its possessor may think his state of negative content happiness, but only because he has not the power of knowing the real thing when he sees it.

Realizing what wrecks some women make of the men who love them, shows what marvellous things could be done by a beautiful woman, whose soul was as superb as her face, should she consecrate the power she knows she has to leading the men she attracts in the right direction.

One of the greatest mistakes we can make is to despise things we see around us because they are not what we have been accustomed to. There may be a better reason for it than for our way, which probably appears just as odd and ridiculous to others.

There is no such thing in life as a trifle; every event and action, however unimportant, seemingly, has a root below and a branch above, which twist and turn into some other root and branch, making part of the great substance on and in which we live. Its presence and absence both affect the entire mass of which it forms a part.

We hurt ourselves with the words others say to us. If we allowed them to fall to the ground there would be no harm done, but we rub them on the sore spots of our souls with our own hands.

If a woman is just she may be forgiven many faults.

We would blame one another less for what is done if we only knew what is resisted. How many times it may be that an act which we condemn is done after years of heroic resistance which we are scarcely worthy to praise, and which being secret could have none of that recognition which helps and sustains.

Those women who willingly open to spectators the closed door that guards the inner sanctity of their married life, not only profane it, but vulgarize themselves as if they had exposed their persons unclothed.

The woman who asks for outside sympathy in her married troubles, puts herself beyond its pale.

It is impossible to over-estimate the strength that comes from endurance. Accustom yourself to bear, to bear cheerfully, and it will soon become a matter of course. I know a woman who expected happiness, and in its stead

found day after day a new trial, a new disappointment. She bore them with a smile because she was proud. She endured, so that no one should know she had anything to endure, till endurance became second nature, and so easy that she carried her load with one hand and had the other free to help one whose burden was crushing.

There is a lot of vanity and selfishness in the best of women. Ask one of them how she likes to hear that a man she has refused is going to marry another girl.

It is not always humility to have very black views of ourselves. It may be indigestion.

There are no such things as opposing duties. If your duty lies here, that which calls you there is not duty. The great need is light to see which pointing hand is that of God.

JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

The Cooking Contest.

PILLAU, an appetizing Southern dish, has won the prize. This decision is the result of much thought, and careful study of the merits of each dish submitted.

Where excellence is the rule, it is difficult to say which is best; opinions vary according to individual taste, and, local traditions; for instance, the Boston man favored awarding the prize to baked beans, but was voted down by the majority unwilling to give the contest a local flavor.

Our request for favorite family receipts met with such a generous response that the closing of the Contest was delayed long after the time first stated. Every state in the union, from Maine to California, contributed a part, and our readers beyond the border promptly proved that Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island are made happy by the possession of many notable cooks. In this age, when cooking is no longer considered drudgery, but has reached the dignity of a science, a woman may well be as proud of her skill in the culinary department as of the college degree testifying to her other attainments.

Many contributors have not received full credit for their generosity in submitting more than one receipt. To do justice to all it was necessary to print only one, or at the most two, from each home-maker, and in some cases, where several sent in the same family favorite, the first one received was given the preference. This explanation is made for the benefit of those whose contributions have not appeared in print; as will readily be seen the omission was unavoidable.

Our sincere thanks are due to all who have helped to make our first culinary contest so decided a success. Though all cannot be prize-winners, each one has the pleasure of knowing that she has aided some other woman in making her home happy and attractive.

We wish to make this department a source of inspiration for the weary and disheartened, as well as the successful, happy home-maker, a place where they can find a solution of many a home difficulty, timely suggestion, friendly hints, and cheery words of encouragement.

That we are gradually approaching this ideal is proven by the many grateful letters testifying to the help received from the perusal of our columns. To know that we are of use is the highest meed of praise, and we shall not rest content until this department has attained the proportions and relative importance of a home-maker's parliament, with representatives in all parts of the civilized world.

Will the successful contestant (Fanny Barrows) send her full name and address?

NO. 43. ROAST TURKEY.

Have the turkey nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry, and well singed. Make a dressing of the following ingredients: One pound of light bread crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of finely mixed onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg, and enough cold water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour

Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in the pan a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated, not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be well done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate, with a larding mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop, and dredge again with the flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging, and turning will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over; and when a fork is stuck deep into it, no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish; and if the gravy is not thick enough, add a teaspoonful of flour, creamed smooth with some of the gravy from the pan. If, while cooking, the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy in the pan. While the turkey is cooking, put the heart, liver, gizzard and neck, after being well washed and cleaned, into a quart of water. Put them on to boil, and then let them simmer slowly until the turkey is done. Season with pepper, salt, and thicken with one large tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in a little water; the liver chopped very fine, and put in after the gravy has been strained; and served up in a gravy boat, with the turkey.

Cranberry Sauce. — Two cups of sugar, two cups of water, one quart of cranberries. Wash the cranberries in cold water; put them on to boil with the two cups of water until tender. Add the two cups of sugar, and let boil about ten minutes. Strain if you like, or not. This will jelly.

Cost. — For a turkey of ten pounds, $1.80, varying according to location; cranberries and sugar, 14 cents. Total, $1.94.

MRS. ANNIE H. PERKINS.

34 Second street, Bangor, Me.

No. 44. COLUMBIAN LEMON PIE.

If you want a practical recipe for a pie, easy to make, delicious to taste, and cheap to buy, take this: —

Filling. — The grated rind and the juice of two lemons, a cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, a pint and a half of milk; beat well together, adding the milk last.

Crust. — Two cups of flour, one-half cup of lard, a pinch of salt. Mix with cold water. Roll out thin. Line two deep pie plates. Pour in the filling. Bake slowly till firm.

Meringue. — Beat up the whites of the three eggs till stiff; add seven tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread this meringue over the pie, which is to be then replaced in the oven until the top is a delicate brown.

This recipe is for two pies that would make your mouth water to look at. The cost is 25 cents.

MRS. ROSE M. REILLY.

Hanoverville, Md.

No. 45. SUGAR COOKIES.

One egg, one-half cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, a small teaspoon of soda. Put the above articles together by stirring butter and sugar, then add the rest. Dissolve soda in a tablespoon of hot water; stir in all the flour possible, with a spoon; then take out part of the "dough" on mixing-board and work until smooth; roll out evenly, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and pass the rolling-pin lightly, so to roll sugar in dough. Cut out, and bake in a quick oven. One-half cup of sugar will be required for the purpose of sprinkling on top, but it is a great improvement. This makes three dozen cookies; entire cost would be 15 cents.

MARY MCGRAIL.

Groton, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

No. 46. BREAD.

First set a small sponge of two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half yeast cake, and enough water to thicken. Set in a warm place to rise, four hours before using. Boil six large potatoes; peel and mash well; put in three quarts of sifted flour, a tablespoonful of salt, and lastly, the sponge. Knead well together twenty minutes; cover, and put it in a warm place to rise over night. Take out of the pan in the morning; knead well on a board, and put in separate pans to rise, thirty minutes. Put in the oven to bake slowly, about two hours.

JESSIE CLAYTON.

2 Swaine street, Halifax, N. S.

No. 47. CREAM PUFFS.

One-half pint of boiling water, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one and three-fourths of a cup of flour; mix all together. Take from the stove, add five eggs and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda; beat until smooth. Bake in muffin tins.

Cream for Filling. — Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour (or half a cup of cornstarch), and one cup of sugar. Put two-thirds of a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler. In a third of a pint of milk stir the sugar, flour, and beaten eggs. As soon as the milk looks like boiling pour in the mixture, add a teaspoon of butter, and stir briskly for three minutes until it thickens. When cool, flavor with lemon or vanilla.

LEMON PIE.

The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs; mix all together, then add one cup of milk which has been previously scalded, with one teaspoonful of cornstarch, and let cool; then add the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, and a little piece of butter. Bake in a shallow pan lined with paste.

NELLIE SMITH.

Old Town, Maine.

No. 48. SPICED NUTS.

One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda added to molasses, one egg, one-third of a cup of melted butter, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, and a little salt. Mix these together and add molasses and soda. Then add one-half cup of sugar, two cups of flour; mix all, take out on kneading board, and cut pieces size of a walnut; roll in sugar, and put in tins one inch apart, and bake in a quick oven.

KATIE MOYNIHAN.

99 State street, Newburyport, Mass.

No. 49. BEAN SOUP.

One pint of beans, three slices of good-sized turnip, chopped fine; two medium-sized onions, cut up very small; one carrot, chopped very fine. Put beans in two quarts of water; let them boil two hours, then add carrot, turnip, and onions. Boil all together one more hour, then add one ounce of butter, tablespoonful of salt, teaspoonful of pepper, and serve. This is delicious for the lenten season, fast days, and Fridays. The cost is about twelve cents; it will serve six.

MARY MCCARTHY.

247 Charlotte street, St. John, N. B.

No. 50. APPLE PUDDING.

Pare and slice apples enough to fill a dish holding one quart; add a small cup of sugar, half cup of water, and a little grated nutmeg. Set in the oven until the apples begin to cook. Have ready a batter made of one cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, a spoonful of butter, a little salt, a spoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. When the apples have commenced to cook, spread the batter on top, and let it cook for half an hour in a moderate oven, until a nice brown. Serve hot, with cream, or hard sauce.

This is a very nice and inexpensive pudding, and is a great favorite in our family, and costs about ten or twelve cents. Hard sauce is made by creaming a large tablespoonful of butter and a small cup of powdered sugar.

KATIE BYRNE.

12 Gill street, New Haven, Conn.

No. 51. CODFISH BALLS.

Pare and slice one quart of potatoes; put them in a kettle with water enough to cover them. When they commence to boil, add one pint of codfish, cut in small pieces, and let all boil together for half an hour, or until the potatoes are very tender. When done pour off all the water, and add a generous lump of butter and a little pepper. Mash well, then add a well beaten egg, and whip all up very lightly with a spoon. Form into croquette shape, and drop into a pot of boiling fat. When brown on one side turn and brown the other. Serve hot. This dish, if properly prepared, will be found very delicious and free from grease. The cost is small; about 14 cents. Potatoes, 3 cents; fish, 8 cents; one egg, 2 cents; butter, 1 cent; 14 cents.

JANE BYRNE.

140 Edward street, New Haven, Conn.

No. 52. TOMATO SOUP.

Put a canful of tomatoes in the stew-kettle; boil slowly for four minutes, then strain through a sieve; add nearly a quart of warmed milk, a little salt, butter, and pepper; put all together and set it over the fire; boil slowly three or four minutes; then add about two tablespoons of cracker rolled fine. Serve. It is very nice, and will serve eight persons. Cost.—Can of tomatoes, 15 cents; quart of milk, 5 cents; salt, butter, crackers, 5 cents. Entire cost, 25 cents.

MARY KELLY.

Huchinson, Kan.

No. 53. JOHNNIE CAKE.

Two coffee cups of Indian meal, two cups of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of sugar; one egg well beaten; one-half even teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of good molasses, one teaspoon of baking powder; one scant teaspoon of soda. Mix all the ingredients, and beat well with an egg-beater; add the soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water, and baking powder the last thing, just before putting in the oven. Bake in flat pan, twenty-five or thirty minutes. Have the oven hot. For measuring, use the same cup. Cost.—Meal, 1½ cents; 1 egg, 1½ cents; milk, 2½ cents; butter, 1½ cents; molasses, baking powder and soda, about 1 cent. Total, 8 cents.

M. EPPY.

1409 North Jefferson street, Peoria, Ill.

No. 54. POT PIE.

For a family of five use two pounds of flank of beef, cut in pieces three inches square, boiled slowly one hour and a half. Take from fire; have ready one good-sized onion, sliced fine; nine potatoes, as near of size as possible; three slices of pork, fat and lean mixed preferred. A pastry made from one quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of a small teacup, water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out two sheets of dough about one-half inch thick, cut in pieces about three inches square. Have pepper and salt at hand. Use porcelain-lined kettle. First put in pork, then a layer of potatoes, a little of the onion, a layer of pastry, a layer of beef, onion, potatoes, pastry, until all have been added, with a shake of pepper and salt between. Roll out the remainder of the pastry round, spread over the top, press the edges down closely; cover with boiling water (use the water you boiled beef in, carefully strained), cover at once. Cook on top of stove until potatoes are cooked, then remove cover. Place in moderate oven fifteen minutes. Care must be taken not to use too much salt, on account of salt in pork. This is my favorite dinner dish, with a dessert of cranberry pie. The cost of the entire production, not including pie, would be about thirty-five cents.

MRS. C. H. LYNN.

Great Works, Me.

No. 55. LAMB STEW.

A nice piece of loin of lamb. Boil on a slow fire; then add vegetables to taste, such as parsnip, carrots, onions, turnips, parsley, and celery, salt, with a few well-cooked dumplings. When about to take from the fire add a little flour to thicken.

ELIZABETH DALY.

646 Third street, South Boston, Mass.

No. 56. LAMB STEW.

Forequarter of lamb, weighing about seven pounds. Boil four hours; put in onions, parsnip, carrots, or any other suitable vegetables. Thicken with flour. For dumplings, mix two cups of flour, one egg, cup of sour milk, pinch of salt, one-fourth cup of saleratus. Drop from large spoon into stew, which must be boiling. A delicious dish. Cost, 52 cents.

MRS. THOMAS KILDUFF.

5 Elwood street, Roxbury.

A Great Secret

underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

HOW FAIR!

"How fair she grows from day to day,"
Her life an ever-smiling May!
Her beaming eye and blooming cheek
Sweet health and happiness bespeak.
And yet not always thus she grew,
Nor health and beauty always knew;
For once her cheeks were covered o'er
With "horrid pimples" by the score,
Which marred her face and made her sad;
And all because her blood was bad.
The means of cure she sought with care,—
At last of Doctor J. C. Ayer,
Of Lowell, heard, a chemist skilled,
He who from healing roots distilled
An EXTRACT, potent to replace
The bloom of youth upon her face,
And make her blood as pure again
As when a merry child of ten.
"I'll see!" she said, and off she hied,
A bottle bought, and quickly tried.
SARSAPARILLA was the name
By which this Extract gained its fame.
"O happy day," she cried; for, lo!
The pimples soon began to go;
And now, the fairest of the fair,
She lives to bless the name of AYER!

THE SELF-PLAYING SYMPHONY, manufactured by the Wilcox and White Organ Co. of Meriden, Conn., looks like a piano. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement it will automatically produce the most difficult, or the most simple, music. It can also be played upon just the same as an ordinary organ, or, the automatic action will go on at the same time an accompaniment is being played upon the keys.

There is practically no limit to the number or variety of pieces to be played, and the music costs little, if any, more than the same thing in sheet form.

Musicians marvel at the delicacy of tone and the sympathy of shading. The time and expression are wholly in the control of the operator, who need have had no previous musical training.

There is a world of enjoyment in a Symphony. It is never tired—always ready and produces the most beautiful orchestral effects. It has been made for over six years and is no experiment.

Hope of Our Homes.

Tell Me, Birdie.

BY SYBIL BRADLEY.

O TELL me, Birdie — tell me true —
(You don't love me, but I love you)
Where is your home? Where is your nest?
When worn with flight where do you rest?

Is it in yonder clambr'ing vine
That round our porch its stems entwine?
Or hid is it in deep high grass
Which bends and sways as zephyrs pass?

Would I hurt you? Oh, no! not I.
Come, tell me, Birdie — why so shy?
I lift my hand tho' ne'er so light
You plume your wings and take your flight.

I've seen your nest — been there to-day —
Peer'd in it once — then came away;
Safe left your birdlings —safe — 'tis true,
You don't love me but I love you.

The Dance of the Ghosts.

PROCURE a water glass, an ordinary tray, and a sheet of common writing paper somewhat smaller than the tray. The glass must have all the moisture removed from it by exposing it to considerable heat; then place it upside down on a table, and on it place the tray.

Now, either by ironing with a very hot iron or by holding over a lamp chimney, heat the paper until it begins to redden, and then for a time brush it briskly with a clothes brush. The treatment will charge the paper with a considerable amount of electricity; so much, in fact, that if it was held over the head, especially that of a light-haired person, the hair will at once be observed to rise, and there will be a decided "prickling" sensation. This sheet will also have sufficient attraction to draw out such objects as light downy feathers, small bits of paper, or even tiny figures cut from pith.

If the paper be placed on the tray upon the glass, before any of its electrical energy has been drawn from it, the whole will constitute a surprisingly powerful little electrical machine. On darkening the room the application of the knuckles to the edge of the tray will result in a succession of remarkably brilliant sparks, which will be a surprise to every one. Their brilliancy and continuation will depend on the absolute dryness of the glass and the energy with which the paper has been heated and brushed.

A surprising little display of this paper electricity may be made by presenting "the dance of the ghosts."

Cut small oblongs of green tissue paper and bend to the shape of grassy grave mounds. Beneath these, out of sight, place tiny human figures cut from the pith of the cornstalk or elder; the head, body, and limbs may be separate pieces, run together by fine thread. If these figures are rubbed with phosphorous the effect will be more startling. Lastly place a well electrified sheet of stiff paper on a piece of glass, fastening it in place with two bits of sealing wax.

When all is ready, turn down the light very low. A dim moonlight effect may be produced by having a screen of pale blue tissue paper ready to place between the light and the "graves."

Then cause the piece of glass, papered side down, to hover over the miniature graveyard, when, presto! the graves will fly up flat against the glass, so as to disappear, and the pith ghosts, in their luminous phosphorescent livery, will first sit up, then stand, swaying to and fro in a weird dance, and finally, perhaps, follow their graves up to the glass sky above them. A little ingenuity will produce a most startling effect with this simple outfit.

A Self-Peeling Banana.

MUCH interest can be excited round the family table by the following simple

trick: Challenge everybody to peel a banana without touching it. Naturally, they will consider such a feat impossible, and you will then proceed to show them how easy it is. Procure a bottle with a neck about the thickness of a banana, and drop into it some alcoholic spirit. Set the spirit alight, and, while it is burning, place in the neck of the bottle the smaller end of the banana, on which you have secretly made four longitudinal incisions.

To the utter amazement of the company, the banana will gradually disappear into the bottle, shedding its skin as the invisible force drags it down. The trick is performed by purely natural means. The fire in the bottle produces a partial vacuum, and the outside atmosphere presses the fruit into empty space.

Home of the Field Mouse.

THERE is one little mouse who doesn't live behind the pantry door or in a dark corner of the kitchen. He has the whole wide world for a home, and the tops of wheat straw is the spot he usually selects to build his house.

This house of the field mouse is a dainty ball woven of grasses and made soft inside. The inside is filled with lots of tiny baby mice. There is one small hole where the little master contrives to get in and out, and the whole establishment is fastened firmly among the heads of a few wheat straws — a pleasant, airy home for these mites in the summer.

These pretty creatures don't look like the little brown mice which live in our houses. They have a reddish back and a soft, white breast. And they have a very, very long, curly tail, which helps them in climbing around among the wheat quite as much as one of their legs.

Perhaps the farmer does not think this little mouse so pretty, for it eats the farmer's wheat, and although a meal for such a small creature takes very little food, still, when the mouse families are numerous, the farmer discovers that many littles make a good deal, and that his wheat crop is the smaller for the number of these little red atoms that live among it.

In the fall, when the wheat is all harvested and the angry farmer has killed as many of these rogues as he can get hold of, there are still many left. What does Mr. Harvest Mouse do then? Well, he and his grown-up children dig a snug little house under the ground. It is a spacious mansion for the little fellows. It has one large parlor, with long passages leading to it, and cosey little corners all about, where the entire family can go to sleep in warm beds of the hay or straw which they have stolen from the long-suffering farmer. There they lie with their eyes shut tight, until the warm sun shines again and the spring comes around. And on some balmy, sunshiny day, pretty soon now, we can fancy Mr. Harvest Mouse taking a peep out of his front door and squeaking to his pretty little wife: —

"My dear, just open your eyes and look out! It seems to me that old Mr. Brown is over in that field ploughing. It is such a short distance; let us hope he is going to plant wheat."

Bright Readers.

THE geographical puzzle was correctly and promptly solved by: Roberta Lyon, Thriver, Carroll county, Md.; Clara Fahey, Concord; Maggie Simpson, Bath; Grace Leary, Plattsburg; Rosalie Dodd, Chicago; Edmund Dwyer, Easthampton, Mass.; Dennis Tobin, Jr., Portland, Me.; James O'Hara, Peru, Ind.; Florence Carroll, Freeport, Ill.; Mary Alice O'Donnell, Woburn; Annie G. O'Donnell, Woburn; Mary Finn, Roxbury; Mary Lynch, Iroquois, South Dakota; Brendon Halvey, Philadelphia; Katie Hogan, Cambridge; Mary Molloy, Bridgeport; James Connors, Roxbury; Charles Roberts, South Boston; Dennis Sullivan, Dakota; Bernard Sweeny, Calais, Me.; Fred Dunphy, Providence; Annie Hanlon, Fairville; Kittie Reardon, Bristol; Alice Toomey, Reading.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SYMBOLISM; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. By John A. Mœhler, D. D. Translated from the German by James Burton Robertson. (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.) Mœhler's symbolism was first published in 1832, and in six years five editions were exhausted. It is the scientific exposition of the doctrinal differences among the various religious parties opposed to each other in consequence of the ecclesiastical revolution of the sixteenth century, as these doctrinal differences are evidenced by the public confessions or symbolical books of those parties. The author in his preface says: —

"If the very notion of scientific culture makes it the duty of the theologian to enter with the utmost possible precision and depth into the nature of the differences that divide religious parties; if it imperiously requires him to set himself in a condition to render account of, and assign the grounds for, the doctrinal peculiarities of the different communions,— so regard for his own personal dignity and satisfaction of mind presses the matter on him, nay, on every well-instructed Christian, with a still more imperious claim. For, what is less consistent with our self-respect than to neglect instituting the most careful and accurate inquiry into the grounds and foundation of our own religious belief, and convincing ourselves whether and how far, we stand on a firm footing, or whether we have not placed ourselves on some treacherous covering that conceals beneath it an enormous abyss."

It is a remarkable volume. It contains a clear, calm, unprejudiced exposition of the Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinistic, and Zwinglian formularies, and of those of the smaller Protestant sects. The passages quoted are given at full length in the notes. There is nothing timid, compromising, or apologetic in this book, and although Dr. Mœhler was a devout Catholic, he never once descends to abuse or bitterness. He realizes that there is no more powerful weapon against error than the simple truth. Such a tone of fairness dominates his essays that even the New York Independent has noticed and commended it. The following review of this work appeared recently in the Liverpool Catholic Times. It is so full of suggestion that we give it in its entirety: —

When the German theologian, who was no less candid than temperate in his dealing with controversy, put forward his collection of the creeds, formularies, and leading principles of the sects around him, it might be said that Luther, and perhaps Calvin, still lived and wrought in their disciples. But now we should look in vain for a Church founding itself on the articles defined by them. Calvin haunts the pages of history like some ghost in Ossian; he is merely the wailing voice of a creed that once domineered over men and gave them hard thoughts concerning their Creator; but his day is done, and the principles which he maintained are no longer accounted Christian. The recoil from his inhuman philosophy has gone to an opposite extreme, while those who inherit his disposition call themselves Pessimists, and know nothing of this grim heresiarch except that he burnt Servetus.

Luther has fared no better, although being, in the words of Professor Huxley, "a genial ruffian," he is far more interesting than Calvin, and touches the fancy as well as the heart. He did immeasurable mischief, but he never was a mere logical system, a walking skeleton made up of the deadliest syllogisms which unreason could invent, like his rival of Geneva. Yet his "faith without works" has been transformed by moderns into "works without faith," and who is there that studies the confession of Augsburg, or knows the difference between Melancthon, Chemnitz, Karltstadt, and the other once celebrated writers whose books are mouldering in great libraries, unread? This very volume is a huge cemetery or graveyard, and the formularies strike upon one as cold and dismal, not unlike epitaphs which we glance at hurriedly as we pass them by. Our teachers, of course, are bound to make themselves acquainted with extinct heresies; and they could not have a better guide than the present well-informed and admirably translated compendium. They will be touched, and perhaps edified, by Mœhler's uniform moderation.

He writes in a religious spirit; his authorities are always given; and on some points, such as the kinship between Gnostics and

Protestants, he is still worth consulting. But the fact remains that all these heretical creeds are dead, beyond hope of resurrection. The spirit of unbelief, I grant, is by no means dead; and "Private Judgment" has become what is known as Rationalism or even Positiveism. Certainly; but the special form of revolt against historical Christianity — that is to say, against the Catholic Church — which was established among Germans, Swiss, Scotch, and English, some three hundred and forty years ago, survives only in remote corners. No nation believes in it; and the whole modern movement is flowing in another direction. The theological systems which filled Europe with clamor and deluged its fields with blood during a long hundred years and more, down to the Peace of Westphalia, have shrunk into schools as feeble as that of the Evangelicals, or take a grotesque and hideous form as in the Salvation Army. Nay, the word Protestant, itself, once a title of honor, is scorned and flung aside. Historians know that it has had a fair trial; but mankind will have none of it in our day.

That fashion of explaining the Gospel and Divine Providence which Luther called the "Article by which the Church must stand or fall," has itself fallen utterly obsolete. And Church and Sacraments, sacrifice and priesthood, prayers for the departed, the Real Presence — all those doctrines or institutions which popular Protestantism hated, trampled on, and would fain have destroyed, are become the watchwords of thousands of Christians who insist, with touching pathos, that despite their fathers and grandfathers, they mean to be Catholics and nothing else.

When we compare the two ends of this marvellous development, can it escape us that the Reformation, as a theology, has perished and come to naught? But the Council of Trent, as any one may convince himself by turning over these pages, not only is still supreme among Catholics, but has laid down the principles on which all that is sound in the enterprises of our time, may be justified. Father Hecker, that keen-sighted American, was never weary of pointing out this wonderful fact. In the sixteenth century the Council of Trent proclaimed, with philosophic precision, the rights and privileges of human nature in opposition to Luther's amazing and ignoble doctrine of its utter incapacity for good. And the judgment of the ages must be allowed to have spoken in accordance with Trent, while condemning Wittenberg as the home of Gnostic dreamers. It is instructive to consider these things in one clear view; but the moral we should draw is of yet greater moment. All controversy which dwells upon a Protestantism so fallen into disrepute is pretty nearly a waste of time.

The Reformation is ancient history. Let us study it with proper care, if we are engaged in teaching about the past, but never let us mistake it for the present, which we are to mould and consecrate. Yet a further lesson we may lay to heart. These ill-advised enthusiasts were so bent on extolling what they deemed the grace of God, that they left nothing save the bestial in human nature. What has been the consequence? An immoral fanaticism on the one hand; but, on the other, a rejection of the supernatural in every sense. The spreading plague of secularism has sprung up by way of protest against a religion which annihilated man's worth and personality. We shall do wisely, then, to avoid this exaggeration. Grace supposes nature, and the gospel is no enemy of reason, or of culture, or of civil society. Do we require a proof? It is furnished by the Catholic Church in her dealings with ancient literature, art, and custom, in her tenderness towards popular usages, in her acceptance of the Aristotelian philosophy, and her respect for the old Roman law. She binds together the classic and the modern world by means of this Divine selection or forbearance; and who can doubt that she is a mightier force in the nineteenth century than she was when Luther assailed her? The Catholic creed is prevailing on every side; the Protestant has retreated into antiquarian volumes, and only learned men can say what it precisely was. Here is an argument, in the order of facts, which will impress the thoughtful and must weigh with the multitude. For the only Christianity which seems destined to live and thrive is, in short, Catholicism.

UNDER THE RED ROBE: A Tale of Adventure and Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. (New York, Longmans, Green & Co.) The scene of this story is laid in France during the time of Cardinal Richelieu, then in the zenith of his power. One Gil de Berault, a gentleman adventurer, who is also a notorious duellist, by ignoring the Cardinal's edict against duelling, is arrested after his third offence. The penalty is death, but the Cardinal spares his life on condition that he act as a spy, and accomplish the arrest of a certain loyalist intriguer, M. de Cochforêt of Bearn, who is in hiding near the Spanish frontier. The mission is a distasteful one, but having no choice De Berault goes forth determined to succeed. He becomes involved in a number of exciting adventures and has many hair-breadth escapes, until finally his fate is controlled by his love for a noble, brave woman,

a sister of the man he seeks to arrest. It is a story of absorbing interest from beginning to end, abounding in dramatic scenes and thrilling adventures. The characters are admirably drawn and true to life. In refreshing contrast to some of the unhealthy novels of the day it is like a draught of out-door air after the stifling closeness of a sick-room. The book is appropriately illustrated with twelve full-page designs.

IDYLS OF ISRAEL, and Other Poems. By D. J. Donahoe, second edition. (Middletown, Lucius R. Hazen.) The majority of the poems in this small but handsome volume are in blank verse and devoted to religious topics. We have read every line with delight. It is a book of ideas clothed in the fairest vestments of poesy, and as a verbal architect the author is indeed a master. It is a satisfaction to find once and awhile, amid the dreary wastes of verse, a volume of the genuine poet whose songs gush from his heart. The lyric poems are of the highest order of merit, and assure the author of an abiding and honored place in American literature.

THOUGHTS IN VERSE. By John J. Brassin. (Philadelphia, Catholic Pub. Concern.) These verses, religious, and miscellaneous will, doubtless, be acceptable souvenirs of the occasions for which they were written. We candidly believe, judging from the excellent style of the preface, that the author would be more successful in the realms of prose. Rhyme and metre only weaken and obscure his thoughts.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION, REASON, AND SCIENCE. By Thomas O'Neil. (Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.) This tiny volume is a layman's plain, practical statement of the intimate connection of Religion, Reason, and Science. It is a clear exposition of Catholic faith, and will be a useful and handy manual to place in the hands of Protestant inquirers.

FINN AND HIS COMPANIONS. By Standish O'Grady. Illustrated. (London, T. Fisher Unwin.) This volume is one of the best in Unwin's "Children's Library." It is a narrative for young people, about the Scots who, at a very early period, overflowing out of Ireland, occupied the western countries of Scotland. Most of the stories are quite new, and are supposed to be told by Caelta, a cousin of Ossian, to St. Patrick. This volume will instruct as well as amuse, for history is deftly interwoven with the fiction.

Summer Days in Vermont.

FROM the earliest days of New England literature, poet and author have sung of the charms of Vermont scenery. Most generous have they been in the meed of praise they have bestowed upon the grand old range of green-topped mountains, the fragrant forests, the silvery lakes and trout-filled brooks and rivers, and yet with all that has been said "the half has never been told."

Year by year the Green Mountain region is becoming better known to the rest and recreation seeker, to lover of nature, and to the world at large.

This year more than ever before will it prove an alluring attraction.

To those who have never visited Vermont, it should be said that there is no publication that gives a better idea of its beauties than the charmingly-gotten-up brochure, "Summer Homes among the Green Hills of Vermont, and along the Shores of Lake Champlain," which the passenger department of the Central Vermont Railroad has just issued.

It is to be obtained in Boston, by applying either by letter or in person to Mr. T. H. Hanley, New England passenger agent of the Central Vermont Railroad, 260 Washington street, Boston.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

Two questions on the same subject have come to the Question Box, one from Cleveland, O., and the other from Farmington, Conn. The latter, being the more direct one, is answered first. It asks "Why Freemasonry is condemned by the Catholic Church?"

The best answer to this inquiry seems to us to be found in the encyclical which the present illustrious occupant of St. Peter's Chair issued to the Catholic world ten years ago this very year, and in which its author, alluding to the fact that Freemasonry and those who profess its principles "boldly array themselves against the majesty of God, and openly strive for the ruin of the Church," continued in this strain: "Our predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, steadily watchful for the well-being of the Christian people, recognized this deadly enemy for what it was and what it aimed at, the moment it left the obscurity of a secret conspiracy to step into the light of day.

Foreseeing the future, sounding a note of alarm, they put the princes and the people on their guard against the snares and artifices intended to lead them astray. The first to denounce this danger was Clement XII., in the year 1738; and his Constitution was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV. Pius VII. followed in the footsteps of those Pontiffs; and Leo XII., in his apostolic Constitution, "Quo Graviora," collecting the acts and decrees on this subject of the Popes who had gone before him, ratified and confirmed them for all time. Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and, on many occasions, Pius IX., have spoken in the same sense. When the nature and character of the Masonic body has been made apparent by unmistakable signs, by the knowledge of its principles, by the publication of its rules and rites and ceremonies — and to these was often added the testimony of the initiated themselves — the Holy See condemned and publicly proclaimed the Masonic sect as contrary to right and justice, and not less baneful to Christianity than to the state. At the same time, under penalties which the Church is accustomed to reserve for serious offenders, the Holy See forbade any one to join the association. These words of Leo XIII., it seems to us, convey an adequate answer to our Farmington friend's question. They declare, in plain and unequivocal language, that the reason why the Catholic Church condemns Freemasonry, is because it believes that the principles and teachings of that society are injurious to Church and state alike, and that for that reason all good citizens should shun affiliation with it.

The correspondent who writes from Cleveland also asks about the Freemasons, and, to quote his own words, remarks: "My view of the matter is that as I am a Catholic, I have not joined the Masons. Were I, however, permitted to become a Mason, and then to discover that union with the society interfered with my duties as a Catholic, I should discontinue my membership. Therefore, why is it that we are not allowed to become members of that organization?"

Our friend must remember that the Catholic Church always seeks to sedulously guard its adherents from whatever is calculated to injure their faith, and otherwise harm them. The wisdom

of age and experience is, moreover, hers, and as he may see from a perusal of the answer given above, to another correspondent, she has every conviction that affiliation with Freemasonry is dangerous. He should be willing to accept her guidance in this matter, and also see in it a sufficient reason for the prohibition made against becoming members of the society to which he refers. It is not the part of such a careful mother, as the Church shows herself on all occasions toward her children, to allow them to experiment, as it were, for themselves where spiritual danger lurks. She points out such places for their benefit and safety; and that is the reason why she forbids them to affiliate with a society of whose character she has no doubts.

A patron of our magazine writes us from Manchester, N. H., to inquire why it is that the state authorities in France have it in their power to suspend the salary of Catholic prelates in that country, as such occurrences are occasionally chronicled in the newspapers.

By the agreement effected between the French government and Rome in the opening year of the present century, which agreement is generally referred to as the Concordate of 1801, the state authorities, in view of the fact that the French Church had, during the revolutionary period which preceded the date mentioned, been deprived of much of her productive property, on which her ministers relied largely for their maintenance, as well as for general religious purposes, assumed the support of the Catholic clergy of the country, and has since continued to pay them a stipulated salary. In doing this, however, the state has made but scant amends to the Church for confiscation of its property; and hence, the injustice of its proceeding, when, for trivial and wholly unwarranted causes, it suspends the salary of a prelate or priest, is all the more glaring. It may, perhaps, interest the correspondent who has inquired about this matter to know that, as the law stands now in France, an archbishop is allowed a salary of $4,000 a year, a bishop one of $3,000, while the salaries given to clergymen vary from $500, — the sum allowed a vicar-general, — to $100, the yearly allowance to the majority of curates. There are many disadvantages to the Church in the existing condition of things in France; but the fact should be borne in mind that the state owes the clergymen there a far more liberal support than it accords to them, for the reason that it deprived the Church of possessions which would have insured them of a better maintenance than they now receive.

"Is the holy robe of the Saviour," asks a Philadelphia correspondent, "that is to be shown this year at Argenteuil, the same one which was exhibited three years ago at Treves?"

No, the relics are entirely different; and it is the general belief that the garment which is to be shown in France this year is not the one alluded to in Holy writ, for which the Roman soldiers who were present at the crucifixion of Christ cast lots, but an inner garment which the Saviour wore. In order to avoid any unseemly disputes on this subject, the Holy See has expressly forbidden that any claim be made for this Argenteuil vestment that it is that seamless robe; but of the authenticity of the relic itself there can be no question. In fact, its genuineness was publicly attested years ago by a commission whose members, after examining the texture of the vestment, declared that the garment itself was of the greatest antiquity, and had assuredly been woven in the earliest days of Christianity. The records of the Argenteuil church testify to the fact that the relic was brought from the Holy Land, and that the robe was once the possession of the Divine Founder of Christianity.

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO.

(Limited.) Commencing June 12, 1894, a Steamer of this Line will leave Pier 1, Lewis Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at Yarmouth early the following morning. Returning, will leave Baker's Wharf, Yarmouth, for Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday Evening, after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax, arriving at Boston the following day at about 12 noon. For Rates, Staterooms, etc., Apply to J. F. SPINNEY, Lewis Wharf.

TALKS TO THE TYPEWRITER.

Lord Salisbury made a very eloquent speech the other day in which he referred with quite unusual suavity to the Americans who love England. He did not forget to call attention to the people of this country who hate England, and this latter portion of his task was performed with more than the accustomed acerbity that mingles with his lordship's utterances upon the Irish question. It is only too true that some rich Americans who yearn for admission to fashionable society in London, find the path made easier by joining the Primrose League. A prominent American who lived for six months of last year in England, and who had access to the best society, says that during that time he only met one man who had a good word for Mr. Gladstone, and he was a hotel porter.

It may be admitted that rich Americans in London have no sympathy with Home Rule. There is more social diversion to be had among the tories of England than among the followers of Mr. Gladstone, so that those who go to England for amusement are anxious to get "the most for their money." They are not, as a rule, people who care much about the struggle for liberty in any country, except, perhaps when a Lord Byron espouses the cause of Greece. The Irish cause is not fashionable. It is only backed by those who love truth and justice, by men who are not in "society," and who have little influence in procuring invitations for the Queen's receptions.

But it may be as well to remember that only a few thousand Americans can afford to travel in Europe or live in London. Of the sixty-five millions who live in this country, there are at least sixty-four and three-quarter millions who are not millionaires. The vast majority of this population is not anxious to dine with the Prince of Wales in Marlborough House, and, having no personal interest in English society, is not opposed to Mr. Gladstone or the party which is working for Home Rule. The real people of America are lovers of liberty. They value it for the inestimable benefits it has conferred upon their own country, and they are generous and intelligent enough to believe that what is good for them cannot be detrimental to Ireland. They would extend to others the privileges they enjoy themselves, and they do not think that Lord Salisbury and the Primrose League people are the most impartial judges of what is best for the Irish people.

The time has come, we hope, for the decay of all national animosities. For centuries the Catholic Church has been endeavoring to spread the gospel of peace by precept and example. There has been enough and more than enough of war and rapine, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. There are deep and solid historical reasons why the Irish people in America should bear resentment against England, and it will take many years to exorcise the spirit of revenge. But, after all, it is only within a comparatively short time that nations have come to understand the most ordinary principles of justice in dealing with each other. Until about

50 years ago every strong government in Europe was ready to "grab" every weak country, and to proclaim the doctrine — not yet quite exploded — that might is right. England was the greatest grabber of all, and flattered itself upon having a mission to "civilize" the rest of the world. That special mission is now played out, and England has its hands full in civilizing itself.

It is absurd to talk of any large body of American or Irish-American citizens hating the English or any other people. Whatever governments may have done in the past the interests of "the people" in every country are the same. They all desire to live out their span of life as comfortably as may be. The American workman — who lives by his brain or his hands — is not gratified to know that his fellow laborer in Great Britain is suffering from hard times. The mechanic in Leeds or Sheffield is not the happier because the mechanic in New York or Pittsburg is enduring the miseries of a strike or a lock-out. The interest of one workman is the interest of all workmen the world over, and as labor is the lot of 90 per cent of the world's population, it is an impudent falsehood to proclaim that the people of any one country entertain bad or bitter feeling toward the people of any other country; and it is for this reason that American workmen are united with English workmen in demanding Home Rule for Ireland.

That man is no true friend of America, of England, or of Ireland, who, under the present conditions, endeavors to create international discord by reviving that fierce hatred which is the heritage of the ages. Civilization does mean something. Among other things it means that reason, intelligence, morality, and sympathy are more likely to mitigate the terrible evils of society than a continuation of the old barbaric methods. The enlightened public opinion of Great Britain, Europe, and America is with the Irish people in the the struggle for a national parliament. As Mr. Gladstone said, in reference to another subject: "The winds and the waves of public opinion are with us. You cannot fight against the forces that are marshalled on our side." The Irish people, through the long and dismal centuries, kept their faith in God and in themselves. Now that they have all but attained the goal of their ambition, they cherish no malice against the people of any creed or any country.

Among the good things of life to which we do not give sufficient credit is our old friend, ignorance. We are only too apt to forget our origin, as well as to kick down the ladder by which we rose. We mock at men who are bald, as if that were a crime or a moral weakness, forgetting that the absence of what Uncle Edward called "the capillary attachment" is the surest indication of virtue and innocence, since all children are bald when they are born. It is certain that most of us were ignorant enough upon our natal day. In the beginning we are all know-nothings — and some of us never get over it. With years and tribulation come the curly locks, the razor, and the philosophic mind. But these things could never have come without the long antecedent period of blankness, when the mind, as John Locke said, is a sheet of white paper.

An examiner once said to the young man in the philosophy class: "Sir

William Hamilton makes the remark that wonder is the mother of knowledge. Now, Sir, speaking on your own account, what should you consider as the mother of wonder?" The youth paused, and then replied, "Ignorance, Sir, I suppose." "Very good," said the professor; "and that being so what relation is ignorance of knowledge?" The poor boy was perturbed by the audacity of his own reply as he mildly answered, "Grandmother, Sir." "Quite right, Sir," said the examiner, who was an Irishman. "You have caught the right end of the philosophical stick. And let this be a lesson to you for the rest of your life, so that you may know how to take off your hat to all ignorance, which is the aged relative — though the essential one — of all knowledge." That young man went to Chicago and amassed a magnificent fortune in the butter business.

Talking about Chicago suggests naturally that pleasing variety which is afforded by contrast. M. Cousin, that great French philosopher whose books like those of John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and other worthies, are more talked about than read, settled to his own satisfaction the old dispute about space and time. The Frenchman simply said that one can't think of a doughnut or an apple tree without being compelled to think of it as existing in space and time — in a mental atmosphere, as it were. However this may be, it is impossible to think of Chicago without thinking — by contrast — of Boston. The two cities, it is true, are on the same continent, but, ah! what a difference! There is not a single — or married — living man or woman in Chicago who came over to this country in the Mayflower.

One cannot fill up this issue of the magazine with examples of the difference between the eastern and western cities; but one instance, taken from the manifold experiences of a peripatetic philosopher, may serve to show that "culture" is not a word of little meaning. Many a time and oft has this disciple of Aristotle admired the way in which the lone newsboy of the Hub is wont to distribute his brain diffusers. The Boston boy mounts the steps of the scornful on Boylston street or the Back Bay, rings the door-bell and gently deposits his morning or evening newspaper in the hands of the servant. In Baltimore, both boy and servant say, "Good day" and "Thank you." Silence seals the solemn Boston contract. This is not the Chicago method. The careful observer will note that the Chicago newsboy is always whistling, whether in the neighhorhood of his office or within the sacred region of the Lake Drive or Prairie Avenue. He whistles when he is not hollering, and the smart boy does both at once. This boy never ascends any steps, never rings any bell, and never, by any chance, leaves his nicely folded paper in the front hall. That is too "old-timely" for him. He has a way of his own. By the time he reaches the house his paper has assumed either the form of a sailor's knot, a "four-in-hand," or a base ball. He shies it at the door, and frequently with such good effect that it hits a window, breaks it, and finds safety on the parlor carpet. Sometimes it rebounds from the door and falls upon the sidewalk. The boy regards this as impudence and gets "mad."

In a second his mind is made up. He will fix that sailor's knot so that it shall never again go bounding over the sidewalk. He does fix it on the spike of the railing, so that when the owner of the premises approaches his house he finds that his evening paper has become an integral portion of his real estate. It is almost as easy to pull up the railing as to remove the paper necktie. With the aid of a pocket knife he is able to take possession of the advertising sheet, but the editorials, to which he pins his faith, have become part and parcel of the spike. The remarkable thing is, that no householder in Chicago has ever been known to take time or trouble enough to change this method of news distribution. If the same man lived in Baltimore he would write to the superintendent of education, or the parish minister. If he lived in Boston he would write to the newspaper proposing a series of art lectures for the newsboys, who should be taught to respect and protect the beauty curves of the folded newspaper, and the architecture of private dwellings. But, as a Chicago man, he just laughs and says: "That's the Chicago way." He is a Herbert Spencerian.

If "social reform" really means the equalizing of conditions for all, then the Catholic Church at every period of its history has been preaching the most advanced modern doctrines. At all times, and in all countries, it has never ceased to dwell upon the fundamental principles of human society — the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. The Catholic Church has no reserved pews in its churches or cathedrals. The doors of its places of worship are not open only upon state occasions or at regular hours. Its noble charities are available for the poorest of the poor, the halt, the blind, and the maimed, the widow and the fatherless. At the cradle, the altar, and the grave, its priests identify themselves with the life of the people, not as teachers and church officials only, but as friends and brothers, as children of the same eternal Father.

Long before trades-unions or co-operative societies were thought of — and before the earliest premonitions of profit sharing — members of the Catholic Church throughout Christendom were bound for their common good in an alliance, offensive, and defensive, against the disorderly forces of the world. There was a distinct bond of union between the peer and the peasant, which in a military and semi-barbarous age invested feudalism with spirit-power, and relieved bodily oppression with such consolations as make the soul triumphant. The Labor Encyclical of the present Pope is the most far-reaching utterance upon the social question that has yet been made, and it is altogether certain that through the jangling of political, social, and economical doctrinaires the Church will steadily advance upon its appointed path to the conclusion which is best adapted to the highest interests of the human race.

Boston is assuredly the home of "culture," though many good people have grown so weary of the word and the thing that they wish Goethe had never been born, or that the word he invented should be expunged from all the new editions of the different dictionaries. There is nothing better than a sound, healthy appetite for such mental

"Ah! Ah!"
Cried the house-wife,
The secret I know,
No DIRT can resist
SAPOLIO
Oh! Oh!
Cried the DIRT,
At length I must go,
I cannot withstand
SAPOLIO

pabulum as the wisdom of the world has proclaimed to be good. There can scarcely be anything worse than this insatiable craving for something new in literature and art, as if human nature, like the French milliner, provides itself with a new wardrobe for every season or month of the year. It would be well if young men and maidens could have it borne in upon their ingenuous hearts and callow understandings that it is a very vulgar thing to toady people, even though they be philosophers or poets, and that it is still more vulgar to write and publish bad prose or poetry, when one has nothing to say, and merely for the purpose of being considered literary.

Upon the subject of literary lunacy and art affectation a keen man of the world — who, incidentally, is in the very first rank of novelists — wrote to Miss Edgeworth. The writer was Sir Walter Scott. "It seems to me," said the author of Waverly, "that you attach altogether too much importance to literature and literary people. Let me tell you that I have had the privilege of knowing some of the most celebrated men and women of my time, and that I have derived more satisfaction and comfort from the conversation and example of poor, unlettered, hard-working people, than from all the wisdom of the learned folks. I have heard finer sentiments and seen finer lives among the poor people than I have seen or heard of anywhere outside the pages of the Bible. Believe me, my dear, all human learning is mere moonshine compared with the culture of the heart." There are hopeful signs that the intelligent world is harking back to the views of Scott.

Character tells. The business world pauses now and then in its scramble for dollars and recognizes character, irrespective of dollars. Such a tribute was paid last month to Mr. Patrick Donahoe by the business and professional men of Boston, regardless of political or religious differences. The spontaneous celebration of his eightieth birthday by a banquet, in which hundreds of his fellow-citizens joined, was most eloquent proof of the homage which men pay to moral worth. It was not a tribute to worldly success, but to those higher principles which govern the moral world.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

From the artistic and social viewpoints, there never has been any doubt of both the value and the success of the Catholic Summer School. From the financial stand-point many have seen difficulties and dangers ahead in the project. When the school opens its third session at Plattsburg, July 12 next, friends of the great undertaking will have real cause for rejoicing. The financial dangers are being anticipated and provided against. The superstructure of the mental and spiritual life of the school is being placed on the solid foundation of business methods and financial strength. Thus will the school become a permanent and truly profitable institution in American life. A company to be known as the Catholic Summer School Improvement Company, with offices at 40 Wall street, New York, has been formed to manage the business affairs of the school. The personnel of this company is a guarantee of a future for the school. The company comprises John D. Crimmins, Daniel O'Day, Major John Byrne and Thomas F. Ryan of New York, and Martin Maloney of Philadelphia. The

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Look for the Prize-Winner Next Month.

THE 2,000 and odd letters received in answer to our offer of $25, to be given to the person who pointed out the best advertisement, in our May number, are now in the hands of the judges. The contest closed May 25. The prize-winner will be announced next month. The great number of answers received, and the general excellence of the letters written, make the decision a matter requiring time and care.

treasurer of the company is Adrian Iselin, Jr., and the secretary, W. J. Moran. The company will issue bonds to the amount of $100,000, paying a six per cent interest. The Central Trust Company of New York has consented to act as financial agents for the company. As will be seen from the report of Rev. J. H. McMahon, chairman of the executive committee of the school, the Development Company has already begun work, and is now engaged in draining the 450 acres owned by the School, preparatory to making a topographical survey. For this purpose the services of the eminent engineer and sanitary expert, Col. George E. Waring, Jr., have been secured, and it is expected that the topographical map of the whole property will be finished and ready for use on July 1st. The problem confronting the company and its engineers is to provide for a summer settlement which in the near future will aggregate 5,000 souls. This will require provision for about 1,000 summer cottages, which will be built, not, of course, at once, but as the needs of purchasers of sites shall require.

Meanwhile plans must be prepared that shall foresee and provide for all the contingencies arising from the assembling of such a large number of people for a period varying from one to three or four months. A perfect system of sewage, water supply, and lighting must be planned in advance, to be developed as the growth of the settlement shall demand. The grounds must be laid out so as to make them attractive in appearance. This will be accomplished by means of winding roads, and by preserving the forest groves, natural elevations, particularly pleasing trees now existing, improving these natural advantages as far as art can.

It is now contemplated to build a Casino, or Administration building, immediately adjoining the delightful park bordering the lake. Indeed, it is hoped that this plan will be realized at once, and that the building will be in readiness for this summer's session. It will serve as a clubhouse for the bachelor members of the Board of Trustees, and the honorary members of the Association; will also give luncheon accommodations to cottagers and visitors until the hotel is in operation, and will contain an assembly room large enough to be of use for the formal receptions of the school.

Another of the problems that will confront the engineers, is to provide a suitable location for Religious Communities intending to build summer homes. These require seclusion and quiet. It is therefore proposed to place the Religious Community settlement at some distance from that of the cottagers, allowing each house ample grounds to insure privacy. This section of the settlement will be so situated as to afford easy access to the Auditorium and Chapel. A zealous priest has already donated five hundred dollars ($500) to secure a lot for a community of Sisters, and it is expected that this good example will be speedily followed.

Negotiations are at present being conducted to endeavor to secure the erection of one or more summer convents this session.

Very favorable rates have been made by the railroads, namely, a fare and one-third for the round trip, and excellent boarding accommodations can be obtained in Plattsburgh at rates to suit any purse. It will be seen, therefore, that the Summer School offers every attraction for those desiring to spend a healthful and profitable vacation.

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